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EL SALVADOR: BACKGROUND TO THE VIOLENCE

by Allen Gerlach

POLITICAL violence left between 8,000 (the government figure) and 13,000 (the church figure) people dead in El Salvador last year; the daily rate of blood-letting this year has been between 30 and 40 killings. At the current rate the rampage will rival the violence of 1932, when between 15,000 and 20,000 El Salvadoreans were killed. Why is this frightening tragedy happening?

Observers disagree about the immediate causes, and few focus on the fundamental flaws in El Salvadorean society that make the eruption almost inevitable. Some blame the left more than the right; others reverse the accusation. In late February 1981, the Reagan administration released its study of the situation, in which the turbulence is called 'a textbook case of indirect armed aggression by Communist power through Cuba.' One conclusion is that the 'political direction, organisation and arming of the Salvadorean insurgency are coordinated and heavily influenced by Cuba with the active support of the Soviet Union, East Germany, Vietnam and other Communist states.' Secretary of State Haig added that El Salvador has 'progressed to a point where it must be a matter of grave concern to the United States.'

While the Reagan administration views El Salvador as the first testing ground in its campaign against Soviet inspired 'international terrorism,' many analysts believe the bulk of the killing has been the work of armed rightist groups and of traditional elements within the military and

National Guard. Although leftist guerrilla bands have operated with ruthlessness, engaging in kidnapping, extortion and terrorism, many observers do not believe that the left is responsible for most of the deaths. Activist Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero, for example, was murdered in March 1980 because of his appeals for socio-economic and political reforms, and his insistence that oppression be ended; nine months later came the slaughter of three American nuns, whose relief activities among the poor were regarded by the right as 'communist work.' Moreover, a major reason why the military regime seized power in October 1979 was that an armed right-wing group, established in 1964 to combat revolutionary activity in the countryside, was being operated out of the presidential palace. The organisation, ORDEN (which means 'order'), was formed during the decade in which El Salvador was one of the few Latin American countries without even a token agrarian reform, and during which several Marxist factions, inspired by the Cuban Revolution, opted for the tactics of guerrilla warfare. The terrorist excesses of ORDEN helped swell the ranks of the left so much that in October 1979, after a military *coup d'état* toppled President General Carlos Humberto Romero, the new military regime tried to co-opt the left by dismantling ORDEN and launching a series of socio-economic reforms, most notably agrarian and banking reforms. Although ORDEN no longer formally exists, many of its former members perpetuate its purpose and activities and cooperate with rightist elements.

Just as there is no concensus on whether the right or the left is primarily responsible for the violence, so also is there disagreement about the nature of the current military junta. Some believe it is a centrist government struggling to implement socio-economic reforms while under fire from the right and the left; others feel it is an unresponsive and repressive right-wing regime.

It is clear that from the outset, however, the new military junta was divided between those who stressed co-opting the left through reforms (a faction led by Colonel Adolfo Arnoldo Majano), and the officers who emphasized security (a group headed by Colonel Jose Guillermo Garcia). Colonel Garcia took the powerful post of Minister of Defence, a vital spot at a time when the gun rules so blatantly. In December 1980, reformist Colonel Majano was ousted from the junta, a move that many felt reduced the chances of a dialogue with the left. Despite the elevation to president in December 1980 of a civilian leader of the Christian Democratic Party, Jose Napoleon Duarte, Colonel Garcia continues to be the dominant figure in the government.

None of this explains why the violence in El Salvador has reached such a terrible and persistent level. Rightists and leftists have long battled with each other in many Latin American nations, and foreign rivals have lent assistance to one faction or another. A vast array of sobering facts and statistics about the country have been recited by observers, but they do more to outrage and distress than to explain the violence, since similar conditions exist in other less turbulent countries in the region.

One is angered by and laments the fact that 37 per cent of the people of El Salvador are illiterate, but the rate is 48 per cent in neighbouring Honduras and 70 per cent in Guatemala. Per capita income is a pitiful $690, but although that is $310 less than in Guatemala, it is $190 more than in Honduras. Unemployment is estimated at 30 per cent, as is that of many other Latin American nations. El Salvador has one of the highest death rates in the hemisphere; during the 1950's it was second only to Haiti. Landless families had a child death rate of 48 per cent while families owning 2.5 hectars of land had a child death rate of 20 per cent. Roughly 30 per cent of the children under age five suffered from identifiable malnutrition, with weight-for-age ratios more than 10 per cent below normal. The wealth of parents continues to determine the life chances of children born in El Salvador and most Latin American nations. Shocking and debasing as these sad facts are, and while they should not be omitted from any analysis of instability in El Salvador, they are not the major underlying causes of the country's current violence. If they were, much of Latin America could be in a continual state of violent upheaval.

Five fundamental socio-economic problems in El Salvador go far in explaining the persistent political violence. First, the country has one of the highest rates of population increase in the world. Second, it has the highest population density in the hemisphere. Third, it is one of the few Latin American nations having virtually no remaining unoccupied territory into which to expand. Fourth, commercial agriculture has displaced many small farmers, creating problems such as an enormous amount of surplus labour, poverty, and land concentration. Fifth, the capital intensive as opposed to the labour intensive approach to industrialisation has not provided enough jobs for the surplus labour in the country.

First, as to population increase, El Salvador's growth is startling. It averaged 3.5 per cent in the last two decades, one of the highest in the world. It took the entire nineteenth century for the population to triple, to reach three-quarters of a million people, but it took a mere two-thirds of the twentieth century for it to triple again. Beginning in the 1930s, advances in medicine, particularly the introduction of drugs, reduced the death rate and the infant mortality rate by half. Little change occurred in the birth rate. As the 1980s began, the population stood at 4,700,000, and will double in a little over two decades if recent population trends continue.

Second, as to population density, the rapidly expanding population is crammed into very little space. El Salvador is about one-fourteenth the size of New Mexico, having only 8,257 square miles. It is the smallest of the Central American republics, and has the highest population density of any country in the hemisphere.

Third, as to occupying all of its territory, virtually all of the land in the country is being used, far more than is the case with El Salvador's closest rivals of Haiti, Cuba and Uruguay. From the highest peaks to the

valleys and plains, the country is like a well-kept garden, with nearly every available piece of land under cultivation. The growing population has not only strained the nation's natural resources, but has caused considerable damage to the environment. In 1807 about 60–70 per cent of the country was under forest cover; by 1946 it had dropped to a mere 8.3 per cent. Soil erosion is a major problem, and one specialist has called El Salvador 'one of the most environmentally devastated countries in the New World.'

Fourth, as to commercial agriculture displacing small farmers, the rapid shift from subsistence farming to commercial agriculture (coffee, cotton and sugar), when combined with the rapid population increase in such a small country, resulted in the displacement of vast numbers of small farmers and in an enormous amount of surplus labour, land concentration and poverty.

During most of the nineteenth century, El Salvador's commercial agriculture was dominated by indigo, a blue dye obtained fom indigo plants. By 1875, however, coffee outdistanced indigo as the country's major export. The nation's climate and soil is excellent for growing coffee, and in response to high international demand and prices the coffee growers swept away many impediments to expansion in a few decades. In 1880, for example, over one-quarter of the country was communal village land (similar lands existed in Northern New Mexico for centuries) or Indian common land *(ejidos),* as opposed to private property or unowned land. Both types of communal land were considered impediments to progress and coffee expansion, which were deemed one and the same, and were abolished in 1881 and 1882 by the coffee oligarchy that controlled the government and ran it in its own interests. Coffee growers received preference in the distribution of common lands, and some governments even distributed coffee saplings free through local authorities to further coffee production.

Expansion took place in the highlands of the areas of densest rural settlement and traditional subsistence agriculture, dispossessing many small farmers. Following the dramatic and rapid change in land ownership, legislation was enacted to control and recruit the people who had been dispossessed. Private property owners could expel tenants and squatters from their lands, vagrancy laws obliged poor peasants to work on the estates, and in these and other tasks local officials were supported by the army. In 1912 the coffee oligarchy created a new control instrument, forming the National Guard to keep order in the countryside. In 1942 a law was passed, one which still applied in the 1970s, that stated the situation clearly: 'The agents of the National Guard shall, immediately upon the demand of any hacendado or farmer, arrest the person or persons whom he indicates to them as suspicious.' Coffee planters prevented agricultural workers' unions, and even up to the present a large part of the National Guard is closely associated with the rural elite.

The coffee oligarchy gained almost complete control for decades and remained enormously influential until the agrarian reform of the past

few years. Coffee was a rich man's crop, requiring five years' growth before giving any return, and it became concentrated in a few hands. Perhaps as few as four per cent of the coffee growers in the 1970s controlled almost 60 per cent of the coffee land, and accounted for nearly three-quarters of the production. Meanwhile, throughout the last century of commercialisation of agriculture, increasing numbers of landless people wandered the country in search of work, or clung tenaciously as squatters to small plots of land they did not own, raising subsistence crops of corn, beans and sorghum. El Salvador is the only Latin American nation in which sorghum is a significant food for humans as well as a feed for livestock.

The spread of cotton and sugar also played a significant role in absorbing thousands of hectares into commercial agriculture. Cotton began a period of expansion in the 1930s, making striking advances after 1945 when malaria was eradicated on the coastal plain and improved pesticides were introduced. Considerable numbers of people were displaced from land on which they had been growing staple crops as renters or squatters. Sugar, the country's third major export crop, surged in the 1960s after Cuba lost its North American market, but it has had much less impact than coffee or cotton in displacing small farmers.

The rapid changes wrought by the commercialisation of agriculture provoked a series of uprisings centred in the areas of coffee expansion. Five insurrections occurred between 1872 and 1898, but they were mild in comparison with the bloody events of 1932, which took place shortly after the onset of the Great Depression and a major wave of land concentration related to coffee. When a number of communists were not allowed to take office after winning some municipal seats in the elections, party leader Farabundo Marti called for an uprising. He tried to call it off after he was captured by the authorities, but it was too late. Uprisings took place from 22–23 January 1932, primarily in the western coffee-growing area. The insurrectionists captured several public buildings in a number of western towns, and killed an estimated six to 30 civilians in the process. The army easily regained control, and a brutal repression followed: anyone suspected of being a troublemaker was executed; between 15,000 and 20,000 people were slaughtered in what is known as the *Matanza* (massacre). In other words, it is estimated that at least one per cent of the population was killed in the uprising, most of them in its aftermath. The major student of the revolt, Thomas P. Anderson, writes in his *Matanza:* 'Memories of the uprising account for the almost paranoiac fear of communism that has gripped the nation ever since. The fear is expressed in the continual labelling of even the most modest reform movements as communist or communist inspired.'

Fifth, as to industrialisation, the manufacturing industries in El Salvador, beginning in the 1930s and centred largely in and around the capitol of San Salvador, have been capital as opposed to labour intensive. Although surplus labour, unemployment and extreme poverty are staggering problems, the nation's industrialists operate with modern

imported machinery and few workers. Whether because they prefer a modern to a second-class industrial plant, or want to avoid a large labour force in order to feel relatively safe from the risks of strikes or political changes that could increase wages, the decision to emphasize modern machinery over jobs has resulted in industrial expansion without a corresponding increase in the number of workers employed. Industries employ a small, relatively well-paid work force, and the major costs are in machines. Virtually all exports of manufactured goods are to Central American Common Market countries, and although the rate of industrial growth was high during the 1960s when the Common Market was opening up, the markets and possibilities for import substitution in the area are clearly limited, due to the region's current levels of purchasing power and income distribution.

Given these five fundamental socio-economic problems, and since neighbouring Honduras is over five times the size of El Salvador, has about 25 per cent fewer people, and does not occupy all of its national territory, it is not surprising that El Salvadoreans have crossed the disputed and largely undefined border in great numbers during most of this century. In 1969 an estimated 300,000 El Salvadoreans were living in Honduras. In other words, about 8.5 per cent of all El Salvadoreans were living there, and approximately 11.5 per cent of the people in Honduras were El Salvadoreans.

Over half of those who left El Salvador did so because they were unemployed, and 60–70 per cent were small-scale cultivators in Honduras, where as late as 1952, 88.6 per cent of the land was still national land, so that all that was required for settlement was willingness to bring new land under cultivation in a remote area with poor or non-existent communications. As a group the El Salvadoreans were better educated and had higher levels of skills than most Hondurans, which gave rise to animosity as well as envy. Similar sentiments were engendered by the shift in trade between the two countries after the Central American Common Market began functioning: the balance of trade shifted from being highly favourable to Honduras in 1962 to becoming lopsided in favour of El Salvador by 1967, as El Salvadorean manufactured goods competed quite satisfactorily with those made in Honduras.

In mid-1968 Honduras launched an agrarian reform, under which national land was distributed only to native-born Hondurans. On 30 April 1969 El Salvadorean settlers were told to 'return' the land and leave the country. The government of El Salvador tried fruitlessly to obtain guarantees for the El Salvadoreans in Honduras, and then responded with an invasion, launching the so-called 'Soccer War.' El Salvador advanced deeply into Honduras but was stopped after five days by pressure from the United States. The troops were withdrawn, but the slogan 'Honduras for the Hondurans' meant that in the future El Salvador's neighbour would not provide such convenient safety valve for a rapidly expanding population.

Prior to October 1979, the instruments of force in El Salvador—

particularly the army, the National Guard, and ORDEN—all supported the large estate owners when questions of land use and ownership arose. The near Herculean problems of population increase and density, unemployment and poverty, the lopsided distribution of wealth and power, were not adequately dealt with. It remains to be seen whether the military junta now in power can withstand the assaults and terror from the right and the left, implement the long overdue socio-economic reforms, lift the oppression and eventually bring stability to the nation's political life.

United States relations with El Salvador are undergoing a profound change. The Carter administration emphasized human rights and reforms, and linked both to support for the military junta, although military aid was promptly dispatched to help meet the major and unsuccessful guerrilla offensive last January. The Reagan administration has announced, in effect, that human rights and reform are now subordinate if not irrelevant in the struggle to 'help impede the intervention of third countries' who are allegedly responsible for the violence. Third countries, the United States included, are intervening in El Salvador, and doubtless there will be much discussion about the nature, level and importance of their involvement.

There need not, however, be much debate about El Salvador's fundamental socio-economic problems, which remain the underlying reason for the stubborn level of persistent and intensified violence.

[Allen Gerlach is the director of the New Mexico Humanities Council, an affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities, and teaches Latin American history at the University of New Mexico.]

The August issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Survival in Nuclear War* by Air Vice-Marshal Stewart Menaul, *Albania* by William Wilson, M.P., *A World Criminal Court?* by James Avery Joyce and *Clubland* by Peter Hepple.

THE NORDIC COUNTRIES AND THE PROSPECTS FOR A NUCLEAR WEAPON FREE ZONE

by Katarina Brodin

THE discussion in Scandinavia regarding the possibility of establishing a nuclear weapon free zone in Northern Europe has in the past largely centred around a proposal first made by the Finnish president, Urho Kekkonen, in the spring of 1963. The proposal was publicised in the wake of the 1962 Cuban missile crisis and at a time when plans for creating a multilateral nuclear force (MLF) within the NATO alliance seemed to be gaining a definite headway. The Finnish point of departure was the obvious fact that none of the Nordic countries, despite differences in their general security policy orientation, possessed nuclear weapons or allowed the stationing or storage of nuclear weapons on their territories in peacetime. A confirmation of that situation by way of mutually binding commitments was seen by the Finnish government as one possible way of preserving peace and stability in Northern Europe, regardless of developments in other parts of the world.

As is well known, Denmark and Norway have been members of NATO since 1949, whereas Sweden has adhered to its traditional policy of non-alignment, aiming at neutrality in war, and Finland pursues a policy of neutrality within the limits set by the Treaty of Friendship, Co-operation and Mutual Assistance (FCMA) signed with the Soviet Union in April 1948.

However, when in December 1957 the NATO heads of government agreed on the principle of stockpiling U.S. owned and controlled nuclear warheads in Western Europe, both Denmark and Norway opted for a policy of having no nuclear weapons, and barring their presence on Danish and Norwegian soil in time of peace. The generally accepted view was that the introduction of nuclear weapons into Scandinavia would most likely have caused an increase of tension in the area without in any significant manner improving the security position of Denmark and Norway respectively.

The Danish and Norwegian policy on nuclear weapons has in the final analysis been motivated by the same general foreign policy considerations that have prompted resistance to the permanent stationing of allied troops on their territories under existing circumstances or, in the wording of the Norwegian government, 'as long as Norway is not attacked or subject to the threat of attack'. By preserving the option of change the two countries have, however, tried to ensure that the posture adopted will not be utilised by outside powers in order to secure unilateral advantages in the Nordic area.

The Danish and Norwegian so-called base and ban policy can be said to constitute part of an over-all security posture aimed at striking a

balance between the requirements of deterrence on the one hand and the requirements of non-provocation on the other. The state of low tension that has for many years prevailed in Northern Europe is thus to a considerable extent attributable to the fact that such great power affiliations as exist in the Nordic region have been defined with a view not only to facilitating intra-Nordic cooperation, despite differences in foreign policy outlook, but also to prevent Northern Europe from becoming an area of great power rivalry and confrontation.

Needless to say, the nuclear weapons policy of Denmark and Norway has, to a considerable extent, been affected by domestic policy considerations. It is hardly a secret that large sections of public opinion in these two countries as well as in Scandinavia as a whole remain firmly opposed to any and all developments that could be viewed as spiralling the nuclear arms race or encouraging the further spread of nuclear weapons to non-nuclear countries. The recent debate in Denmark and Norway on the NATO decision to modernise its long-range theatre nuclear forces only goes to prove the point. It is also to be noted that all the Nordic countries have long since acceded to the 1968 Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT), thereby formally renouncing their intention of acquiring nuclear weapons of their own.

Sweden's decision to forego the nuclear option was taken by the Swedish parliament in 1968. A major factor affecting the final outcome was the desire not to compromise future efforts in the field of arms control and disarmament, where Sweden has for many years been playing an important role as a mediator and as a spokesman for the neutral countries. Moreover, from a strictly military point of view the nuclear option was on balance deemed to be of limited value. Priority was given to a continued strong emphasis on conventional defence along the lines established in the early postwar period.

As for Finland, the possession as well as the construction and testing of nuclear weapons is ruled out by virtue of the provisions contained in the 1947 Peace Treaty.

Thus, throughout the postwar period the Nordic area has in practice constituted an area free of nuclear weapons. Yet all proposals aimed at formalising the *status quo* have so far met with strong opposition in Scandinavia. This has been particularly true in the case of Denmark and Norway. In these countries the Finnish proposal for a Nordic nuclear free zone has, despite Finnish statements to the contrary, been regarded as an attempt to alter the existing situation by extracting unilateral concessions from the West while apparently leaving the other side out of the calculus altogether. It is hard to visualise that the Danes and the Norwegians could be persuaded to relinquish the nuclear option within the framework of a Nordic nuclear weapon free zone as long as Denmark and Norway remain members of NATO, and as long as the alliance continues to build deterrence on the principle of flexible response. It is thus hardly surprising to note that the Danish and the Norwegian governments have over the years argued that the proposal for a nuclear weapon free zone

must be viewed in a broader European context and cannot be divorced from developments in the nuclear arms field in Europe as a whole.

In a similar vein Swedish decision-makers have for a long time been stressing the imperative for a *quid pro quo* arrangement if a Nordic nuclear weapon free zone is to become a reality. In its foreign policy declaration issued on March 18th, 1981 the Swedish coalition government reiterated the long-standing Swedish view that a possible agreement on a nuclear weapon free zone must also include nuclear weapons 'which are intended for targets within the zone, are stationed near the zone and have ranges of a scale which makes them best suited for targets within the Nordic area'.

What is actually suggested is the establishment of a kind of security belt around the Nordic countries where nuclear weapons on a selective basis would be withdrawn or eliminated. On the face of it the argument supporting this view seems sensible enough, i.e. that an asymmetrical agreement is for all practical purposes out of reach and that concessions will consequently have to be made by all parties concerned, including among others the Soviet Union. However, recent developments in the field of modern weapons technology together with the increased precision and ranges of nuclear missiles as well as the strategic importance of the adjacent Soviet territories on the Kola Peninsula, where the bulk of the Soviet SLBM force is home-based, tend to make the exact classification of weapon systems and all efforts at differentiation increasingly difficult. The extent and nature of the 'security belt' has not so far been outlined in any great detail, but the Swedish government did in the autumn of 1978 voice the opinion that e.g. the Baltic Sea would obviously have to be included in the proposed nuclear weapon free zone. The statement was apparently made in response to the introduction into the Baltic in the autumn of 1976 of six Soviet Golf submarines equipped with nuclear missiles with an estimated range of approximately 750 miles. Although these submarines were not regarded as radically altering the military threat facing the Nordic countries, they were nevertheless seen as implying a spread of nuclear weapons to a previously non-nuclear area.

The Soviet reaction to suggestions that its territory be included or affected by a nuclear weapon free zone in the North has been unequivocal: the Soviet Union cannot as a nuclear power be expected to enter into a Nordic nuclear free zone, nor can Soviet territory be included in any such arrangement. The Soviet interest in such a zone has needless to say over the years primarily been motivated by a desire to curtail, if possible, the freedom of manoeuvre of the Nordic members of NATO and to sever the relations of Denmark and Norway with their NATO allies. Thus, ample praise has been lavished on the Finnish proposal for a Nordic nuclear free zone which has been described as an important contribution to peace not only in the Nordic region but also to peace in Europe as a whole. In recent Soviet comments on developments in Northern Europe it has been suggested that measures such as the pre-positioning of heavy equipment for allied reinforcements on the Northern

flank and the increased attention paid by NATO and the United States to developments in Scandinavia and the adjacent sea areas tend to make the need for some sort of settlement along the lines proposed by the Finnish president even more pressing than before.

It goes without saying that the comments made on the Soviet side hardly serve to make the Finnish proposal more attractive to Scandinavian public opinion, particularly as the motives underlying the Kekkonen proposal have for many years been the subject of varying interpretations. The contention has been that the Finnish initiative is actually no more than a reflection of Soviet aims and intentions, and that the Finns have in this instance merely acted as a convenient mouthpiece of the Soviet leaders. It is of course widely acknowledged, particularly among the political élites in the Scandinavian countries, that the argument crudely misrepresents the Finnish position *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union, and the freedom of manoeuvre that Finland has secured through a successful implementation of the postwar foreign policy designed by the two successive presidents, J. K. Paasikivi and Urho Kekkonen. Nevertheless, there has been no enthusiasm for the Finnish plan nor any willingness on the part of the Scandinavian governments to enter into serious negotiations with the Finns.

This has not discouraged the Finns from pursuing the theme during the last two decades. Although Finnish pronouncements on the subject have at times seemed to be of a rather perfunctory nature there should be no mistake about the very real concerns underlying the Kekkonen proposal. As a small power situated next to one of the two superpowers Finland has a vital stake in good neighbourly relations with the Soviet Union as well as in the maintenance of peace and stability in the Nordic region. The Finnish president has on numerous occasions underlined the importance from the Finnish point of view of preserving the region as a low tension area devoid of great power entanglements. In a recent book, *Tamminiemi,* published to celebrate the president's 80th birthday in September 1980 and which summarises the mainstream of his thoughts on Finnish foreign policy, Mr. Kekkonen once more reverted to this theme, noting the extremely serious consequences that would ensue 'if the Nordic countries were to find themselves on opposite sides in the event of an open conflict'.

The Finnish-Soviet treaty of 1948 foresees the eventuality of Finnish-Soviet military co-operation in case of an armed attack 'by Germany or any State allied with the latter' on Finland, or the Soviet Union through Finnish territory. Should the threat of such an attack arise, the treaty confers upon both parties the obligation of mutual consultations. Finland's interest in preserving the *status quo* in the Nordic area has to be evaluated against this background. Although the mere initiation of consultations should not necessarily be taken to imply the loss of Finnish sovereignty it is nevertheless difficult to refute the contention that such consultations would seriously compromise the present Finnish policy of neutrality.

Present trends in the field of modern weapons' technology as well as the increasing strategic importance of the Northern European area have served to highlight some of the traditional Finnish security concerns. At stake is, in the final analysis, the ability of Finland to safeguard its neutrality at a time of acute crisis and to prevent Finnish territory from being used for pre-emptive or offensive purposes by outside powers should war or a crisis occur. When in 1963 the Finnish proposal for a nuclear weapon free zone was first launched the underlying aim was said to be the definite removal of the Nordic countries from 'the realm of the speculation brought about by the development of nuclear strategy'. Developments in the field of nuclear weapons technology, as well as in the doctrinal field, has fostered both in Western Europe and the Nordic countries, a fear that the risk of a limited nuclear war confined to the European theatre may actually be increasing. Whether justified or not, such fears have played an important part in creating a climate in which nuclear issues have once again been brought to the forefront of public discussion in a number of countries, including those in Northern Europe.

In a speech at the Swedish Institute of International Affairs in Stockholm in May 1978, the Finnish president, Urho Kekkonen, referring to the lack of any serious progress in the disarmament negotiations and the hardening of East-West relations, reaffirmed the Finnish interest in arriving at some kind of arrangement which could ease the pressure on the Nordic countries, stemming as it did from the build-up and modernisation of nuclear arms within the great power blocs in Europe. The suggestion was made that the Nordic countries should 'in their own interest enter into negotiations among themselves and with the great powers who were also concerned about arms control'. The objective of these negotiations was stated to be 'a separate treaty arrangement covering the Nordic countries which would isolate them as completely as possible from the effects of nuclear strategy in general and nuclear weapons in particular'. The 1963 proposal was mentioned as a suitable point of departure for such negotiations.

In his speech president Kekkonen specifically referred to the perspectives raised by the development and possible future deployment of cruise missiles within the great power blocs. The performance characteristics of these missiles, with e.g. their ability to fly at low altitudes in order to escape enemy detection, were said to be such as to create difficulties not only for the country attacked but also for neutral or third countries who might become involved in the conflict. According to the Finnish president violations of their air space might become 'a routine matter' and the mere possibility of cruise missiles being used could easily affect the security position of these countries. Although Finnish concern is easy to appreciate the view that the cruise missile would confront the neutrals with radically new problems or challenges is nevertheless debatable.

NATO's decision in December 1979 with regard to the modernisation of the long range theatre nuclear systems in Western Europe has served to dramatise the issues involved in European nuclear force modernisa-

tion as a whole. The decision has become a focal point of debate in the Scandinavian countries on the consequences and risks involved in a seemingly unlimited and open-ended nuclear arms race in Europe. The failure of the United States to ratify the SALT II treaty as well the general malaise of arms control negotiations in the post-Afghanistan era has contributed to a sense of urgency and impatience which has in some quarters manifested itself in what seems to be a search for 'quick' solutions to many of the still outstanding problems in the field of disarmament and arms control. The renewed interest in the feasibility of a Nordic nuclear weapon free zone and the debate that has ensued, primarily within the Norwegian Labour Party, can to a considerable extent be viewed as a reflection of such concern.

At the Norwegian Labour Party convention in Hamar in early April a party programme was approved which included a statement to the effect that Norway would work for a Nordic nuclear weapon free zone as part of the effort to reduce the number of nuclear weapons in a larger European context. Although this wording is open to interpretation and reflects the ambiguity prevailing within the Labour Party it also clearly conveys the intent of the present Norwegian government not to enter into an isolated Nordic agreement. The Norwegian Prime Minister, Mrs. Gro Harlem Brundtland, who at the Hamar convention was elected chairman of the Labour Party, has thus declared that under no circumstances will Norway be a party to an isolated agreement with the Soviet Union, nor will Norway choose a solution which is deemed unacceptable by the NATO allies. The debate in Norway on TNF-modernisation and on the pre-stocking of heavy equipment for allied forces on Norwegian territory has already put heavy strains on Norway's alliance relations. It seems highly unlikely that the Norwegian government would, in the present situation, wish to add additional fuel to that controversy by adding what would at least by some NATO observers be described as insult to injury.

The present topicality of the Nordic nuclear weapon free zone reflects a changing mood within Scandinavian public opinion with regard to nuclear issues as they bear upon European and Nordic security. Yet, little has changed in substance. The prospects for establishing a Nordic nuclear free zone in the foreseeable future seem dim indeed. The divergent views of the countries concerned, including the unwillingness on the part of the Soviet Union to include any systems of its own in a settlement covering the Nordic region, constitute in actual fact an effective barrier to any further progress in this field at any rate for the time being.

It could be asked whether a Nordic nuclear weapon free zone would in actual fact be of such great value to the Nordic countries. Should Denmark and Norway avail themselves of the nuclear option by asking for nuclear weapons if conflict occurred or appeared imminent, the result might be to increase Nordic stability to the extent that Soviet perceptions of threat in the area would diminish. However, this is far

from being a certainty.

An important aim of the Nordic nuclear weapon free zone would be to isolate, if possible, the Nordic countries from the consequences of a nuclear war or, in the words of the Finnish president, to ensure that the Nordic countries will continue to remain 'outside nuclear strategic speculations'. Thus, the goal would be to prevent the Nordic countries from becoming the objects of nuclear attack in the event of an all-out European war. The ongoing discussion in both Sweden and Finland with regard to what has been called 'negative security assurances', i.e. assurances from the nuclear powers that they would not use or threaten the use of nuclear weapons against non-nuclear countries, is a reflection of the high priority which both countries attach to the achievement of this goal. Without wanting to belittle the value of such assurances a note of warning still seems to be called for. In the first place, the mere existence of formal guarantees will not provide the recipient countries with an adequate shield against all evil. Formal guarantees may, if vital interests are at stake, be abrogated, particularly if given on a unilateral basis. Moreover, at a time of crisis, negative security assurances can be used as instruments of pressure against a member of a nuclear free zone who for some reason would like to reconsider its obligations. Finally, the whole conception of 'limited nuclear war', in which certain European states could count upon being spared the dire consequences of a nuclear confrontation between the great powers remains uncertain.

It is important that the security provided by a Nordic nuclear free zone be real and not illusory. With this in mind it seems obvious that such a zone will provide its member countries with adequate safeguards against the nuclear threat only if coupled with effective steps towards the reduction of the number of nuclear weapons in Europe. This is where both superpowers have a heavy, and growing, responsibility.

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ISRAEL THE SCHNITZEL

by John Elsom

RONNIE D., our Israeli military guide, first mentioned the 'schnitzel principle', while we were driving in an army car around what could be called the tourist spots of Southern Lebanon—the panoramic view of Beaufort where the PLO are entrenched, the much-shelled cow-shed known as Radio Free Lebanon run by Americans addicted to God, Love and country-and-western music, and, of course, the Good Fence.

He dropped the term casually but meaningfully into the conversation, but we journalists, all three of us, were too ashamed of our ignorance to ask what it meant. There were also other things on our mind. It was March, officially spring but abnormally hot. In theory, some might say, we were invading a foreign country. In either theory or practice, we could be shot.

There was little real danger. In March, this wild stretch of rock and rift was controlled by Major Haddad, the Lebanese commanding officer of the mainly Christian militia, who, having been appointed to his post by a former Beirut government, chose to go there via Israel, to avoid the troubles inland. With the help of the Israeli government and his family connections, Haddad established a buffer zone between Israel and the various bands of Syrian and PLO forces, who would otherwise hover on the border for a quick raid or a fresh invasion.

In theory again, the United Nations should have been doing the buffering, but at the mention of the UNIFIL forces, a look of benign wisdom flickered across the Major's brusque, soldierly countenance. 'We have no quarrel with UNIFIL,' Haddad explained to television cameras, having blown up three Nigerians the day before, 'They are the ones who are quarrelling with us.' Major-General William Callaghan, the region's UN commander, is a no-nonsense Irishman. His policy was simple—to keep the sides apart with an 'iron fist' by any means at his disposal short of actual fighting. Haddad was sceptical of Callaghan's ability to do so. Intelligence sources have warned that Syrian troops were creeping up behind the UN shield, and, risking an international incident, Haddad was quite prepared to bombard the shield to singe the arm behind it.

This is bandit country. This is the wild west in the Middle East, where wolves have been seen in the foothills of Mount Hermon and vultures circle lazily over the dying calf. A native like Haddad can look around at the small villages perched on the hilltops, and know exactly to whom each belongs, what the religions are, and the shades of religion, and the loyalties and feuds which stretch back generations before the United Nations was conceived or misconceived. It is all very well for the UN to police an area like the Sinai desert, where you can't hide a flea on a camel, but here a small army can hole up in the valleys, fed by friends from the villages, and an outsider like Callaghan will be none the wiser.

To support Haddad's argument, Ronnie waved an arm in the direction of Beaufort, a crusader castle cut out of the mountain rock, which has so far resisted everything that twentieth-century munition manufacturers have thrown against it. There are caves and tunnels behind Beaufort, stacking arms from God knows where, although the Israelis could give Him a clue.

Ronnie was an excellent guide. He looked like a smoother Castro, and with a similar reticence. In his civilian life, for he was on his month's annual military service, he was an editor of an economics magazine, which gave him what could be termed a global outlook. He didn't support Haddad too openly, to leave the impression that the Lebanese major was just an Israeli stooge. Nor was he prepared to hand out the *schmaltz* of official propaganda, which was why we had to prise from him the story of the Good Fence. He wanted to talk about smuggling.

Haddad may have been the best commander that Israel had got in Southern Lebanon, but he couldn't do everything. Taxation remained a problem, which was why the area had become virtually a tax-free zone. On both sides of the border, there were those engaged in the smuggling trade, thus adding to the security risks, for it is not always easy to distinguish between the casual transporter of cheap radios and the determined terrorist. Both look equally guilty.

As for the Good Fence—well, what did we want to know about it? It was there, you could see it, a batch of army huts on the border where the Lebanese get the benefit of the Israeli health service. How did it start? In 1973, this whole place was a battlefield. Kiryat Shmona was being blasted. The Syrians were swarming on the Golan Heights. One night, the Israelis heard a girl crying for help in no-man's-land. She was badly wounded. They decided to rescue her, and take her back to hospital. Next morning there were dozens of Lebanese, all injured, all waiting to be rescued—and that's how the Good Fence began. Propaganda? 'Well,' said Ronnie, 'If that's what you mean by propaganda, I'm all for it.'

The Good Fence is nonetheless very effective propaganda, proof positive of Israel's humanitarian intentions; and on Israel's side of the border, coachloads of American tourists arrived at half-hour intervals, with their cameras and Bermuda shorts, to gaze at these nondescript shacks in the middle of nowhere. There was even a small bazaar, just for them, where the Druse sell sticky cakes and plastic chess sets.

'There are some vultures then,' I murmured, 'even above the Good Fence.' 'Of course,' said Ronnie, 'but', he added as a bright green lizard stalked across our path, settled on a branch and turned brown with the effort, 'there are more chameleons.' I had no idea what he meant.

We drove back for lunch to the Hotel Arizim, in the border town of Metullah. Metullah used to be a holiday resort, but now ordinary tourists avoid the place, if only because transport is so difficult. It still seems prosperous though, and the Arizim was used as a kind of meeting place for journalists, military personnel and UNIFIL officers. Haddad sometimes dropped in for tea in the afternoon. There were also some sight-

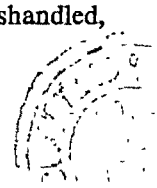
seers, elaborately casual, lounging around on the off-chance that something might happen; and others, whose motives were less clearly defined, Ronnie's chameleons perhaps, who might have information to sell, or services. Metullah is one of those places where building-site labourers unexpectedly have been to the Sorbonne, and when somebody asks you the time, you look not at your watch but your wallet. The waitress who brought me a cold Coke spoke perfect English and possessed two university degrees.

Over lunch, Ronnie pulled out the military maps of the region, with their shaded areas, indicating the estimated concentrations of Syrian and PLO troops. Then we pondered the national maps, showing the forces of the Arab world lined up against Israel. Did I know that Saudi Arabia was spending 24 billion dollars a year on arms? I had been told so. 'But where,' I asked, 'does the main threat come?' The economist in Ronnie came to the surface. 'From inflation,' he replied.

Inflation has become an Israel speciality. Few countries have so much of it (more than 140% in 1980), cultivate it more carefully and, as with pot and alcohol, are quicker to condemn its pernicious effects. As a rule though, Israelis do not personally suffer from inflation, for all wages and investments are index-linked. That is the problem. A seasonal price rise can set off a spiral of wage increases; but breaking this spiral is full of political complications. Begin's former finance minister, Yigael Hurvitz, tried to do so by negotiating wage agreements at a level below that of inflation. The result was a wave of strikes and the increasing unpopularity of the government. Begin sacked Hurvitz and chose a quiet man in his Likud coalition, Aridor. Aridor tackled the same problem by a different route. He subsidised those goods which made an impact on the inflation index, so that price rises came at less frequent intervals and did not thus set off the demands so often. Although Aridor was accused by his opponents of simply trying to bribe the electorate with subsidies, the polls started to shift once more in Begin's favour.

In Ronnie's view, these manoeuvres were more a matter of getting to grips with the electorate than the economy; and he mourned the fact that Jacob Levinson, the strong silent man of Israel's financial system, a banker and a formidable presence, had refused to join the list offered by Shimon Peres, the Labour coalition leader. The real problem with inflation was external, rather than internal. Who would invest in Israel, other than dedicated Zionists, if its currency were so unstable? Israel might possess the most efficient army in the world and a small, but flourishing, arms industry; but how could it continue to afford to buy arms from abroad?

It is an article of faith in Israel (but not just of faith) that the Arabs have all the weapons, but none of the skills to use them. But the sheer volume of arms pouring into the Middle East caused general alarm, heightened in March by the news that the United States were selling four AWACS (advance warning and command systems) to Saudi Arabia, having sold them sixty F-15s a few weeks before. However mishandled,



those new capabilities altered the military balance, but what particularly galled the Israelis was the thought that their economic difficulties, added to their sheer smallness, prevented them from matching the challenge. They simply couldn't go on competing in the arms race.

If the situation continued to develop along these lines, Israel would be left with two equally dangerous options—to attempt some kind of pre-emptive action against its enemy neighbours, to sort out its international boundaries once and for all, or to rely on non-conventional weapons. No Israeli spokesman would admit that Israel possessed nuclear arms, for that would open the door for others to beg, borrow or even buy them too, but none would totally deny that possibility either. It was a war of nerves.

But if Israel could keep a grip on its economic problems, to stay in a race which it had no chance of winning, there was a chance, a faint chance, that time could come to its side. Buffer zones, such as that in Southern Lebanon, could keep the combatants apart; while the diplomats could patiently negotiate peace agreements, as with Egypt, the Camp David agreement.

That is the theory, but whatever Ronnie's opinions on the matter may have been (for I did not ask him), I did not find much confidence about the Camp David agreement in Israel. The various members of the Knesset I met had different opinions about what Camp David actually meant. In outline it seems simple, a peace treaty after a war, whereby Egypt received back most of its former lands in the Sinai (with oil wells), while the Israeli-conquered West Bank, and the Gaza Strip, were to be autono mous for five years pending a final decision as to its exact status. The trick word here is 'autonomous'. The Begin government, sticking to the exact wording of the treaty, insists that autonomy has been granted to the Arabs living in Judea and Samaria, but not to the land itself. The Arabs can choose to live under Jordanian law, but since the area itself is not autonomous, they can have no objection to Israelis setting up settlements in the same district and looking towards Israeli law.

The opponents of Begin insist that this is legalistic nonsense. You can not grant autonomy to the inhabitants of a region without defining the boundaries of that region and, once you have defined those boundaries, automatically you are giving autonomy to the region as well as its inhabitants. Shulamit Aloni, the lone Knesset member of the Civil Rights Movement, was forthright in her views. Camp David was a tragic misunderstanding, made worse by the behaviour of Begin, who was implementing his interpretation and creating 'facts' (Israeli settlements) on the West Bank. Josef Romm, a member of the Likud coalition who nevertheless voted against Camp David, was more moderate in his opinion. Camp David was an agreement to try out a limited autonomy in the West Bank region, which was likely to fail through its internal contradictions. Meir Amit, an MK from the other side of the fence, argued that it was an agreement to disagree without which no peace treaty could have been struck. Amit feared that the concessions made by Israel were balanced by no kind of reciprocal promises, thus giving Begin an un-

official licence to seize whatever advantage he could find.

There was much speculation about the secret motives behind Camp David, in which the consensus view seemed to be that Begin had agreed to hand over the Sinai to Sadat, in exchange for Israeli control over the West Bank. Since such a deal would have aroused the hostility of the Arab world towards Egypt, which is already hostile enough, autonomy had to be invented as a disguise for the facts. From such an unspoken premise, the Labour opposition parties had devised its 'Jordanian option', whereby, just as the Sinai Desert had bought peace with Egypt, the West Bank could be offered to Jordan as part of a Camp David-style treaty.

There are some flaws in this argument, among them the fact that, as the result of Camp David, the West Bank is not Israel's to hand over. If autonomy means anything at all, it means that, in this matter, the Arabs have the right to choose. And the Arabs I spoke to in the region, admittedly an infinitely small sample, were almost as hostile to Amman as they were to the Israeli government. Their loyalties lay with the PLO and an independent Palestine. But the chief problem could be appreciated from the very maps which Ronnie laid before me at the Hotel Arizim.

Israel is a very small country. The West Bank area is no larger than Norfolk, but it contains strategic heights to control the coastal plains, the Yizreel Valley and other regions which, by international agreement, are definitely Israel. In Britain, we are sometimes led to believe that the West Bank is as remote to Tel Aviv as Northern Ireland is to London. In fact, it is like having Ulster at Rickmansworth. Even if, therefore, Jordan were prepared to take on the responsibility of the dissident Arabs on the West Bank, any Israeli government would be unwilling to give up even part of its existing control without receiving the strongest guarantees from the other side. There could be no 'agreement to disagree' as there was with Camp David.

For either Israel or Jordan to accept such guarantees, for them to be implemented, they would have to be supported by international pressure. A world opinion expressed much more forcibly than through Callaghan's UNIFIL troops would have to maintain them. And here Israel feels particularly vulnerable, for it senses that world opinion has slipped from its side. The Boy David is now presented as a Goliath. Colette Avital, the press officer of the Foreign Ministry, was bitter about all the anti-Israel nuances which seemed to creep into even apparently non-aligned reporting of Israeli affairs. But the real danger came not from bitchery, or even from the outright alignment of countries like France with the Arabs; but from the steady growth of a Western political opinion which regards Israel as a disposal luxury.

Here in Israel's eyes, the traitors are often the well-intentioned liberals. Let us suppose that a Western leader, seeking détente with Russia, were to propose an arms-free zone in the Middle East—or, at least, an embargo on further arms supply. It might be tempting politically but very hard to implement fairly; and its likely consequence would be that Israel would be left without support from the West while its enemies would be supplied

and trained from the East. Another scenario could involve a partial implementation of the Brandt report, which envisages a re-cycling of oil dollars from the Arab countries.

This re-cycling could visit some familiar places before arriving, if it ever did, at its destination, the under-developed Third World. Slowly, inexorably, the world's banks are fastening their attention on the vaults of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. It might be distracting for them to avert their gaze, even for a moment, to the little local difficulty of their former ties with Israel. And if foreign financial support were withdrawn from Israel, and the Israelis continued to suffer from the Arab trade embargo, how could Israel survive?

Beneath the surface anxieties, if you can call inflation and Camp David such, which floated around during the election campaign, there lay a residual fear that the tide of world events was sweeping past Israel, and could even sweep it away, that allies were no longer as staunch as they had been, and that Israel had less to offer in exchange for help, nothing perhaps other than the thought that it is the sole Western-style democracy in the Middle East, with Western standards of social care and, for the most part, with enlightened Western views on human rights, even though they may not always be applied to dissident Arabs. Israelis, no strangers to a justified paranoia, are sensitive to the approach of another Kafka trial, where the judges and jury are remote, arbitrary and unwilling to give reasons for what they do, although the sentence is a foregone conclusion.

It is against that background that Begin's bellicose remarks in the Knesset and elsewhere during May have to be measured, the wholesale swipe against Helmut Schmidt and the German people for belonging to a race which massacred Jews, the cavalier dismissal of Saudi Arabia as another potential Iran, the emotional appeal to Jews to remember their past—and the desperate, foolhardy raid on the nuclear reactor near Baghdad. It was not just a calculated gamble during the election campaign, a last-ditch appeal to patriotism; or an untimely response to the events in Lebanon; but the attempt to express something which is nearly inexpressible, and certainly untranslatable, a Jewish foreboding of another final solution.

It is hard for me to believe that the events in Southern Lebanon are as serious as they now seem. My memories of that hot, lazy afternoon in the Hotel Arizim are too strong. Ronnie made no mention of the SAM missiles which the Syrians must have been sidling into Lebanon and which, by May, were to launch the American special envoy, Habbib, into frantic rounds of shuttle diplomacy; which were to threaten the bi-partisan approach to defence enjoyed by Israel since its foundation; which were to demand the watchful presence of two Soviet ships and their American counterparts off the Lebanese coast; and which were, as it happened, to overshadow all other issues in the June election.

In March indeed, it seemed highly unlikely that the Lebanon would emerge as an election issue at all. During the afternoon admittedly, a

UNIFIL truck drove up in a hurry, to disgorge Major-General Callaghan, who strode into the dark back rooms of the Arizim, to emerge a few minutes later, baton under his arm, full of an iron resolve. Otherwise the problems seemed very local, even a little ridiculous. One freedom-fighter, or terrorist, what you will, had tried to cross the border on a power-operated hang-glider, with a better chance of breaking a leg than blowing up an army dump.

It is easy enough to provoke a minor crisis in the Lebanon. The place is full of minor crises. The Israelis could do so, simply by maintaining too high a profile; the Syrians could do so, by shifting their missiles too close to the border and shooting down, as they have done, some Israeli planes; even the UNIFIL forces could do so, by whittling away through diplomatic pressure the protection afforded by Haddad's enclaves, thus letting the PLO through. But a major crisis must involve the threat of invasion from one side or the other; and in this curiously anarchic region, so watchfully patrolled, so inherently disordered, it is hard to imagine how the forces could gather without cries of protest being heard from one side of the world to the other. The situation is not the same as in 1967, when the Syrians controlled the Golan Heights, and the Israelis could look across their border to the hill-slopes, fifty yards away, and see the troops massing.

Nor was there a trace of that feeling, which you can sense elsewhere in the Middle East, that the divine head waiter, having shaken the champagne bottle, was slowly placing his thumbs on the cork. There was not that kind of simmering menace; and I remember asking Ronnie, quite casually, whether he had ever felt afraid.

'Why should I feel afraid?' he replied, 'I know Israel. The more you knock it, the more it expands.' 'Is that,' I asked, 'what you meant by the schnitzel principle?'

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POEM

HUSBANDRY

I have been calm today,
Active and calm,
Clearing the weeds away
On a hill farm
While thrushes loud and clear
Said that the spring was here
Or nearly so.

An unpropitious world
Forced me to heed
Its headlined flags unfurled
For war and greed;
And yet, despite alarm,
I did maintain a calm
Inner tempo,

For still the thrushes sang,
And the hills heard.
Daring life's Sturm und Drang,
Hope undeterred
Rose from the furrowed malm,
Bidding the heart be calm,
And strong, and slow.

Remote upon the hill,
Therefore, I bent
Actively with a will
Made so intent
That labour like a balm
Beguiled me to be calm,
Wielding a hoe.

J. H. B. PEEL.

THE STORY OF THE WORLD WILDLIFE FUND

by Sir Arthur Norman

TWO aspects of the story of the World Wildlife Fund, now in its 20th year, are particularly remarkable. The first is the speed at which it came into being after the idea for it had been expressed. The second is the rapid growth in the scale of its activities, influence and achievements which have raised WWF to the pinnacle of the world conservation movement in two decades.

While it can be rightly said that organised international conservation really began in 1948 with the setting up of the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources—IUCN (then known as International Union for Protection of Nature), most of the impetus and life-blood of the movement in terms of money and promotion have been provided by the World Wildlife Fund. In its comparatively short life, WWF has raised and disbursed £25 million for conservation projects in over a hundred countries, including our own, and it has rescued more than 30 threatened animal species from extinction.

It was no accident that several of the people concerned with forming IUCN also inspired and helped to found WWF. Sir Julian Huxley, as Director-General of UNESCO, and other leading biologists and ecologists including E. M. ('Max') Nicholson, who was Director-General of the Nature Conservancy in Britain at the time and is now a Vice-President of WWF and President of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, helped to set up IUCN as a scientific body which would reflect the concern of naturalists and scientists at the widespread threats to natural resources and wildlife.

Today, IUCN has as its members governments, government environmental agencies, and conservation groups representing 109 countries. Its task is to determine the scientific priorities for conservation action and harness the scientific resources needed to investigate conservation problems throughout the world, and to recommend and help implement appropriate action.

From the outset, IUCN had no major financial resources of its own, a seriously inhibiting factor that robbed the organisation of much of its dynamic and muscle. What was needed were vast funds on a continuing basis that would enable the scientists to draw up a world-wide programme of conservation projects according to priorities of importance and urgency.

The germ of the idea that was to result in the birth of the World Wildlife Fund came not from a conservation organisation, as might be expected, but from a Czech businessman living in London named Victor Stolan. A reader of *The Observer*, he had been particularly stirred by a series of articles in that newspaper by Sir Julian Huxley following Huxley's visit to East Africa on behalf of UNESCO. In them, Huxley had drawn attention to the growing threats to wildlife in Kenya,

Tanganyika and the Rhodesias (as they then were) caused by poaching, the destruction of their forest habitats, over-grazing, and the pressures from a continually increasing population. He called for a campaign to set up more wildlife parks and reserves.

Victor Stolan wrote to Huxley on 6 December 1960 saying that he had some ideas on how to raise substantial funds for such a campaign, including one for persuading wealthy people to put their hands deeply into their pockets to help save what was left of wildlife in Africa and elsewhere. Stolan asked to be put in touch with somebody with whom his idea could be developed and directed towards raising millions of pounds.

Huxley was impressed and discussed Stolan's ideas with Max Nicholson, who believed the answer lay in forming a single, large-scale international effort to raise a great deal of money. From that moment events moved forward with impressive speed and objectivity. Nicholson found an enthusiastic ally with similar ideas in Peter (now Sir Peter) Scott, well-known artist and ornithologist (now a Councillor with IUCN), who went to the United States to seek support for the idea although, disappointingly, none was forthcoming. The rebuff did not affect Scott's resolve to promote the idea and on returning to London he discovered someone of like mind and with considerable experience in selling new ideas.

He was Guy Mountfort, director of a large international advertising agency and a prominent amateur ornithologist, who not only contributed his professional expertise to the discussions on setting up a fund-raising organisation but, equally important, had access to a wide circle of friends and other contacts in the international business community.

The scene then moved from London to Switzerland and back for more discussions until, just four months after Stolan wrote his letter, Max Nicholson crystallised his ideas in a paper entitled, *Saving the World's Wildlife,* and distributed it to a number of acquaintances and colleagues interested in conservation, inviting comment.

On 25 April 1961, Sir Julian Huxley, Victor Stolan, Guy Mountfort, Aubrey (now Lord) Buxton, Lord Hurcomb, Lt. Col. C. L. Boyle, Embrose Appelbe and Teresa Sexton, all prominent conservationists, attended a meeting, with Nicholson in the chair, at the Nature Conservancy offices in London.

It was a very significant meeting. The group was a basis for the steering committee that launched the World Wildlife Fund, and Nicholson's paper became its blueprint. It was so well founded that, 20 years later, all the major concepts within that paper are contained in WWF today. Conservation must command money, Nicholson wrote, and stressed the need for effective and large-scale action to safeguard both wildlife and wilderness against imminent destruction.

Many of the remedies were well-known; danger to wildlife quite simply lay in lack of funds to carry them out. With money, he argued, large reserves and refuges could be bought and safeguarded, and experts and leaders could be sent out and maintained in action at danger spots.

Nicholson then outlined a new organisation to raise, manage, and

allocate large sums of money so that existing conservation organisations could operate effectively. His proposals included registering it as a Trust in Switzerland and with a governing body to receive and handle funds; an operations group to prepare and maintain a world map showing the main current threats to wildlife and wilderness, and pinpointing the projects and campaigns aimed at countering them; a 'supporters club' of wealthy members able to provide substantial sums of money immediately, in return for certain privileges of membership; and a number of national appeals to be launched simultaneously in several countries, to raise additional funds by successive campaigns for particular conservation programmes, thus tapping the support of millions of people throughout the world who had no other effective means of expressing their concern.

Among the next major steps were to find an appropriate name and symbol for the new organisation, and in this task too the pioneers showed the surefootedness that had characterised all their efforts on its behalf. They chose the name 'World Wildlife Fund' and then adopted Peter Scott's brilliant idea of a panda, which he designed himself, as the logo. It soon became one of the world's best-known logos and is recognised today as the universal symbol of the campaign to protect all forms of wildlife under threat.

Now in full flood, the group planned the British National Appeal—the first of all the national appeals—and HRH Prince Philip agreed to become its President, thereby assuring the success of the launching operation to come. Typically, he was not content to be a mere cypher decorating the Fund's letter-heading, and quickly demonstrated his active commitment to the cause by helping to revise and simplify the draft World Wildlife Charter. He also persuaded HRH Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands to become first Patron and later President of the WWF.

On 11 September 1961, the Fund was registered as a charity under Swiss law at Zurich, and later that month Mr. Julius Nyerere, then Prime Minister of Tanganyika, at a pan-African wildlife conference held in Arusha, read a declaration affirming the support of prominent African leaders in several of the newly-independent countries for wildlife conservation. And on 26 September, only five months after Max Nicholson's plan had been tabled, the World Wildlife Fund was launched in London. In the following month the British National Appeal came into being.

WWF expanded rapidly. The United States and Swiss National Appeals were formed almost simultaneously on 1 and 7 December 1961; then came the Netherlands in January 1963, Germany two months later and Austria in February 1964. When the Fund celebrated its 10th anniversary in 1971, there were 18 National Appeals in existence; today there are 26, with promise of more to come.

Tradition has it that the first of the Fund's projects were selected by three Trustees over glasses of sherry in a small office in south-west London. They were very knowledgable people and their aim was clear: to save endangered species. So they voted funds to help preserve the

aye-aye in Madagascar, the white rhino in Uganda, and the flamingoes, wild ducks and geese which occupied 25 square miles of marshland in danger of being developed, and which now forms part of Donana National Park in Spain.

This was entirely consistent with the aims of WWF, launched as a Modern Noah's Ark to save animals from the rising flood of human activities that was threatening to engulf them everywhere.

The first published report by WWF, edited by Peter Scott, then vice-president, and covering the period 1962-64, was called *The Launching of the New Ark,* and the second, produced in 1968, was *The Ark Under Way.*

By 1965, WWF had spent a total of about £675,000 on more than 130 international conservation projects, while here in Britain the National Appeal had made grants to nearly 30 projects including £1,500—a sizeable sum in those days—towards the acquisition by the North Wales Trust of 180 acres of woodlands of ecological value in the Vale of Ffestiniog. In 1980, in contrast, over £4 million was invested in projects all over the world and this sum was multiplied by the investments made by governments in the form of land, labour and local supplies.

Among the international projects supported in those early days was the Charles Darwin Foundation Research Station for the Galapagos Islands whose work was (and still is) of vital importance to the efforts to help save the precarious populations of giant tortoises, land iguanas, penguins, flightless cormorants and other species unique to the archipelago.

The British National Appeal donated £2,000 towards the cost of the Fauna Preservation Society's 'Operation Oryx', an ambitious scheme to capture a number of Arabian oryx in Aden for captive breeding in the United States, and the species' reintroduction to its homeland where it had become extinct. This is one of the most successful of the WWF/IUCN projects—in the last two years a number of oryx have been taken from the 150-strong breeding herd at San Diego and relocated in the care of a nomadic tribe in the Jidat al Arasis desert north of Oman for later release into the wild, while others are now being acclimatised in a specially prepared reserve in Jordan before being given their freedom.

Equipment essential to anti-poaching and game control operations in East Africa, such as a light aircraft and Land-Rovers, were also supplied by WWF—the fore-runners of many such grants since then; while other grants were provided to enable wildlife reserves in a number of African countries to be set up and administered.

But times have moved on and the work of the Fund is today much more complex and complicated. WWF is still concerned with saving animals, an image it promoted with great success all over the world through major campaigns including its most successful one—'Operation Tiger'—which secured the active backing of the Indian and other governments to create special reserves for this magnificant species, which was on the brink of extinction. WWF has also campaigned globally to protect other large

mammals such as the Asian and African elephants, whales, and white rhinoceros. The fund's public stance has changed subtly over the years and the scope of its aims and support broadened considerably to take in the whole natural environment—animals and plants, and the climate, soil and water that binds them together in healthy ecosystems. Particular attention is paid to those animals, plants and habitats which have become dangerously depleted by man's activities—1,000 different kinds of animals and 25,000 flowering plants are threatened with extinction in the wild—hence the focussing of attention in recent years on the wholesale felling of the earth's tropical rain forests, which has resulted in the destruction of watersheds and wildlife and increased soil erosion, drought and flooding.

The varied scope of activity is illustrated in the latest issue of WWF Yearbook for 1979-80, which points out that 1979 was again a record year, with a total of about £3.5 million spent on 587 national and international projects—a 17 per cent increase over the previous year in funding and a 38 per cent increase in the total numbers of projects financed.

In his introduction to the Yearbook, Dr. Lee M. Talbot, recently WWF's Director of Conservation, declared that the past year had been a period of unsurpassed significance for the World Wildlife Fund and world conservation. Conservation had been recognised as a critical concern for human survival by world leaders in national governments, the United Nations system and the international development organisations. Summing up the Fund's current attitudes to conservation he wrote that, whereas in the past conservation was seen by decision-makers as a luxury at best or an obstacle to development at worst, and clearly out of the mainstream of human endeavours, there is now explicit recognition that conservation is basic to human survival and welfare; that conservation and development are not mutually exclusive but are interdependent, and conservation goals are becoming recognised among the basic goals of humanity.

The new directions of conservation focus on causes of problems as well as effects, and on prevention rather than cure; they involve a new professional approach based on sound science.

The new directions which WWF and IUCN are taking are epitomised in the World Conservation Strategy (WCS), a statement of global conservation priorities and plans for achieving them, which was launched simultaneously in 30 countries in Europe, North and South America, Africa and Asia just over a year ago. WWF has worked closely with IUCN since its inception and the two organisations share the same headquarters in Gland, Switzerland. The WCS was drawn up by IUCN on behalf of the United Nations Environment Programme, and WWF helped to pay for its production and also contributed strongly to its philosophy. It also takes account of the views on conservation priorities of more than 450 government agencies and conservation organisations in over 100 countries who form the membership of IUCN.

WCS is the first world strategy for nature conservation which aims at

securing concerted international action by governments, government agencies and conservation organisations to achieve as soon as possible the better use of the living natural resources on which human survival and well-being depend.

The Strategy defines three main objectives of conservation:

1. To maintain essential ecological processes and life-support systems (such as soil regeneration and protection, the re-cycling of nutrients, and cleansing the air and waters of pollution);
2. To preserve genetic diversity (by preventing the extinction of species and preserving as much of the variation within species as possible); and
3. To ensure the sustainable utilisation of species and ecosystems (notably fish and other wildlife, forests and grazing lands) which support millions of rural communities as well as major industries.

WCS presents many facts to indicate the urgency of the need to attain these objectives, including the following:

Thousands of millions of tons of soil are lost every year because of deforestation and poor land management.

At least 2,000 square miles of prime farmland disappear every year under buildings and roads in developed countries alone.

The deserts are expanding at the alarming rate of almost 23,000 square miles per year, or an area twice the size of Belgium. Nearly 8 million square miles—an area twice the size of Canada—are now on the brink of being turned into desert.

Hundreds of millions of rural people in developing countries, including 500 million under-nourished and 800 million destitute, are compelled to destroy the resources necessary to free them from starvation and poverty.

Overfishing has already deprived people of millions of tons of seafood; and many coastal wetlands and shallows, which support two-thirds of the world's fisheries, are either degraded or are being destroyed by dredging, dumping, pollution or so-called shore 'improvements'.

Alongside these crucial losses must be set the disturbing projection that in the next 20 years the world's population is expected to increase by nearly half—from 4,000 million to just under 6,000 million. Yet at present rates of destruction these people will have to make do with a third less farmland and only half the present area of productive tropical forest.

We in the United Kingdom have no reason to be complacent. We need to be more positive about land conservation, for example. While we need more land for afforestation, houses and factories, this should not be at the expense of the best soils and special places, such as national parks, nature reserves and scientifically important sites. Only 165 out of 735 sites listed in the Nature Conservancy Review are adequately protected. Between 30,000 and 40,000 acres of good agricultural land are put under concrete every year. And our marine fisheries are in a deplorable state.

Besides contributing to international projects, WWF's British National Organisation awards grants totalling many thousands of pounds annually to help finance projects in the UK designed to preserve areas of special

scientific interest, or to protect threatened species of wildlife.

I believe the World Conservation Strategy reflects man's realisation that, despite his phenomenal progress from ancient hunter to space voyager, these achievements cannot offset his disastrous devastation of the earth, its plants and animals.

The British National organisation has long recognised that education has an essential role to play in stimulating support for conservation, and has for many years operated a scheme to promote conservation awareness among schoolchildren of all ages. WWF also supports the Wildlife Clubs in African countries such as Uganda, Sierra Leone, Kenya and Zambia to educate young people in conservation; help is also wanted by India, Sri Lanka, Fiji, Oman, El Salvador and Morocco to enable them to obtain mobile education units and advice on conservation education in schools.

IUCN, which produces the series of Red Data Books of endangered species with a grant from WWF, has listed many new conservation projects which require funding; meanwhile, there are the ongoing projects of threatened species which require continuing support—plants in Indonesia, the Caribbean Islands, Madagascar, Central and South America and Africa, and many animals from insectivores in Haiti to gorillas in Uganda. All projects supported internationally by WWF fulfill the priorities and principles in the world conservation strategy. WWF must continue each year to raise the enormous funds needed to meet as far as possible one of the greatest challenges of our times—the conservation of the earth's natural resources and the protection of threatened plant and animal species, including Man.

[Sir Arthur Norman, KBE., DFC., is Chairman of The De La Rue Company Limited, and has been a Trustee of World Wildlife Fund (U.K.) since 1966 and Chairman of the Trustees since 1977. He is also a Trustee of World Wildlife Fund International of Gland, Switzerland.]

'THE LAST MAN IN EUROPE': A COMMENT ON GEORGE ORWELL'S 1984

by John H. Barnsley

IN his essay on Henry Miller, 'Inside the Whale', George Orwell commented that 'The first test of any work of art is survival.' By this, his own criterion, his novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has done quite well. It was written in 1948, on the island of Jura, and published in 1949. The paperback edition appeared in 1954 and, apart from 1957, has been reprinted every year since, sometimes twice or even three times. In English alone, the book has now sold over three million copies. It has become part of the common imaginative heritage of the Western world.

One reason for its influence is Orwell's style: concrete, observant, intelligent and readily accessible to the average reader, not least in schools and colleges. Good prose, he believed, is, or should be 'like a windowpane' and he followed a policy of easy intelligibility. Secondly, Orwell is notable for his empathy with the common man—or perhaps with *l'homme moyen éclairé,* the enlightened common man. All his five novels, and also his essays and documentaries, are written from that perspective. And so it is with *Nineteen Eighty-Four.* It is written from the viewpoint of a 39-year old worker in the Records Department in the Ministry of Plenty, the ironically-named Winston Smith. Like all Orwell's novelistic heroes—Flory, George Bowling, Dorothy Hare, and Gordon Comstock—Smith is an unexceptional person, possibly less gulled and dehumanised than the majority, but otherwise without any special merit or distinction. The tone is set on the first page, where 'a varicose ulcer above his right knee' constrains him to walk slowly up the seven flights of stairs to his flat in the (again ironically-named) Victory Mansions. As he moves to the window he is described as 'a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasized by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the Party.'

Smith's unexceptionality serves a dual purpose: it allows the ordinary reader to identify with him and it allows Orwell to describe the future as *experienced,* internally and personally, by the proverbial 'man in the street', and not merely as an external construct. In this, the novel differs both from modern futurology and most science-fiction accounts of the future.

Further, the landscape of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*—emotional as well as physical—is a recognisable one, drawn not from any futuristic vision but from recent history. It is the world of the 1930s and '40s that haunts the book; a landscape of dreary urban decay. In Victory Mansions, for instance:

> The plaster flaked constantly from ceilings and walls, the pipes burst in every hard frost, the roof leaked wherever there was snow, the heating system was usually running at half steam when it was not closed down altogether from motives of economy.

It is a world of shortages, of shoddy goods and constant privation. This is a world familiar from memory to the older generation and from historical accounts—not least Orwell's own—to the younger one.

But the success of the book must be related also to its specific plot and to the political world it conjures up. Here Orwell's novel is a monstrous denunciation, by the method of *reductio ad absurdum*, of totalitarianism. It is also a vision that has clearly touched upon the fears and apprehensions of many in successive generations of the postwar world. It articulates these fears in concentrated, prismatic form. As a consequence the very word 'Orwellian' has taken on its modern connotations and expressions like 'Big Brother', 'Newspeak', 'Ministry of Truth', 'Thought Police', 'Hate Week' and 'Doublethink' have entered the political lexicons of at least the more sceptical.

Some have contended that *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is to be treated as merely an imaginative artistic work with no predictive intent. But, *pace* these commentators, Orwell made it quite clear that he saw the world of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* as a possibility for any centralised economy, not least in the 'free' West. As he wrote:

> My recent novel is *not* intended as an attack on Socialism or on the British Labour Party . . . but as a show-up of the perversions to which a centralised economy is liable. (And he added): I do not believe that the kind of society I describe necessarily *will* arrive, but I believe . . . that something resembling it *could* arrive.

Given this, one must note that the generality of relevance of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has, since he wrote those words, become more heightened not less so. In the book all economic activity, save a few proletarian enclaves (local shops and pubs), is organised by the 'Ministry of Plenty'. The abolition of private property had occurred in 'the middle years of the century'. We find a similar tendency in reality. In the postwar period the long-term trend of all Western countries, without exception, has been a centralising one. In each the state has considerably expanded its size and functions and the public sector has grown at the expense of the, now more closely regulated, private sector.

Further, the technological base for Orwell's society has also largely been provided. As David Goodman has pointed out (in *The Futurist*) most of Orwell's technical predictions in the novel have now been realised. Even the omnipresent 'telescreens', which abolish privacy in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, are under development as gas-discharge panels. Further, some technologies Orwell did not predict have distinctly Orwellian implications. This is particularly true of the computer and of microelectronic technology.

In view of this, it is useful and indeed comforting to point to some weaknesses in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. The first observation to be made is that the novel essentially accepts the efficacy of a behaviourist psychology embodied in totalitarian politics. Manipulation of an entire population is portrayed as both possible and effective. Rebellion is a failed hope, just as Winston Smith's own rebellion is (and he has, apparently, been under observation for seven years). To be sure, Orwell exposes the grim

mechanics of this manipulation: the political abuse of language ('War is Peace', 'Freedom is Slavery', 'Ignorance is Strength' and the creation of 'Newspeak' wherein heretical thoughts will be unutterable); the literal re-writing of history by the Ministry of Truth; the continual mobilisation of the population to face some new wartime 'emergency'; the adoption of advanced technologies of continuous surveillance, particularly the two-way 'telescreens' capable of registering a human heartbeat; and in the last event the use of torture and 'elimination'. But such tactics, while deprecated, are still presented as effective.

This is a determinist nightmare *à la* B. F. Skinner. But as Skinner's critics exemplify, the majority of psychologists and social scientists adopt a more voluntarist perspective, allowing for the role of free-will and imposing limits on the extent to which people are 'conditionable' into an absurd conformity. Further, one is bound to ask that if two members of the Outer Party, Smith and his girlfriend Julia, both relatively 'ordinary' people, can resist such manipulation, why not thousands of others?

Secondly, and related to this, we have Orwell's perception of the 85 per cent majority, the 'Proles', as an undifferentiated 'mass', apathetic, apolitical, and readily manipulable. Here is a central passage:

> They were born, they grew up in the gutters, they went to work at twelve, they passed through a brief blossoming-period of beauty and sexual desire, they married at twenty, they were middle-aged at thirty, they died, for the most part, at sixty. Heavy physical work, the care of home and children, petty quarrels with neighbours, films, football, beer, and, above all, gambling, filled up the horizon of their minds. To keep them in control was not difficult. . . And even when they became discontented, as they sometimes did, their discontent led nowhere, because being without general ideas, they could only focus it on petty specific grievances. The larger issues invariably escaped their notice. . . They were beneath suspicion. As the Party slogan put it: 'Proles and animals are free'.

It is true that Winston Smith believes, prior to his 'rehabilitation', that 'If there was hope, it *must* lie in the proles, because only there . . . could the force to destroy the Party ever be generated'. But the development of the book provides no support whatever for this hope. The image of an unthinking, easily-swayed majority occurs centrally also in *Animal Farm*. But applied to humans in the latter part of the 20th century it is a largely fictitious stereotype. Orwell would have done well to adopt a more analytic approach to the logic of industrialism and to the class structure. For what his in fact happened is that the majority—'Proles' least of all in their own self-conceptions—have become *more* not less differentiated. They have become differentiated by education, skill, status level, and type and location of work. So much so that the very term 'working class' or 'proletariat' has, *pace* Marx, lost a good deal of its former structural relevance. The rise of the service industries and the mechanisation (and later automation) of the primary and secondary sectors have also whittled down the involvement of workers in purely manual tasks, and inflated the stratum of 'white-collar' workers. By the mid-1970s more than 50 per cent of the EEC's working population were in services, compared with 39.5 per cent in 1960, and the figures for America are even higher.

Similarly, in the United States in 1956 white-collar workers surpassed blue-collar workers for the first time, and by the early-seventies the EEC countries had followed suit.

Thus, the central image in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* of an homogenised 'mass', comprising more than four-fifths of the population, is an unconvincing one. Further, his omission of worker 'resistance' in the form of trade-unionism contributes to the unconvincing stereotype of the 'Proles'. Mention of trade-unionism is a lacuna in all Orwell's political writing—though he comments in *The Road to Wigan Pier* that 'the English working class do not have much capacity for leadership, but they have a wonderful talent for organisation. The whole trade union movement testifies to this'. But by ignoring the purely economic force of organised labour—let alone its political manifestations—he failed to anticipate a substantial segment of postwar European economic and political history, and not least that of Britain, the setting of his novel.

Finally, there is Orwell's attitude to technology in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. In the Orwellian future the 'empirical method of thought' is restrained and science is turned to thoroughly dystopic ends. 'Technological progress', he writes, 'only happens when its products can in some way be used for the diminution of human liberty'. Further, 'There are . . . two great problems which the Party is concerned to solve. One is how to discover, against his will, what another human being is thinking, and the other is how to kill several hundred million people in a few seconds without giving warning beforehand. In so far as scientific research still continues, this is its subject matter'. Advances in communications technology, he believed, and this is a central point neglected by critics, supplied the necessary, if not sufficient, conditions for this form of totalitarianism:

> The invention of print . . . made it easier to manipulate public opinion, and the film and the radio carried the process further. With the development of television,. and the technical advance which made it possible to receive and transmit simultaneously on the same instrument, private life came to an end. Every citizen, or at least every citizen important enough to be worth watching, could be kept for twenty-four hours a day under the eyes of the police and in the sound of official propoganda. . . The possibility of enforcing not only complete obedience to the will of the State, but complete uniformity of opinion on all subjects, now existed for the first time.

So much for science and technology. These warnings are well taken, not least because of the expansion of the mass media in Western society and the aforementioned potential of the computer and microelectronics. There is in Orwell none of the fascination with the positive advances of science that we find in, say, Francis Bacon or H. G. Wells or, today, in such writers as Herman Kahn and Arthur C. Clarke. His other writings attest to his concern that technology could threaten nature and tradition and in *The Road to Wigan Pier* he wrote that 'the goal to which we are moving, the logical end of machine progress is to reduce the human being to something resembling a brain in a bottle'.

But his pessimism was overdrawn and derives, we suggest, from a very traditional humanistic disdain for and recoil from science and technology

and all their products. As in C. P. Snow's 'two cultures', science and technology are viewed as almost inescapably opposed to humanist values and pursuits. Given this, the opposing case needs to be put: namely that science and technology can contribute to human freedom and dignity, often accidentally so. For instance, the industrialisation of India has helped breach the caste system, that of South Africa has weakened apartheid, and that of the southern states of America has encouraged racial integration. Industrialisation is in many ways inherently democratising.

Orwell's negative depiction of technology and its implications, then, appear unconvincingly one-sided. Though it is also true that a couple of passages in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* express a suppressed optimism about technology. Here is one of them:

> From the moment when the machine first made its appearance it was clear to all thinking people that the need for human drudgery, and therefore to a great extent for human inequality, had disappeared. If the machine were used deliberately for that end, hunger, overwork, dirt, illiteracy, and disease could be eliminated within a few generations.

But he allowed his pessimism to overcome this *sotto voce* optimism and hence we have an unrealistic picture of stultified science and dystopic technology.

But these criticisms aside, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is an important book. It is probably the best-known anti-totalitarian novel and, as with other possible dystopias, is most usefully regarded as a critical benchmark against which contemporary developments may be assessed. Its admonitory world is thoroughly anti-humanist: Winston Smith is described by his Party interrogator, O'Brien, as 'the last man'. 'Your kind is extinct' O'Brien comments, 'we are the inheritors'. And Orwell did originally intend to title the book *The Last Man in Europe.*

This was a constant concern. In his 1940 essay 'Inside the Whale' he remarked:

> What is quite obviously happening, war or no war, is the break-up of *laissez-faire* capitalism and of the liberal-Christian culture. . . Almost certainly we are moving into an age of totalitarian dictatorships—an age in which freedom of thought will be at first a deadly sin and later on a meaningless abstraction. The autonomous individual is going to be stamped out of existence.

And, as a crucial warning, the novel is particularly useful for the English (and probably Americans too) since, as he wrote in the same essay:

> With all its injustices, England is still the land of habeas corpus, and the overwhelming majority of English people have no experience of violence or illegality. If you have grown up in that sort of atmosphere it is not at all easy to imagine what a despotic régime is like.

Nineteen Eighty-Four certainly fills this gap in our imagination.

[Dr. John Barnsley, a social scientist, is the author of *The Social Reality of Ethics,* Routledge and Kegan Paul.]

TERRORISM, THE MASS MEDIA AND DEMOCRACY

by Paul Wilkinson

WHAT is the real meaning of terrorism in a liberal democracy? Terrorists in a democracy, cannot be, by definition, freedom-fighters. They are in reality the enemies of freedom. Not only do they represent ideologies diametrically opposed to liberal democracy: they seek to destroy it by violence from within. They claim to have just causes and grievances, but instead of using the democratic means available to them, such as parliamentary elections and peaceful propaganda, they seek to impose their own policy by a petty tyranny of the bomb and the bullet.

The essence of liberal democracy is that it guarantees the maximisation of individual rights to life, liberty and property within the framework of the Rule of Law. Liberal democrats believe in the sanctity of individual life and liberty. Terrorist movements on the other hand believe that their political ends justify any means: by definition they are ready to treat their fellow citizens as expendable, mere fodder for their cause. For the terrorist there are no innocents, no non-combatants. Every one of us—including the sick and the wounded and women and children—is potentially a candidate for the terrorists' dominion of death.

Most people can see that there is a fundamental antagonism between terrorism and liberal democracy, but it is rather less obvious to people who have not themselves suffered the effects of protracted campaigns of violence that *in extremis* terrorism is capable of totally undermining the basic conditions for a viable liberal democracy. There is too little understanding of the *modus operandi* and tactical objectives of terrorists, and of the ways in which they can destroy the freedoms which are so fundamental to our way of life: freedom of belief and opinion, freedom of expression, freedom of political association and opposition, and freedom of economic activity.

I suggest that there are five basic conditions for a viable parliamentary democracy, and each is directly attacked by protracted terrorist campaigns:

(1) *Moral Commitment:* No democracy can work effectively without a strong moral commitment to its basic principles among the overwhelming majority of its people. We can only enjoy democratic liberties when our fellow citizens, or at any rate most of them, are willing to respect each others' rights, and to help defend them against attack from within or without.

When large numbers of our fellow citizens are prepared to support extremist parties opposed to democratic values and institutions our democracy is already in grave danger. Fortunately, in most Western countries, mass support for totalitarian parties has been in sharp decline in recent years. In Britain, Germany, and the U.S.A. they only receive minuscule

popular support, and it is a matter for rejoicing that totalitarians of the extreme left and extreme right are currently in eclipse in Spain.

Tiny minority movements using terrorism against democracy do not, of course, need large numbers to make them a danger to the innocent: indeed in many ways their small membership and cellular organisation make them a more difficult quarry for the police. Groups like these are not prepared to respect the rights of those who do not share their views. Groups like the Provisional IRA in Northern Ireland and ETA-Militar in the Basque region systematically make war on the rights of their fellow citizens. What more fundamental attack can there be on the human rights of one's own brother or sister than blowing them to smithereens with a terrorist bomb?

Terrorists seek to undermine the confidence and morale of the people and their faith in democratic government by promoting fear and a climate of collapse: this is the precise meaning of the term 'terrorism'. It is a shameless attempt to intimidate the democratic majority by murder, threats of murder, injury and destruction. By means of bombing, shooting, kneecapping, kidnapping, etc., they try to use their ghastly traffic in human lives to blackmail government, business, and society at large. They are a cancer in democracy's body politic.

(2) *The Rule of Law.* An independent judiciary and a well regulated lawmaking body, accountable to the democratic society, are vital to securing freedom under the law. Terrorists make a frontal challenge against the whole concept and process of law in a democratic state. Arrogantly terrorists set themselves above the law. In the words of one of Malraux's characters, they 'decide alone' and 'execute alone.' They seek to intimidate and subvert the judicial process by murdering judges, magistrates and jurymen, by threatening witnesses, and by refusing, when put on trial, to co-operate with the courts. Terrorists generally claim to act in the name of a separate and superior 'revolutionary justice', but in practice the whole strategy of terror is incompatible with law, for the whole purpose of terrorist violence is to create fear by violent outrages which inevitably appear arbitrary and unpredictable to the society and the immediate victims. If people knew how to avoid the acts of violence the climate of terror would not be effectively created.

In my book, *Terrorism and the Liberal State,* I describe terrorists who claim to be serving some revolutionary cause as revolution-criminals in the same sense that soldiers who commit atrocities in war are designated war criminals. And I would argue that those found guilty of such crimes, by definition totally unjustifiable in a liberal democracy, should be treated with the full severity of the law. (The best deterrent against terrorism in a democratic society is a high-rate of apprehension, conviction and imprisonment of terrorist offenders.)

It is important that the public should understand why convicted terrorists deserve tough sentences. Terrorists in a democracy are not punished for their beliefs, however totalitarian these may be. Under the

Rule of Law they will only be convicted and punished for using criminal means to further political ends. Moreover they are not petty criminals. They are systematic killers who have cast aside all claims of humanity and pity as so much 'bourgeois sentimentality'. Nor should we forget the terrible nature of the atrocities they have committed. They have devised the most diabolical means of creating mass slaughter in public places. They have murdered fathers before the eyes of their children. They have murdered women and children. There seems no limit to the suffering and slaughter they are prepared to wreak.

Yet, however terrible terrorist crimes, the democratic society must curb its desire for vengeance, and treat those found guilty of such crimes in strict accordance with the rule of law, fully respecting the individual's legal rights. If terrorists ever succeeded in causing a suspension of the democratic rule of law and its replacement by state repression it would be a betrayal of democracy. If the agencies of the democratic state act outside the law it is not only morally wrong, it is potentially counter-productive.

(3) *A Free Press.* One hardly needs to remind readers of *Contemporary Review* that the freedom of the mass media is a vital precondition for democratic political life. It is through free expression and publication that diverse and opposing political philosophies, programmes and policies can be made known and judged. At its best the free press provides many invaluable services to voters and parties in a democracy: basic civic education on the functioning of democratic institutions, vital basic information about national and foreign affairs, analysis and opinion, polemic and informed debate on issues and policies. At its very best the free press can heighten democratic sensibility, arouse the conscience of the nation, and stimulate democratic reforms.

What are the first things a totalitarian party will do if it gains power? They will imprison or shoot the opposition and gag the media. If ever any of the hate-filled terrorist movements currently attacking our democratic societies were to seize power, which Heaven forbid, who can doubt that one of their first moves would be to suppress the free media? All that the terrorist-controlled newspapers and broadcasts would contain would be their own dreary and callow propaganda.

One of the most exciting experiences in visiting a country like Spain today is to see the flowering of the free media in the streets. At almost every street corner in the centre of Madrid are stalls laden with journals and books representing every school of thought known to man, and even some that are not. What a sad irony it is that at a time when Spain and other Western countries are enjoying this richness of choice in politics and literature, some of our colleagues from influential Third World countries in UNESCO have bulldozed into existence a so-called new world 'Information Order' which effectively suppresses free media in the name of 'progressive' development. And during the European Review Conference on Security Co-operation at Madrid, we need not doubt that

the Soviet dictatorship will be doing its best to shut out the tiny chinks of light and truth that have pierced the darkness of the Communist world since the Helsinki Agreement.

Terrorists attack the free media in democracies in two main ways. Firstly, they murder and maim journalists who dare to speak out against them, and they threaten others with similar treatment if they show signs of mounting press attacks upon the terrorists. Thus journalists have been kneecapped, bombed and murdered by terrorist thugs in countries such as Italy, Turkey and Lebanon. Secondly, terrorists constantly seek to hijack or at least manipulate the free media to relay their propaganda of the deed, and to get their declarations, communiqúes, and threats maximum publicity. Of course, their political front organisations spend considerable energies in producing their own pamphlets and journals, but they realise that these mainly preach to the converted, and that real propaganda success can only be achieved by exploiting the mass media, especially television, with its power to reach into almost every home. Television, with its capacity to monopolise attention through its visual appeal, is the most effective medium yet invented for moulding attitudes and perceptions. Its hegemonic power is amplified by the fact that it is a one way flow of communication: there is no genuine audience participation and you cannot answer back at the TV screen.

Modern terrorist movements have been quick to see the power of this new medium and to learn the means of turning it against the democratic authorities and the security forces.

(4) *The Capacity for Defence Against External Enemies.* Today there are two main external threats to the national security of a democracy. The first is direct military aggression, but this has been made less likely because of the nuclear balance of terror between the superpowers, and the enormous costs and risks of escalation involved in even a limited war. The other is by clandestine subversion, internal war and terrorism, increasingly through the use of proxies, to weaken or collapse a state from within to clear the path for establishing an ally or satellite regime. This latter mode has become the characteristic mode of war in our time: among its current practitioners are; the Soviet Union, Cuba, East Germany, Vietnam, Libya and South Yemen. It has the attraction of being relatively cheap and cost-effective, and it can be disowned or aborted if the plan misfires. In several cases the Soviets and their proxies have tried to insure against failure by backing both sides in an internal or local conflict. It is unlikely that they see any real possibility of seizing power in a western democratic state by such methods, but, on the other hand, they have shown that they are willing to step up clandestine logistic and technical support for neo-Marxist and national liberationist groups engaged in campaigns of subversion and terrorism against Western democracies, such as the Provisional IRA, ETA and diverse revolutionary groups in Italy, West Germany and France. The PLO, Libya, and South Yemen, have served as conduits for getting cash, weaponry and training

facilities to the ill-assorted cluster of terrorist movements currently active in Western Europe. Clearly, Communist states see them as a useful method of promoting internal strife, diverting democracies' defence forces away from their external tasks, and pushing the NATO states towards destabilisation. Under certain conditions of acute political and economic strains and prolonged internal conflict in, for example, a state such as Italy, it is quite conceivable that terrorism could serve as a Trojan horse, or render timely assistance to a Fifth Column, which would smash the system of parliamentary democracy once and for all.

(5) *The Capacity for Economic Survival.* In this period of recession in the international economy, and grave world inflation with the prospect of further steep rises in oil prices ahead, one hardly needs to emphasise the importance of the economic conditions for the survival of democracy.

What is often less well recognised is the debilitating effect of protracted terrorist campaigns on economic and industrial activity. Inevitably long drawn-out bombing campaigns, with no apparent end in sight, inflicting damage or total destruction on industrial plant and business premises and killing or injuring employees, have the effect of scaring away investment and curtailing normal production. Repeated attacks on industrial executives and other employees inevitably tend to demoralise the workforce. And in protracted campaigns of the kind waged by the PIRA and ETA-M politically motivated violence has become fused with protection and extortion rackets such as the notorious revolutionary 'tax' in the Basque region, and with a dramatic increase in crimes of armed robbery mounted as a fund-raising effort by the terrorists. It is not surprising to find that the resulting climate is bad for business and productivity.

Moreover, we must take into account the enormous burden of increased security costs that has to be borne by the democratic government in the face of such campaigns, in order to protect life and uphold the law: the costs of the Northern Ireland security measures to the British government are now running at well over one and a half billion pounds a year, a figure equal to the total reduction claimed by the UK from her European Community Budget contribution!

These, then, are five powerful reasons why we should recognise that protracted campaigns of terrorism present a direct and serious challenge to the very survival of democracy: (1) It is an attack on the moral will, values and institutions of democracy, and indeed on our whole way of life; (2) It makes war on the rule of law and attempts to blacken and intimidate the judiciary and police; (3) It is a savage threat to the basic human rights of the innocent; (4) Terrorist movements are used by hostile powers to weaken and undermine democracies from within; and (5) Terrorism causes grave economic damage and disruption and diverts scarce resources away from other vital areas of social welfare in an effort to enhance physical security.

For all these reasons our politicians, judiciaries, security forces and

government officials trying to grapple with the problems created by terrorism deserve our greatest sympathy, understanding and support. We cannot succeed in defending democracy against terrorism without getting the co-operation of *all* sections of society. We are all in the front line against terrorism—men and women, very young and very old, the fit and the sick, regardless of profession and national origin—and therefore we all have both a duty and an interest in assisting democracies to beat this menace.

It must be appreciated that just as the freedom of the press is a crucial precondition for democracy so the very existence of the free press depends upon the survival of democracy. Consider the fate of the media in the Lebanon, where anarchy prevails and the country has been divided into fiefdoms of political factions; and in Beirut the press have been harassed and intimidated into virtually abdicating their task. All they have now is a token presence.

Because of the interdependence of the free press and a free society the mass media cannot afford to be neutral in the war between the forces of democratic law and the terrorists. It is in their interest to help democracy survive attack.

This does not mean that the Government in a democratic state should seek to control the media. Even the whiff of censorship will be disastrous, for it will destroy the credibility of both the media and the government. What gives the free media credibility is the public's knowledge that they are free to say what they like about politics without checks or restraints, however devastating their criticism or vociferous their opposition to the government and policies of the day. And democratic governments gain their legitimacy and credibility from the fact that they are known to be ultimately accountable to the voting public, and the knowledge that they cannot control or manipulate public attitudes and opinions by controlling or suppressing the free expression of ideas.

Nor, on the other hand, does this mean that the free press has a licence to break the law of the land. They cannot be allowed to place themselves above the law, and if they violate the law of libel or deliberately flout the law by conspiring to break the law then they inevitably lay themselves open to the legal consequences. Mr. Bernard Levin in his recent *Times* article on Lord Denning's Dimbleby lecture is only half right when he says that the press has the right to be totally irresponsible. It cannot shed its legal responsibilities whether as a corporate body, or as a body of journalists. And if individual journalists become accessories to serious breaches of the law they should be answerable for their offence before the courts.

However, in their treatment of the subject of terrorism, government cannot and indeed must not attempt to dictate to the Press on matters of policy, opinion, and judgment. All it can reasonably hope for is voluntary co-operation and moral support for the battle against terrorism. And any truly democratic media should readily afford this help out of

common humanity and a sense of democratic responsibility. Government can do no more than appeal for their voluntary co-operation.

In order to better understand how the media can assist democracies in the struggle against terrorism we should clearly understand what terrorists hope to gain from exploitation of the free media: maximum attention for their cause and demands; to communicate threats to their target audience and create a climate of fear and a belief in terrorist invincibility; to convey their propaganda and self-justification; to acquire an aura of legitimacy and authority; to vilify and smear the government, police and judiciary; to portray their own operators as 'heroic freedom-fighters', or 'soldiers', of liberation and to inspire others to join the terrorist movement and encourage existing activists to commit further outrages.

In other words, what the terrorists want is favourable publicity, a docile or acquiescent press which will be a major instrument of terror and intimidation. The media professions can effectively protect themselves from terrorist exploitation. Basically, they can achieve this by simply remaining faithful to their own code of critical independence and objectivity in reporting and comment.

First, instead of lending their talents to glamourising or whitewashing terrorists and making out that they are modern-day Robin Hoods, the media should faithfully record the effects of terrorist acts—murders, maimings, and acts of destruction—on the victims. They must not omit the faces of suffering, the agony of the innocent victims or the grief of families bereaved by such savage acts. And let us remember that every victim of terrorism in a democratic society, except the terrorist who blows himself up with his own bomb, is innocent. The media should not confine itself to pictures of terrorists gloating about their deeds at 'press conferences' held in their sanctuaries, or the boasting postures of apprehended terrorists brought to trial. They should also show the grief of the wives as they weep over their husbands' graves. For the free media have a duty to report not only the carnage of the innocent, but also to bear witness at the cortege, to mourn, to pay their tribute on behalf of 99 per cent of humanity who naturally identify with the personal sufferings and tragedies of those struck down by murderers. The media must grit its teeth and show the effects of atrocity upon the innocent.

Secondly, the mass media have a responsibility to expose the terrorist groups' total lack of democratic legitimacy, and their minuscule memberships and public support. There is not a single terrorist group in Western Europe which has shown that its political front can win democratic elections or even that it is capable of gaining a substantial minority of seats in any national or local organ of a democratic state. The only IRA parliamentary candidate to have been elected in the U.K. is the late Robert Sands, the hunger-striker, unable to take his seat because of his imprisonment for firearms offences. (In any case the circumstances of the Fermanagh by-election were somewhat extraordinary. The Catholic majority of voters did not have any other Catholic to vote for. The constituency is traditionally strongly Republican and Sands was portrayed as

a martyr-figure. Even so, he only scraped in with a 1,500 majority, and there were 3,000 spoiled ballot papers.) These facts should be more widely known so that the public can judge for themselves the terrorists' claim to speak for 'the people' or the 'working class' or 'the nation.'

The mass media should also be constantly on their guard against using the terrorists' own euphemisms and propaganda terms in describing their crimes. It is surely permissible to report that say, a terrorist group's act of murder was described by them as 'an act of revolutionary justice' or an 'execution for crimes', provided we make sure there are quotation marks around these phrases in the course of the report on the terrorists' crime. It is also very important to resist terrorist pressures to have themselves described in grandiose terms as 'freedom-fighters', 'soldiers of liberation', etc., etc.

The press should never publish terrorist manifestos, communiqúes or programmes without some balancing editorial comment or criticism. Nor must the media publicise terrorist movements' allegations against the police, judiciary or prison system, or any other organ of the democratic state, without giving those against whom the accusations are made the full opportunity of reply. This again should be a matter of basic professional ethic for a journalist in a free society. Again, there have been many outrageous examples of this lack of balance in the case of reporting the Northern Ireland conflict on TV, the most powerful of all mass media. On one occasion the entire TV time of a special 50-minute current affairs magazine programme called 'Tonight' was devoted to an interview with a man who claims to have been beaten up during police investigation. No time was given to the police or to the Northern Ireland Office to reply to these serious allegations on the programme. The BBC claimed it had invited the Chief Constable of the police to respond, but that he had been unable to because an official police inquiry was under way on the allegations, and it was impossible to comment on matters *sub judice.* Having discovered that this was the case, why in Heaven's name didn't the BBC hold the programme for a few days until the police were free to take part? As so often happens the desire for instant sensation and scoop overrode the broader claims of justice and the public good. In the wake of the programme it was revealed that the interviewee was a member of the Provisional Sinn Fein, the propaganda wing of the PIRA. Several brutal murders of policemen occurred immediately following the programme, and the Royal Ulster Constabulary believe that the TV programme was a major reason for their death.

Another major sin for the media to avoid is the interview with the self-confessed terrorist murderer. Alas, the BBC has also been guilty of this. They showed a filmed interview with a member of the Irish National Liberation Army who claimed to have been a party to the murder of Airey Neave, M.P. Instead of informing the police immediately, as is the duty of any democratic citizen, they actually enabled the murderers to boast of their crime, and to besmirch the memory of their victim. What was the BBC thinking of? Do they really want to give terrorist murderers

this kind of kudos and propaganda as a prize for their atrocities? Are they trying to insinuate that this kind of behaviour was somehow morally tolerable or justifiable in a democratic society and convey the terrorist message into every home in the country? In my view this was a use of media power that violate not only the canons of moral responsibility as a public broadcasting service but also the boundaries of legal responsibility for in effect they made themselves an accessory to terrorism and failed to meet their primary duty as citizens to ensure that those guilty of serious crimes are brought to justice.

Another major sin of commission by the media is irresponsible coverage endangering police operations for hostage rescue. An example of this nearly endangered the lives of the Lufthansa passengers and crew at Mogadishu. It may be less well known that in the recent siege of the Iranian Embassy in London the SAS operation to rescue the hostages was seriously compromised by irresponsible TV coverage. Against explicit instructions an Independent TV cameraman had hidden a camera at the back of the Embassy. This continued to show film of the minute-by-minute progress of the SAS soldiers in their preparations to storm the Embassy. It is known that the terrorists had access to a TV set, and hence could have monitored the moves being made against them. If it had not been for a fortuitous 4-minute delay in relaying the film it is highly probable that the terrorists would have gunned down all the hostages and a number of SAS men as well.

On the positive side the mass media can do a great deal to assist in mobilising the public support and active co-operation so essential to victory over protracted terrorist campaigns. At one level they can do much to educate the public in basic physical security: warning them about new terrorist weapons, bombs or tactics, telling them what to do when they discover suspicious packages or suspect mail, informing the public on procedures for getting emergency assistance from the police and other practical matters. And of still more direct value to the police when countering terrorism, they can encourage members of the public to give information to the authorities. In these important and practical ways the mass media in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland have on several occasions played a brave though largely under-acknowledged role in the defence of democratic society against terrorism.

To sum up, the free mass media can and do play a key part in isolating and defeating terrorism and our politicians and public should be actively encouraging them in this fight. Democracies can and must demand that the media speak out. If the media stays silent the terrorists will have gained an important headstart in pushing democracy one stage further towards collapse.

Most of us are justifiably proud of the achievement of our parliamentary democracies, but the behaviour of some of the American and Western European media in covering the IRA's hunger-strike propaganda campaign in Northern Ireland shows that there are still some TV and press newsmen who, motivated either by malevolence towards democracy

or by a blind pursuit of sensationalism, are boosting the terrorist and endangering more lives. These are the journalists who betray their profession and their fellow citizens. While professing 'moral neutrality' in the terrorists' struggle against the elected government, they in reality have allowed themselves to be hijacked by the terrorists' emotional blackmail and to forget the death and suffering of the ever-growing roll-call of their victims. Some of the so-called journalists have even tried to make the whole one-million-strong Protestant population non-persons by the simple expedient of omitting to mention their presence in Northern Ireland. Many of the foreign media have neglected to inform their audiences of even the most basic political facts about the conflict in Ulster, or the efforts of successive British governments to resolve it. As regards the hunger-strike, they have neglected to explain that what the IRA is really after is political status for convicted criminals, and that no democracy in the western world would concede such status to its own terrorists. As if these distortions were not enough, some so-called journalists have even stooped to paying youths in Northern Ireland to throw petrol-bombs and to stage attacks on the security forces in order to obtain more sensational films.

These despicable breaches of the basic ethic of democratic journalism bring shame, not only to the individuals involved, but also to the editors, producers and media owners who have condoned or abetted them. The British government, on the other hand, with the courageous support of Mr. Foot and some of his fellow Opposition front-benchers, have won a little-noticed but vital moral victory: they have not conceded political status to convicted terrorists. All true democrats, in Britain and abroad, should recognise that this moral stand is vital to us all. The terrorists' use of the hunger-strike weapon is one more sign of their moral bankruptcy. Now they order their own young members to traffic in their own lives by committing suicide by self-starvation to blackmail democracy. Such tactics have nothing in common with the true fast of the religious idealist. The IRA should remember the words of Isaiah, condemning the use of the hunger-strike as a terrorist weapon centuries ago:

> Behold, ye fast for strife and contention, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye fast not this day so as to make your voice to be heard on high.

Let the mass media be on their guard lest they help the fist of wickedness to smite democracy. The conduct of some of their representatives in recent events in Northern Ireland is an ugly warning of how easily that can happen.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Walking Naked. Nina Bawden. Macmillan. £5.95. *Other People: A Mystery Story.* Martin Amis. Cape. £5.95. *The Roman Persuasion.* Bernard Bergonzi. Weidenfeld. £6.95. *Lloyd George.* David Benedictus. Weidenfeld. £5.95. *Manchester Fourteen Miles.* Margaret Penn. Cambridge University Press. £3.75. *Jane Austen's 'Sir Charles Grandison'.* Edited by Brian Southam with Foreword by Lord David Cecil. Oxford University Press. £7.95. *Godric.* Frederick Buechner. Chatto and Windus. £6.50. *The Death of Robin Hood.* Peter Vansittart. Peter Owen. £7.50.

It may seem strange that at a time when the emphasis is on women taking their place as men's equals so many writers feel drawn towards the inadequate or mentally handicapped female as a central character for their novels and plays. Two of the main fiction publications of the late Spring season deal with women who so far from being independent require a substantial measure of propping up. Such a one is Laura, heroine of Nina Bawden's *Walking Naked,* a victim of insomnia, incipient alcoholism and a broken first marriage. But for the stoicism displayed by her second husband, Andrew, she would probably have ended up in a mental home. What saves Laura from total ignominy is her importance as a best-selling novelist, and so it can be assumed that any delusions or aberrations will be put to good use in her next book. There are few things more difficult to convey on the printed page than intellectual brilliance. Without constant references to her success as a writer Laura would have emerged as just another psychological wreck. Fortunately, she has a built-in ability to view both herself and her past objectively. Within its formal structure—single day in the life of Laura and Andrew—a series of long and short flash-backs provide ample opportunity to trace her own development and the reason underlying many of her actions. Much importance is placed on her working-class origins in the East End of London where she knew her street 'like I knew my own hand.' Dreary, unresponsive relatives failed to impede her advancement and Laura moved steadily out of their orbit into a new intellectual world of her own, eventually to make a 'good' marriage. It is in the failure of this marriage that the seeds of instability were germinated. Her young husband lacked the experience to cope with her frigidity and narcissistic self-regard, and was obliged to accept her departure from the family home, taking the children with her, like any other portable commodity.

The long, exacting and in many ways unrepresentative day which includes a social occasion, a visit to a son in prison on a charge of drug-handling and the illness of an ageing parent serves as a useful peg on which to hang many important and deeply interesting past events in Laura's life. They present, almost in the terms of an inquisition, errors of judgement or sheer deliberate disregard of what might have been in the best interests of dependent people. Some characters from the past are more worthy of attention than others: the life-long friend, Rosie, for instance, reveals Laura's loyalty and integrity at the expense of her own interests. It is perhaps with the story of Rosie's sad child-

hood and subsequent illnesses that Nina Bawden displays her finest perception of unusual happenings set against a back-cloth of world events; and the procession of flashbacks, from seeming jerky and occasionally irritating, falls into place as the pattern stabilises. Strangely, the shadowy and predictable Andrew and opinionative Laura remain the least credible creations. Andrew comes alive in the final pages when, under considerable stress, he administers some well-merited castigation to his complacent and autocratic wife. She is shaken, even angry, but all too soon he retracts and the indications are that Laura will soon revert to her habitual superiority. But that is inevitable, and the value of *Walking Naked* lies in the author's ability to confirm that human beings are complex and inconsistent in their behaviour and do not create nice tidy patterns for themselves or other people.

Martin Amis' mentally deranged character, Amy Hide *alias* Mary Lamb, is a long way from being complacent; and in fact her opinion of herself could hardly be more abysmal. Having come within an inch of being murdered as a result of her (unspecified) activities she suffers total amnesia and *Other People* is concerned with the gradual recovery of her own identity. At the opening of the novel she is in hospital: soon to be discharged and set upon the open road to make what she can of her fragmented life. As might have been anticipated, her new companions are alcoholics, tramps and petty thieves. Her reaction to them is uncritical. She accepts the bizarre company without the benefit of sophisticated judgement. It is this kind of situation which provides Martin Amis with ideal opportunity for comment on much that is ludicrous or corrupt in contemporary society. Mary is uncritical of her surroundings and is happy washing up and waiting in a noisome cafe run by Russ and Alan, two wierdies who compete for her affections.

In her off-duty time she reads voraciously and watches 'telly'. A fortuitous glimpse on the small box of a character from her forgotten past begins the unravelling process. She seeks an interview with this man which leads nowhere but has other consequences. Mary moves in with his friend, Jamie, a wealthy sexual mis-fit who eventually yields to her charms. In this he is not alone. Another mystery character, the police officer, Prince, makes frequent unheralded appearances. He is aware of Mary's true identity and could expose her as Amy Hide if he wished, but for some obscure reason does not choose to do so. He comes to represent the only bastion of commonsense in Mary's life and, after the involvement with Jamie breaks up in alcoholic chaos, takes her to live with him in what seems to be a rather tasteless conventional villa. Eventually, Mary comes full circle, and is truly Amy Hide again, restored to her tolerant parents. But *is* she? It is difficult to be sure whether or not this aspect of the novel should be taken seriously. Amy Hide could in fact be dead, reliving her past and future on some plane between two worlds. Thus, *Other People* can be read as an account of an amnesia victim's struggle to regain full consciousness or as an allegory drawing attention to much that is absurd and counter-productive in our current way of life. At times the intervention of a 'narrator' is irritating. Without these small homilies the message would be reasonably clear. What Martin Amis requires and takes is the opportunity to re-think even the most commonplace situation and present it in an entirely new way. Evidence abounds on every page that he is among the most talented and original novelists of the present time.

There are no ambiguities as to theme and purpose in Bernard Bergonzi's *The Roman Persuasion*. For the background to this concise and clearly defined

novel he has chosen a rarely presented period—the years immediately before and during the Spanish Civil War. To many people who lived through this travesty of a military and ideological exercise the root cause of it all remained far away in Spain, so that it comes as a surprise to realise that for orthodox Roman Catholics living in Britain the conflict was on their door-step. Peace-loving Wilfred Cartwright is at the centre of the problem. Sequestered on the Sussex Downs, he is mainly concerned with promoting his dead wife's poetry and editing a small magazine. The children of the marriage are difficult in an indeterminate kind of way. Son Crispin may well become a problem. Friends and relatives come and go. Within Wilfred's country home all is as orderly as it can be without the presiding influence of a wife and mother; the perfunctory routine of meals, the aroma of wood fires and the changing vista of the downs are beautifully conveyed But outside the charmed circle other members of the family, the Tollybeares, consider the dilemma in which the civil war has placed them. Their muted discussions touch on some profoundly important aspects of the situation and it is tempting to speculate on what would have been their reaction when, only a few months later, World War II demanded action rather than debate. But *The Roman Persuasion,* apart from its contribution to theology and history, is essentially about people and among the most intimate and convincing potraits are the young Tollybeares, Martin and Nell, a modern couple trapped in the cross-fire of equating modern marriage with Roman Catholic taboos and inhibitions.

It comes as something of a surprise to learn from the jacket announcement that such an originally-minded writer as David Benedictus is the author of a novel based on the much praised BBC/TV serial by Elaine Morgan on the life and political career of David Lloyd George. Unfortunately the novel, *Lloyd George,* gets the worst of the deal. Where Elaine Morgan was able to condense and telescope events for greater effect, David Benedictus tends to set them out at length. In the TV series a few brilliantly conceived camera shots, as for instance of the picnic scene in Wales, laid bare within seconds the explosive situation between Lloyd George and his future mistress. In the novel the man who seldom failed to astonish the world with his persuasive rhetoric and penetrating judgements emerges from the printed page as trivial and hen-pecked. Lengthy extracts of speeches, intended presumably to restore the balance, are a temptation to skip. It is all just one more instance of the difficulty of conveying an outstanding character—and particularly a real life one—through the written word; while the salt-of-the-earth person of no particular significance is an easier target every time.

That at any rate seems to be the case in Margaret Penn's autobiographical novel of the early nineteen hundreds, *Manchester Fourteen Miles,* re-issued by Cambridge University Press. The narrator, Hilda Winstanley, was an illegitimate child, boarded with the modest Winstanley family in Hollis Green alias 'Moss Ferry.' Her real father was affluent and influential and the power of heredity over environment is demonstrated by Hilda's rebellion against such domestic crudities as a garden closet and cleaning her teeth with salt. Although compulsory education had for some time been the law, the older Winstanleys had somehow slipped through the net, and along with many other of the villagers were unable to read or write; or indeed to comprehend much of what was going on beyond 'chapel' and rural politics. Their ignorance did not seem to have any daunting effect on them. Despite limitations of space and the absence of 'amenities' Mrs Winstanley brought up her family to be clean and

god-fearing. 'Our Hilda's' book learning was frowned upon, as was her resistance to entering domestic service. But when the misfit adopted child succeeded in apprenticing herself to a court dress-maker maternal encouragement was forthcoming along with a packed lunch.

The author's transparently personal story does not follow a cohesive narrative. The saga of Hilda's emergence from an observant child to a sophisticated and ambitious teenager is delivered in solid wedges with such titles as 'The Family', 'School' and 'Sunday.' It works well, allowing leisure and space for the development in depth of such memorable characters as Winnie Dumbell the mischiefmaker and formidable grand-ma Buckley. Theirs was a way of life, encouraging and warm within the boundaries of what seems to have been an unremarkable village set in an unexciting landscape. When Hilda's well-to-do relations finally claim her as their own she sobs unrestrainedly, aware perhaps that nothing in her future life will replace the Winstanley home. Hilda's subsequent adventures can be followed in two sequels, *The Foolish Virgin* and *Young Mrs. Barton.*

In marked contrast to the illiterate Winstanleys, not so many miles from Manchester and a full century earlier, Jane Austen's family enjoyed a highly intellectual and civilised society. Jane Austen's early life is full of interest and far too little is known about it: so that inevitably an unpublshed work attributed to this period caused excited anticipation. So, it is disappointing to realise that Jane Austen's playlet *Sir Charles Grandison: or The Happy Man,* adapted from Samuel Richardson's novel, has in fact been the subject of discussion and research for some years.

It appears that Jane Austen's editor and annotator, Dr. R. W. Chapman, did not seriously consider including the playlet in the Collected Works and accepted the family legend that it was the work of a seven-year-old niece, Anna, an aspiring though never a successful writer, taken down at intervals from the child's dictation in a script which, though recognisable as Jane Austen's handwriting lacked her usual precision. It is, of course, well known that Jane Austen wrote a number of plays for performance by family and friends, and Brian Southam comes out boldly with the claim that *The Happy Man* was one of them. Lord David Cecil seems to share this view although both present the new hypothesis with caution. It seems very possible that they are right. Even in an era of far greater precocity than our own, the adaptation would have been far byond the capability of a child, and it is well known that Jane Austen admired Richardson's novel and described it as one of her favourites. Almost certainly, the mystery will never be cleared up: the value of the present small volume lies in the opportunity to speculate once again about the Austen family's activities at Steventon.

And finally two novels which follow a course surprisingly popular in fiction today—the recreation of times so long past that only invention can adequately fill the gaps of knowledge as to how people actually communicated with each other—mainly, apparently, in gasps and grunts and crude obscenities. But Frederick Buechner contrives to be more subtle. In *Godric* he bases dialogue on the structure of medieval speech. The character of the title is a recluse who lived near Durham in the twelfth century. Not surprisingly, he is an 'earthy' human being . . . 'a gadabout within his mind' . . . 'a lecher in his dreams.' The main interest of this curious novel is the working of Godric's mind and to the extent to which he was responsible for laying the foundations of a new, realistic brand of Christianity.

Peter Vansittart has created for himself a special corner in the interpretation of long-dimmed legends as was demonstrated by his recent novel, *Lancelot. The Death of Robin Hood* is equally engaging. Only, in this case he links the folk-fable of Hood in Nottinghamshire with incidents about the Luddites and comment on the menacing events of the early thirties. This varied and ambitious scheme is presented with marvellous confidence and efficiency.

Also Received:

The Origin. Irving Stone. Cassell. £6.95.

Once again Irving Stone ha produced a mammoth 'biographical' novel. This time the subject is Charles Darwin and in a book of nearly eight hundred pages the career of this almost accidental naturalist and scientist is traced in minutest detail. Darwin may be seen at the outset as a young man without any overmastering conviction as to what he might like to become in his maturer years. In lieu of any other directive he was about to settle for an orthodox career in the Church when the chance opportunity to travel on a world tour as resident naturalist arrived unheralded. The results of that voyage are well-known. Taking in Brazil, the South Seas and above all the island of Galapagos Charles Darwin returned with a mass of data and above all a novel theory on the evolution of animals and man which earned him as much antipathy as praise. Now, at a time when his contentions are once again under investigation, the publication of the novel is timely. As with the earlier biographical novels on Van Gogh and Freud, Irving Stone has the rare ability to maintain interest and curiosity throughout. Accuracy is assured and the ample bibliography is confirmation and an invitation to re-assess the entire range of Darwin's contribution to science as well as the age in which he lived.

Lie Down in Darkness, (£1.75); *The Confessions of Nat Turner,* (£1.95); *Sophie's Choice,* (£1.75); *Set this House of Fire,* (£1.95); *The Long March* (85p). William Styron. Corgi Books.

The re-issue by Corgi Books of five of William Styron's best known novels serves a very useful purpose in presenting a range of this prolific author's work on a single publication date, thus making it possible to assess the novels technically and to consider the message and meaning of the books as a whole. All have been outstandingly successful. *Sophie's Choice*—the convincing and very original theme of a follow-on into the Fifties of an ex-concentration camp victim—and *The Confessions of Nat Turner,* recreating the situation in Virginia in the year 1831 when slaves and ex-slaves made an abortive attempt to establish for themselves some measure of dignity and freedom, may be seen as the most significant. But the others are also very definitely worthy of attention, particularly the much shorter *The Long March* with its moving analysis of the needless brutality of the military machine.

The Somerset Maugham awards, administered by the Society of Authors, have been awarded to Julian Barnes for his novel *Metroland* (Cape, £4.95), Clive Sinclair for his collection of short stories *Hearts of Gold* (Allison & Busby, £5.95) and A. N. Wilson for his novel *The Healing Art* (Secker & Warburg, £6.50).

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

INTELLIGENCE AND TREACHERY

Their Trade is Treachery. Chapman Pincher. Sidgwick and Jackson. £7.95.

So much has already been written on this book, chapters of which were serialised in *The Daily Mail* and *The Times*, that there seems little to say about it that is fresh. To read it now, however, after the hue and cry is over, and before Mrs. Thatcher's promised enquiry into security procedures has reported, is to see it dispassionately. No one can question Mr. Pincher's detailed knowledge of many aspects of Intelligence work over the last 30 years. He has many contacts and much inside information. He was for long *The Daily Express's* military correspondent, and he wrote a similarly successful *Inside Story* four years ago.

The theme of Soviet penetration of the security and Intelligence services is juicy stuff, heightened in the telling of it here by a use of Le Carré's language: here we are again with 'talent-spotters' (spy recruiters), 'sweepers' (experts at de-bugging) and 'interrogations' at 'safe-houses'. To read Pincher is to find oneself in Le Carré's world, but instead of George Smiley ferreting out Bill Haydon and the doings of the Circus, the 'mole' discovered by Mr. Pincher is no less than Sir Roger Hollis, once head of MI5, who died eight years ago aged 67 after eight years of peaceful retirement to golf and local politics in a Somersetshire village. So it is Le Carré with a touch of Richard Hannay at Fosse for a bonus.

The comparison with fiction is not entirely fanciful. For in all the detail and the naming of names, the language is never absolutely precise. Sir Roger had come under suspicion because of the succession of discoveries of British spies in the years after World War II: Alan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs and Bruno Pontecorvo in the atomic field, and of course Philby and Maclean, Burgess and Blunt. If there was a Fifth Man, might it not be the mole at the top, the super-mole?

Hollis was, says Mr. Pincher, interrogated for 48 hours in 1970 in a safe-house in London. A year after his death, Lord Trend, a former Secretary of the Cabinet, was asked to reinvestigate the charges against Hollis. He concluded that there was a *prima facie* case that MI5 had been penetrated, and reported that the Director General could not be totally cleared. Mrs. Thatcher put it in in the House of Commons in April: it was impossible to prove that Sir Roger had not been a member of the Soviet KGB. But, she said, 'It is very often impossible to prove innocence. That is why in our law the burden of proof is placed on those who seek to establish guilt.'

Mr. Pincher's language, in all its melodrama, does not prove guilt; the tone is always of suspicion, of inference, of accusation. So much so that on page 81, in his own defence he says

> With so much reference to so much supposition I feel it necessary to state, yet again, that every allegation and suspicion which I record arose inside MI5 from loyal MI5 officers assisted by independent assessors from the Secret Service, all motivated purely by determination to solve the mystery of the stream of failures and root out any traitors responsible for them.

And, he emphasised that 'at no time . . . do I say that Hollis was a spy.' His book, he says, is 'a documentary, adducing all the evidence brought forward

by his own colleagues.' His charge is in essence a sustained supposition. The burden of the case rests not on what Hollis did—where it is vague—but on 'the repetition of what he failed to do.' He did as little as possible as late as possible.' Even the tribute paid to Hollis by his former boss, Sir Dick White—'The hotter the climate of national security, the cooler he became'—is presented as suspicious. Pincher writes:

> That, no doubt, was an excellent temperament for a director general of MI beset, as Hollis was, with an unprecedented succession of security disasters. But, as Philby and Blunt showed, it was also an essential attribute for a spy (p. 41).

Even the fact that he worked late and alone became a criticism.

Nevertheless, there are many points here that are alarming, even if some have elements of fantasy and one at least is an error. Why, for instance, should the KGB want to poison Hugh Gaitskell? Why have we had so little, until Pincher wrote, about John Cairncross? If we are to have so many charges and hints, why not more on the plans of MI6 and SAS to assassinate Nasser in 1956, and what went wrong with the Egyptian plot to do just that? Since the charge against Hollis is less of his actions (hard to prove) but of his inactivity, everything that went wrong, including the Vassall and Profumo cases, the homosexuality of Tom Driberg and the communist penetration of Trades Unions, can be laid at his door. And 'Elli' Mr. Pincher gets wrong. As Montgomery Hyde has shown *(The Atom Bomb Spies)* 'Elli' was not Hollis but an English girl, Kathleen Wilsher, working in the British High Commission in Ottawa, who was arrested for passing secrets to the Russian in 1946, and served a three-year jail sentence.

Seen in retrospect, there are two main worries about this book, apart from its atmosphere of guilt-by-innuendo. Inevitably, spies work in the dark. Our age, however, is addicted to publicity, and defends its prurience and hunt for the scabrous by invoking words like 'democracy' and 'public service.' It is thus seen as a public duty to indict a man who is now unable to defend himself. When the men charged—or, more accurately referred to—are still alive and able to deny the accusations, they must perforce still be anonymous, and any campaign to destroy their anonymity is a disservice, not a service. If the disservice brings high financial rewards it should be called what it is: sensationalist journalism.

The second point may sound cynical, but it isn't meant to be. Bluntly (ugh!), does spying now matter? The arch-traitors—Philby, Burgess, Maclean and Blunt—were men of the 30s, who got too easily into the Intelligence network (as did Hollis himself). Entry is now—happily—much more difficult. The innocent faith of these pampered and over-publicised men in a rosy Soviet future is no longer credible in the 1980s. Nor is the information obtained today by spies of major importance, compared to what can be got from culling the international scientific press and seen by both sides. Decisions these days are made by governments for reasons of high strategy, carefully-assembled scientific data or economic survival, and seem little influenced by the revelations of agents or counter-agents. I do not therefore believe Mr. Pincher's book to justify the storm it aroused. But—spies, who will always exist, should be allowed to do their jobs, for which there will always be a need. As there is, of course, a need, I suppose, for journalists. And you can hardly expect them to accept the adage of Ralph Waldo Emerson (which was, as it happens, the rule of war-time Army Intelligence): if you have a secret, keep it secret.

ESMOND WRIGHT

THE CHURCHILL INDUSTRY. No. 2

Winston Churchill. Martin Gilbert. *Vol. V Companion Part 2: The Wilderness Years, 1929-1935.* £75 net (£65 until September 1).

It is perhaps necessary to explain where Martin Gilbert has arrived in his majestic biography of Winston Churchill. Volume V covered the years 1922-39 and I reviewed it in these columns in 1976. Since then two Companions have appeared Part I (1922-29) reviewed in January of this year; Part 2 (1929-35) is the present review and Part 3 (1935-39) entitled *The Coming of War* will appear at some future date. These Companion parts contain hundreds of letters from and to Churchill, Cabinet memoranda, minutes of private meetings and much family and other correspondence, most of which has never before been published. So much for the setting.

The student of history may well wish to concentrate on Churchill's highly organised opposition to the India Bill and on his growing scepticism of our Air and Naval strength in the latter part of the book. On the other hand, the student of Churchill himself will learn much about his style of living; his family life and his power of concentration; his building of Chartwell (the family home); his colossal literary output and his genius for employing people to research his material; his friendship with all his political enemies.

I will not weary the reader with reciting once again Churchill's long drawn out fight against the India Bill. As an example of parliamentary in-fighting, when one man fought and lost, not only against Sam Hoare and Baldwin's government, but against trusted friends like Lords Derby, Halifax and Linlithgow; it is unique. His attack was at times bitter and intemperate, but always without personal rancour. I will describe later his opposition to the Naval and Air Estimates and how it prepared the way for his final conversion of the whole country that he Churchill was the one man who could rouse the country to defeat Hitler and win World War II.

Meanwhile, great sections of the book are devoted to his journalistic and literary output, letters to and from newspaper proprietors and publishers, Rothermere, Beaverbrook, Hearst and Elmsley Carr of the News of the World and also to Thornton Butterworth, Harrap and also Scribner in the United States. He was determined to make himself financially independent. Thus he not only wrote *Marlborough, My Early Life, Great Contemporaries* but also *Thoughts and Adventures* a delightful collection of essays (hitherto unread by me) which includes his *Romanes Lecture* at Oxford, *Moses, the leader of a people,* and *Painting as a Pastime.* He also re-wrote in 5,000 words the stories of major novels like Tess and Vanity Fair for the popular press. To churn out this vast literary production, he employed not only Maurice Ashley (mentioned 70 times), Sir Edward Marsh (mentioned 50 times), Professor Keith Feiling (mentioned 30 times) but several secretaries; he paid them and kept precise details of their costing, right down to taxi-fares. This part of the book can be boring, but must be understood if one is to appraise Churchill.

But the juicy and funny parts of this otherwise weighty volume concern his travels to the United States and of course to France and his twelve 'Bulletins', otherwise long letters to 'darling Clemmie', while she was away on a world cruise in Lord Moyne's yacht. Here are some quotations or snippets. While in the Canadian Rockies he writes: 'I have some news that will interest *Mary.* First of all we have encountered *Bears* . . . we also made the acquaintance of two other wild animals. The "chumfwick" as I call it or more properly the Chipmunk, a little squirrel, and three Marmots, which look like Beavers . . . the only butterflies seen are first the Camberwell Beauty, the Clouded Yellow,

the larger Tortoise Shell and several kinds of Fritillaries'. This kind of letter comes between visiting all the leading personalities in the U.S.A., includng Charlie Chaplin. Later his daughter Sarah writes from school: 'Many happy returns of the day. Thank you for giving me *My Early Life*. It is very popular at school and we are going to have it in the Library.' To Professor Lindemann (1931). *'Women and the Future.* Will there be a woman Prime Minister?' In an article 'Fifty Years Hence' (1931) he writes: 'High authorities tell us that new sources of power, vastly more important than we yet know, will surely be discovered . . . we may well find ourselves in the presence of the strength of civilisation without mercy.' Later in 1931 he had a most serious accident in New York and telegraphed Harmsworth: 'Propose for missed article how it feels to be run over by a motor car or some such title. Have complete recollection of whole event and believe can produce literary gem, about 2,400 words.' In 1932 Herbert Sidebotham, a distinguished political writer, refers to Churchill as 'a fellow-craftsman and the greatest living journalist.' At a luncheon at Kettner's Restaurant given by his publishers George G. Harrap, Winston said inter alia: 'The love letters printed in my first volume on Marlborough—at any rate for those who can believe in the possibility of an affectionate and happy union between a man and a woman for life and forever—are most beautiful.' Baldwin, on receiving a copy of Marlborough (1933): 'You really are an amazing man . . . this last volume would mean years of work even for a man whose sole occupation was writing history. Well, there is the miracle and let it remain.' Beaverbrook (1934) to Sir Robert Borden: 'I think Winston Churchill will retire from Parliament. It really is the best thing he can do.' So much for his changing relations with the 'Beaver'.

In January 1935 the first of twelve Bulletins is written to 'My darling Clemmie'. After a quotation from Paradise Lost, he writes about the third volume of Marlborough: 'It is only on the field and in his love for Sarah that he rises to the sublime. Still Mars and Venus are two of the most important deities in the classical heaven.' In several bulletins he refers not only to politics but also to events at Chartwell, for example February 1935: 'The two black swans have mated, built a nest on the new island and have laid several eggs. They sing to each other very sweetly every morning.' And then later: 'I have given orders for the lower rhododendron bed to be moved as you wished, for I am now reconciled to the effect of the valley and the enclosing arms of entirely green slopes.' He was greatly concerned also that his permanent staff should have good cottages and sends Clemmie details about construction and costs. So one might continue, but all these Bulletins are interwoven with hot news about the India Bill and about election fights of his son Randolph and son-in-law Duncan Sandys.

The closing 300 pages are more concerned with Air and Naval Estimates. Winston was put on an Air Defence Research Committee and received valuable information from Clive Wigram of the Foreign Office and most of all from Desmond Morton. He always gave notice to the Prime Minister of the day about his 'questions' and speeches in the House. I heard most of them and though a Junior Minister at the Admiralty, felt that Baldwin was fully aware when he said 'Britain's frontier was the Rhine.' But this was 1935. The next volume will tell more.

It is impossible to praise too highly Martin Gilbert's impeccable industry and imaginative treatment of this massive material, always supported by his wife Susie. The book is not only a treasury of source material: it is always lively and sometimes very funny.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE QUEST OF THE HISTORICAL JESUS

Jesus in his Lifetime. John Marsh. Sidgwick and Jackson. £10.

In his preface to the English edition of Schweitzer's 'Quest of the Historical Jesus' (1910) F. C. Burkitt wrote 'few except professed students know what a protean and kaleidoscopic figure the Jesus of history is'. What Burkitt implies is that the material from which anything in the nature of a biography may be constructed admits of varied interpretations which will in some measure depend on the temperament and presuppositions of the observer.

Apart from one clear mention in Tacitus and a reference in Suetonius, together with two suspect allusions in Josephus, information about Jesus comes exclusively from within the community of those who, with whatever variations of emphasis, held him to be the Christ, the Anointed One of Jewish expectation. It had, of course, always been obvious that the Four Gospels, which alone give any detail concerning the life of Jesus, contain discrepancies, but the awkwardnesses, which St. Augustine regarded as a stimulus to meditation, appeared to eighteenth-century critics such as Reimarus, affected by the new zeal for strictly scientific enquiry, to damage fatally the authority of the Gospel record. A century and a half of attack and defence established for all time the literary relationships between the Gospels and emphasized the importance of Mark as being the 'unpolished archetype'. But the emergence in recent years of the form-critics—Wellhausen, Bultmann and the rest—has carried matters one stage further and shown that St. Mark is not just a rough, artless writer but that he stitched together a number of short narratives or sayings, current in oral or written form by 70 A.D., and arranged them with great dramatic power to lead up to the decisive events of Crucifixion and Resurrection.

The Gospel-writers seem to have employed a method more closely akin to portraiture than to photography. And the greater value normally assigned to a painting is a tribute to the importance of right interpretation. It is not the case that the subject is distorted by eccentric additions, but, by passing through the alembic of an artist's brain, it is transformed in such a way that its hidden beauties and deeper meaning become manifest to those whose untutored gaze would have failed to detect them. Brute facts are not the whole truth. They need interpretation by men whose quickened perceptions allow them to rise to what Jerome calls 'the comeliness of spiritual understanding'.

And this is where Dr. Marsh comes in. Having asked the question 'Can the story of Jesus in his lifetime be told with integrity to the twentieth-century man?' he proceeds to do so, having first explained that it is no easy task to translate the basic suppositions of Palestine two thousand years ago into the dialect of the West today. Marsh draws a distinction between the two parts of an historian's task, the annalistic and the interpretative, which he contrasts as 'what takes place' over against 'what was going on'—events as the man in the street might have observed them as he strolled casually by and the same events as they would appear when viewed with hindsight in the light of fuller truth to which they were leading up. Thus, Matthew's report (v.i) that Jesus 'went up on the mountain' is not merely a topographical statement but indicates what is going on. It links Jesus with Moses who 'went up on a mountain' to receive from God the law ordained for the old Israel. But an indication is given that the new situation surpasses the old, for the law is now given on Jesus' authority and to an Israel that is not left on the plain but which goes 'up on the mountain' to meet him. Sometimes Marsh makes things a little more difficult than they need be, as when he is dealing with the Last Supper

'which for some unknown reason the evangelists place at different chronological points'. St. John is perfectly clear on the subject. Not only is it doctrinally appropriate that the Crucifixion should take place at the time when the paschal lambs were being slain but it would be quite intolerable for pious Jews to be concerned in an arrest and judicial execution in the middle of the Passover festival. St. Mark, however—with some inconsistencies in his narrative—implies that the Last Supper was a Passover meal. No doubt it was historically a kiddush, or fellowship meal of that type, shared by a teacher and his friends on the eves of great festivals and other solemn occasions. But in 32 AD, if that is the right year, the disciples would not have enjoyed much of a Passover, with their Master dead and fear hanging over all. Only as they looked back in confidence a little later would they recognize this particular kiddush as being essentially their Passover-meal for the year, merging into the first Eucharist of the New Covenant.

The greater part of Marsh's book is taken up with a paraphrase of the Gospel history. As the author observes, this task has been attempted many times but each age has its own insights to offer and difficulties to declare. The standpoint taken by Marsh may be claimed as sensible and robust. The stories are, on the whole, taken at their face value, and passages from St. John are interposed without scruple in the framework of the synoptic record. Jesus is represented, in Marcan rather than Johannine fashion, as becoming consciously aware of his nature and destiny at his Baptism: 'it was as a member of the old Israel that he came for John's baptism of repentance; he could not but repent of his nation's failures. But it was also as the first personal incorporation of the new Israel that he came and underwent the experiences which the Gospels record.' On the question of miracles, Marsh is cautious. It is held that the 'patterns of events' dictated by scientific thought may have to be 'interrupted in order to fit in with some wider patterning.' What all this apparently means is that anyone endowed with wholly exceptional qualities may be expected to display wholly exceptional powers. On the other hand Marsh urges that miracle stories are to be received rather as 'going on' indicators than as 'taking place' narratives, acceptance of miraculous detail being a matter for intuitive choice. 'The modern mind,' he says, 'must wrestle for itself with the problems that the story [of the five loaves and two fishes] raises. The significance of what took place, what was really going on, was that the new people of God had been provided with their food in a desert place.' This is all very well. It corresponds with Origen's assertion, seventeen hundred years ago, that 'history is like a ladder, where the literal facts are the lowest rungs.' But it exposes itself to the criticism that no amount of Ought-ness will make Is-ness.

In spite of his warning that the Gospel writers are entirely indifferent to chronological order, Marsh neatly arranges the ministry of Jesus to cover the years 29 to 32 AD. The detail of the final week at Jerusalem is given so fully by the Evangelists that no more than a précis accompanied by explanatory notes needs to be attempted, but there is a long and valuable comment on the Resurrection. It is, however, inexact to say that the Gospels 'constitute the only written near-contemporary witness to Jesus' resurrection'. St. Paul must surely be added. When composing his first letter to the Corinthians, in 54 or 55 AD, he not only alludes, in general terms, to Christ 'being preached that he hath been raised from the dead' but offers a detailed list of Christ's reappearances which he had himself taken from an earlier official compilation. The point here is that Paul is not referring to some far-off, misty imaginings

but to events which could be checked by the recollections of people still in their middle age. A piece of straight, annalistic reporting is thus added to the impressionist picture which the Gospels supply. Dr. Marsh gives us a lively and perceptive rendering of how that picture might be painted today.

R. L. P. MILBURN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Scottish Comic Verse: An Anthology Compiled by Maurice Lindsay. (Robert Hale. £8.50). Mr. Lindsay, himself a considerable poet, has selected a body of good light verse, scarcely overwhelming in quantity, which might well serve as an enticing introduction to Scottish poetry for readers otherwise repulsed by the vernacular or uncertain where to begin. Much of the anthology, from Henryson and Dunbar to William Soutar, is rather more substantial poetry than the rollicking lines which the title suggests, (although limericks there are). Sir John Betjeman will enjoy it. Wit is the prerequisite throughout, but Mr. Lindsay has expressly eschewed the kind of satire that stings. Satire frequently marches with wit, however, and cannot be excised, as in Charles Lord Neaves' delightful poem, *The Origin of Species,* with its refrain, 'which nobody can deny'. McGonagall is excluded, because the tender-hearted Mr. Lindsay does not care for the situation in which the poet *qua* a poet is the trigger of laughter. Burns is here, jolly, lilting and exceedingly bawdy. Drink, philosophical attitudes, religion, riches and matrimony—all are targets. (R.W-E.)

The Lyttleton Hart-Davis Letters (Murray. £12.50.) This third volume of correspondence between George Lyttleton and Sir Rupert Hart-Davis, the publisher, covers the year 1958. Those who enjoyed the previous volumes will appreciate this new series of weekly letters between Hart-Davis and his old literary friend. They first met when Lyttleton was his master at Eton in 1926. In 1958 Lyttleton was retired, though active, and Hart-Davis was at the height of his career with a vast acquaintanceship in the publishing and literary world. These letters are in effect weekly diaries, mainly about literary people and events with comments and opinions about them and their views on books and authors whom they might be reading at the time. This medley has an entertaining lightness and warmth as between friends with close common interests. It is enjoyable and occasionally exasperating in views expressed, but never embarrassing to read. As editor, Sir Rupert has removed 'most of the mutual admiration' and reduced the family background to a minimum. It makes an excellent holiday book, for intermittent reading.

The Prince and Other Political Writings (Dent. £3.50.) In this Everyman Paperback, Bruce Penman has produced a new translation and edited Machiavelli's *The Prince.* He has also included as complementary to it a selection from the *Discourses,* so as 'to give as complete a picture as possible of the aspects of Machiavelli's thinking which are not covered in *The Prince.*' Extracts are also given from *The Art of War, The Florentine History.* In addition the volume includes 'the short policy document' of 1503 addressed to the republican government of Florence, *On the Treatment of the Rebel Peoples of Valdichiana,* and the letter to Francesco Vettori in December 1513. There is a short informative Introduction and Notes by Bruce Penman.

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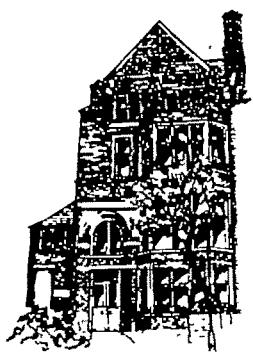

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ALBANIA
William Wilson, M.P.

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Roy Morrell

CLUBLAND
Peter Hepple

and other articles together with an eight-page Literary Supplement

90p

Contemporary Review

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REFLECTIONS ON THE LANGUAGE OF THE NORTHERN IRELAND 'TROUBLES'

by Roy Morrell

THE IRA's 'execution' of a British army captain some while back prompted his Commanding Officer to protest that the semantics of the Northern Ireland scene had been unduly neglected; for an 'execution' is the carrying out of a sentence by a legally constituted court, and the word implied that the IRA represented the law, and that the British Troops were terrorists. A more recent report that a British soldier had 'died from injuries received while resisting arrest' bore the same message. Explicitly too, particularly in America (see the posters published and distributed by Messrs Chris Gorman and Associates of New York) British troops have been called 'terrorists' by IRA supporters; and the IRA have often enough been acclaimed as 'freedom fighters' heroically liberating the North from the 'colonial rule' of the British.

This is the commonplace jargon of any conflict. If anything distinguishes the IRA campaign to 'liberate' Northern Ireland from Hitler's 'liberation' of Czechoslovakia, it is not the language. Apparently indifferent until recent weeks to outside opinion, the British have contributed little or nothing to the war of words; while, without legacy or inspiration from the language of Yeats or any other of the Great Irish Nationalists, the IRA have relied largely upon their singlemindedness. Admittedly, this scores them an occasional bull's-eye; and it is also true that the Republicans are properly aware of the importance of propaganda, and of the need to exploit every occasion with the plausible word—a sense that the British sadly lack; but such language is not our present concern: 'execute', 'arrest', 'freedom'—tiresome old lags as they are—are not the real culprits. There are others, words at the heart of the Northern Ireland troubles, that demand a different kind of attention and make it possible to argue that words and the way we use them affect our lives more fundamentally than the bombs of terrorists or the decisions of politicians.

My 'interest' (declared so that readers may allow for prejudice) is that for romantic and perhaps illogical reasons—for I once admired Moore, Stephens, Synge, O'Casey, O'Duffy and above all Yeats before all other 20th century writers—I should like to see a united Ireland. Not united under the present Dublin government, its reins held by the Roman

Catholic Church; but perhaps united only in some kind of federation. Meanwhile, as the majority in the North wish to be separate from the Republic, they would seem to have just as much right to remain so as the Republic once had to throw off the yoke of the British. Republican sympathisers often talk of 're-uniting' Ireland: I suspect this word; though its users may find it easier than I do to determine just when, and for how long, Ireland was united, independent and with no dissident factions.

The Northern Protestants are often regarded as narrow and bigoted. In *To Take Arms,* Maria Maguire tells us that when, disgusted with the bloodshed, she decided to leave the IRA, Sean Mac Stiofain justified the killing of civilians by retorting, 'They are all bigots, aren't they?'—evidence, if any were needed, that the Protestants have no monopoly of bigotry. And indeed I have heard the same phrase, curtailing argument, from other Republican supporters.

It is not without interest that Sean Mac Stiofain, alias John Stephenson, is an Englishman.

But even if the charge of bigotry was well-founded, it would not justify forcing the North, against the will of the majority, into the Republic. Nor would such 'liberation' cure their bigotry. Unlike the Northerners, the 'Southern' Irish, with their engaging blarney and well-publicised easy-going ways, attract much sympathy in England. We manage to forget how many Irish people hate the English. It was salutary that Mr. Robert Kee's recent television series reminded us of this. Unlike the Irish, we conveniently regard the past as dead; and many of us find the bitterness of Republicans less embarrassing than the Northerners' Union Jacks, their parades celebrating the Battle of the Boyne or the relief of Derry, or the Protestant slogans on the walls around Belfast's Sandy Row. The parades do incalculable harm, and are intended to. The recent 'troubles' began when the 1969 Apprentice Boys' march was prolonged until it provoked violence from the Catholic onlookers: prolonged, many think, in order to provoke that violence. In short, many English people deplore IRA methods, but are sympathetic to what they take to be the IRA aim —to unite Ireland.

Where I differ is in my liking for many Northern Irish people (at least in their less political and parading guises), my respect for their majority vote (though I should like to see adjustments to the Border to make that majority proportionately still greater), and in my conviction that IRA activities are calculated not to unite Ireland, but to perpetuate the 'troubles'. The IRA may be, indeed clearly are, motivated by hatred of England; but their activities certainly show no love of Ireland.

To the above I should add my belief that when the Government sent troops to protect the Derry Bogsiders in 1969, they should have been withdrawn as soon as the need for that protection ceased. Even if their conduct had been exemplary (and only the most romantically optimistic of politicians could have dreamt of such a possibility) the mere presence of British troops or Irish soil—in 'the Holy Land of Ireland'—would have

been of enormous propaganda value to the IRA. I do not blame the British soldiers; on the whole, despite great provocation, they have behaved well; but their lapses have been costly indeed, and their retention in the Province was the worst of blunders. This is not hindsight-wisdom. When it became apparent that the troops were not to be withdrawn, the Government received petitions requesting their withdrawal, and not all from Republican sources. There is no getting round the fact that, although Stormont's rule of Ireland in the 1950s and 60s left much to be desired, Westminster's intervention, however well-intentioned, initiated a period that has been a hundred times worse.

To return to the question of language: the first, though perhaps not the worst culprit is the name 'Eire'. 'Eire' is the Irish-language word for 'Ireland'. As it is also the Irish name for the Irish Republic, the word's subliminal hint that the Republic rules the whole island has been known to raise a laugh from Englishmen. The laugh comes from ignorance. The word 'Eire' is not a good-humoured piece of Irish blague: it is an official nationalist claim, enshrined in the Irish Republic's *Constitution.*[1] Whatever its intention, its effect is to sanction IRA violence in the North, to discredit the Security Forces and the Courts of the Province, and to justify all those who break the law, suborn witnesses, perjure themselves, or refuse to recognise the Courts. The Englishman may ridicule the idea that the wording of the Constitution carries any real threat, but to the Ulsterman the activities of the IRA prove that the threat is real. The word 'Eire', as an official territorial claim upon the Six Counties, backs the right of the IRA to 'execute' and 'arrest', and also gives substance to the Republican prisoners' 'demand' for 'political' or 'prisoner-of-war' status. The British Government defends its refusal to grant political or POW status to Republican prisoners by insisting that, since political prisoners are sooner or later released under an amnesty, political status would hold out hopes of minimal sentences and would, in effect, encourage crime—since almost any crime can be represented as being politically motivated. The expectation of amnesty would also, of course, boost genuine IRA recruitment.

Another point is that Unionists as well as Republicans are imprisoned for terrorist offences; so if Republicans were given special status on the ground that they were not criminals but merely soldiers fighting against the U.K., Unionists would have to be released at once, since they would be 'guilty' only of acts of defence or retaliation against this country's enemies. The granting of POW status would be tantamount to admitting that the U.K. was at war with the Irish Republic: with complex legal, and possible disastrous political consequences.

There is, however, another side to the coin: this country does not, nowadays, use the army to quell civil disturbance. Its presence in Northern Ireland is interpreted by the IRA, not entirely unreasonably, as an admission of war. Arguments for a third force in Britain, trained to cope with situations where neither police nor soldiery would be proper, have always been rejected. Changed circumstances, not only in N. Ireland, could lead to a reconsideration of this question.

The word 'Eire' has been familiar to the English for decades; its meanings and implications must be common knowledge. But if so, why do so many English people use a word which is in itself a claim upon a part of the United Kingdom; a word which, officially defined as it is, has caused the death, mutilation and suffering of so many of its citizens? How is it that 'Eire' is still used by journalists, broadcasters, a former British Ambassador to the United States;[2] by a British soldier of equally exalted rank[3] and even by the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board?[4] The last-named body would presumably plead ignorance rather than seem to support the IRA or appear callously indifferent. But if such learned pundits know no better, we may assume that ignorance is widespread and that the matter needs airing.

The main objections to the use of the word 'Eire' rest on its definition in the Irish Republic's Constitution, which often appears to sanction IRA lawlessness and prevents any rapprochement between North and 'South'. Unity or federation might, just conceivably, come about some day; but only in a spirit of friendly co-operation. Even militant Republicans must find it difficult to imagine the Northerners abandoning their centuries-old cry of 'No surrender!' Should the IRA force a capitulation, the cost of such a victory (in killings, maimings, orphanings; in hatred passed on to future generations) would hardly bring nearer a 'United Ireland'.

Another anomaly lies in the fact that the present government of the Republic would be greatly embarrassed by the forceful acquisition of the North with its awkward Protestant majority: the IRA may *take* its sanctions from the Republic's claims, but the Republic is very far from intending to *give* those sanctions to a body which it has some reason to fear. All in all one word, from south of the Border, could scarcely have done so much harm unaided. That harm has been aggravated by a Northern word that is more complex and much more difficult to lay by the heels: for although one can trace its distressing effects, one can understand, while deploring, its survival.

With hindsight, we can see that after partition, when the Six Counties became the Province of Northern Ireland—when Unionists got the 'Union' they had campaigned for, and got it as a basic condition of the new province's constitution, while one third of the population were frustrated Republicans owing no allegiance to the new state and many of them committed to abolishing it—the party names which should have been banned in the government of the new province were 'Unionist' and 'Republican'. These names referred to a *former* opposition and could only keep the old enmities alive. The Unionists had once had a policy: to strive to win at least a part of Ireland which should remain united with Britain. Now they had won. They were not going to get anything more. The fight was over. 'Union' was no longer an aim; it was a fact. So 'Union*ism*', the policy, was obsolete.

Or rather, it should have been obsolete. Its survival meant only one thing: that the fight was *not* over; the victory only temporary. In their

fear of losing all they had won, their fear that 'Union' could be maintained only by keeping 'Unionism' alive, they kept Republicanism alive too. Their fears led them to adopt repressive measures, to resort to gerrymandering and election-rigging; while the same sense of impermanence that caused Unionist fears fed the Republican minority's hopes and discouraged them from accepting the full responsibilities of citizenship and from enjoying, with these responsibilities, full civil rights. 'Civil rights' was a splendid slogan, and the 'civil rights' campaign good anti-Unionist propaganda. All the same, there are civil rights which cannot easily be claimed by those who, far from accepting citizenship responsibilities and owing allegiance to the Province, profess allegiance to a foreign and unfriendly power. Thus deprived, however, the Republican can fall back upon such minor civil rights as the social services and benefits (these were claimed even by those who also availed themselves of the Republic's refugee camps, close to the city of Derry, but over the Border in Co. Donegal, in 1969), the protection of the law that he does not recognise, and the considerable one of a free education for his children in a Republican environment. The last provision is somewhat odd: every Catholic Republican child receives an education very properly subsidised by the taxpayer to the same degree as every Protestant or Unionist child, but an education—rather less properly—segregated from the Protestants in a school where he receives a Catholic, and to some extent an *Irish Republican* education. By this means the continued distrust and misunderstanding between the two communities is assured,—by the Roman Catholic Church (from whom the main opposition to a single integrated education system comes) and at the expense of the Government and the taxpayer.

The sense of impermanence was Ulster's tragedy. The early months after Partition were troubled enough; but the polarisation and the sense of impermanence were made much worse by the survival of 'Unionism', which had ceased to be a parliamentary party in the strict party-political sense. Unionists will ridicule this suggestion: 'Of course,' they will argue, 'we were still a proper political party. Were we not still a part of the 'Conservative and Unionist Party'? The Conservatives supported us when the Liberals would have given independence, or at least Home Rule, to the whole island. Should we have deserted the Conservatives as soon as Union was achieved?'

Bluntly, the answer is yes; for 'Unionism' had acquired (and still possesses) two distinct meanings: first, the wide sense of anyone, politically 'right', 'centre' or 'left', who wants union with Britain; and second, the narrower meaning of a member of the Conservative and Unionist Party—in short, a *Conservative*. The retention of the word 'Unionist' was to have most unfortunate results. It obscured the fact that among Unionists in the broad sense there could be great diversity of opinion. Unluckily the views of comparatively left-wing and of moderate-centre Unionists have often failed to get a fair hearing in Ulster, since a moderate Unionist (i.e. not too enthusiastic a Conservative) could often be misrepresented—

and discredited—as a not-too-keen Unionist (i.e. lukewarm about Union, so perhaps liable to give way to Republican pressure). The fact that all Unionists can be panicked or, pressed into rallying under an 'extremist' or 'loyalist' banner in a crisis, and the voice of moderation silenced, has often been noticed.

The confusion of meanings has also virtually disenfranchised many electors. It must often have happened that someone with Liberal or Socialist views has felt strongly that Ulster's interests would best be served by remaining in the United Kingdom; in the days of Stormont, in most Northern Ireland constituencies, this elector would almost certainly have had to choose between a Unionist-Conservative and a Republican-Labour candidate. He had no wish to vote Conservative; but still less, since he desired the Province to continue, did he wish to support a candidate who sought not to rule it at all, but to abolish it.

The most serious consequence of retaining the term 'Unionist' should now be clear. 'Unionists', because they are regarded in Northern Ireland —mistakenly—as a political party, have created the illusion that their opponents, the Republicans, are some sort of 'parliamentary opposition'. They are not: comparison with Westminster reveals the difference at once. At Westminster, the Opposition is as much concerned as is the Government with the interests of the country; it will co-operate with the Government over some legislation, while seeking to oppose or to modify other measures in the light of its own priorities. But it is concerned essentially with the stability and prosperity of the nation and, should this party that is now 'Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition' come to power, it will take over the governing of this same country, ruling it, though in a different way. By contrast, the Republicans, had they ever come to office at Stormont, would not have attempted to rule the Province at all: they would have turned it over to a foreign power. In the government of Northern Ireland, Republicans (as Republicans) are irrelevant; and in the early decades of the Province's history, some of the Republicans elected to Stormont—with more commonsense than those who elected them—declined to take their seats.

How signally the situation was misunderstood by English politicians is illustrated by their advocacy of 'power-sharing'. Power-sharing is possible between parties who have the same basic aim of stable governing. But if one party wants the state to be governed and the other wants it abolished, and these are the only aims they care about, 'power-sharing' is out of the question. To the world in general, however, ignorant of Ulster's affairs, the suggestion sounded reasonable enough, and the Republicans were quick to press the idea, confident that its rejection or unworkability would make the Unionists seem unreasonable and put them in the wrong.

Unsuccessful as Ulster's politicians seem to be at explaining the situation to those outside, it is generally understood inside the Province. What is not understood, however, is that Unionism (as Unionism) is as irrelevant as Republicanism. Union and Unionism and Republicanism

are concerned not with the ordinary business of governing the Province, but with its constitution: with the matter of how, or whether it exists—something that could come up for review every 35 or 50 years and be the subject of a referendum.

Let us suppose that, after Partition, when Northern Ireland had acquired a parliament of its own at Stormont, Unionists (all those, socialist, liberal or conservative, who wanted union with Britain) had decided that it was pointless to continue being 'Unionists', striving for something they had already obtained and instead had settled down to the business of governing.

The rather conservative Church of Ireland accounts for not very many of the Ulster Protestants; the majority are non-conformists of one kind or another. But it is precisely from such sects—Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists and others—that progressive social thinkers and reformers have often come. It is certain that, with the guarantee of permanence, and with 'Unionism' relegated to the wings, the Northern Irish would have set up a parliament in which there would indeed (having regard to their past) have been strong Conservative elements, but in which the voice of progressives would soon have been heard.

Just as it goes without saying that everyone is loyal and law-abiding until the contrary is proved, it would have been tacitly assumed that everyone was a 'Unionist' in the wide sense, and the term 'Unionist' would have been dropped. You could have refused to co-operate, but this would have been to deprive yourself, not in law but in fact, of some civil rights. To vote for a candidate who had no interest in Northern Ireland except in abolishing it would in fact have been to deprive yourself of a vote. Refusal to recognise the Courts would have debarred you from jury service, since in certain cases you might have wished to subvert the law. To quote a recent example: a youth accused of collecting information about police movements which could have been of use only to the IRA, complained that his jury contained no Republicans and a petition organised by his fellow students at the New University of Ulster was widely supported, not so much by Northern Irish staff, but by English staff and students acting in the best democratic tradition but presumably under the assumption that the Republicans in Northern Ireland were an ordinary opposition party.

And if, employed by a Government Department or a large firm, you felt it your duty as an enemy of the state to explode a bomb that killed or maimed your fellow workers, you might have to put up with the fact that you and your friends and associates had difficulty in securing that important civil right, work.

But it is arguable that few people would have refused the responsibilities of citizenship—or would have felt deprived of civil rights in consequence—if it had been recognised from the start that the Unionist-Republican issue was outside ordinary party politics and certainly not a

matter of day-to-day governing. It is not suggested that Stormont, in their obsession with 'Union' and fear of the Republic, neglected the ordinary business of a parliament, but that this would have been managed better—and seen by the world to have been managed more fairly and democratically—if carried on by neither 'Republicans' nor 'Unionists', but by (say) 'Conservatives' and 'progressives'. No self-respecting erstwhile Republican, or son or daughter of a Republican family, could be expected to do anything but try to sabotage a party or government calling itself 'Unionist'. But with that issue relegated to the past or to periodical referenda, he would have no reason to refuse to take part in the work of a 'socialist' or 'progressive' or even a 'Conservative' party, shelving his Republicanism since there was no 'Unionism' for him to oppose.

Keeping 'Unionism' in the forefront of proclaimed party politics has not only brought world-wide censure upon Northern Ireland, unnecessarily and not quite fairly, as a 'one-party state'; it has divided British opinion upon the propriety of retaining the Province within the United Kingdom, or at least caused fears in the Province itself that a Labour Government might one day seek to repudiate an area that sends to Westminster so steady a majority of Unionist and Conservative Members.

Recent visitors to Ulster, finding life there remarkably normal, with people going to work, visiting friends, picnicking, playing games, shopping, gardening, jogging . . . must admire the success of the security forces in containing the violence so that for the great majority of the population, nearly all of the time, this normal life continues. They may also admire the conscientiousness of the cameramen in seeking out the violence for our television screens. For those outside Ulster, however, seeing on television is believing; and the British public have become increasingly aware of a largely hostile world opinion which the IRA have been able to exploit. But the pressures of world opinion can be channelled for more peaceful and productive purposes; for instance, to urge the revision of the definition of 'Eire' in the Irish Republic's *Constitution*. That the *Constitution* of any member state of the EEC should include a territorial claim upon another member hardly redounds to the honour of the first; especially as several EEC countries, only a generation ago, were engaged in a struggle against just this sort of aggressive nationalism.

But to conclude this article as it began—with a consideration of words: it may be noticed that in most contexts I prefer to write not of 'Catholics' and 'Protestants', but of 'Republicans' and—despite the word's ambiguity —of 'Unionists'. This is not merely because I know Catholics who are 'Unionists' and Protestants and non-Catholics who, if not exactly 'Republicans', would be happy enough to see a united Ireland, and certainly not because I share the Marxist view that religious divisions in Ireland are unimportant, but because there are sometimes emotional and indeed rational differences betweeen these pairs of words. In one of the recent television series on Irish history, we were shown a police baton charge upon a rebellious crowd of—we were told—'Catholics'. They may well have been catholics; but the baton charge was not against

catholics as such, but against 'republicans'; and not against 'republicans', as members of a political party in opposition, but against 'republicans' as rebels rioting against the civil power.

NOTES

1. *The Constitution of the Republic of Ireland.* In Articles 2 and 4 'Eire' is defined as the territory over which the Republic's Government claims jurisdiction, *and* as 'the whole island of Ireland.'
2. Talking to Sir Robin Day, The World at One, Radio 4, 6th May 1981.
3. He pleads the unrehearsed nature of the television interview in which the word slipped out, so will remain anonymous.
4. In one of the 'O Level' Geography papers, June 1980.

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Publications include a book on Thomas Hardy, another on Malayan butterflies, and articles in various journals, including *Tulenkantajat, Scrutiny, Essays in Criticism,* and the *Critical Quarterly.*]

SURVIVAL IN NUCLEAR WAR

by Air Vice-Marshal Stewart Menaul

WHILE the nuclear disarmers are busy preaching to the converted, the Soviet Union is increasing the threat of nuclear war in the European theatre with every day that passes. They have built up the greatest military machine with conventional, chemical and nuclear weapons that the world has ever seen. They have provided the means of projecting this massive power world-wide and have used both surrogate forces and their own regular military forces to achieve their objectives in Africa, the Middle East, Caribbean and above all for the invasion and subjugation of Afghanistan.

Soviet military literature is replete with information on their view of nuclear strategy and tactics for a war in Europe. They regard nuclear weapons simply as weapons of war and part of an all arms concept for fighting a war in Europe. There have, however, in recent years been changes in Soviet doctrine which acknowledge that a purely conventional war in Europe is possible, with the use of chemical weapons instead of nuclear under certain circumstances. The Soviets also acknowledge that nuclear weapons could be used in a future war in Europe without escalation to strategic nuclear exchange between the superpowers, or even the attack of cities with nuclear weapons. The concept of attacking only military targets, implicit in U.S. Presidential Directive 59, has long been recognised by the Soviet Union for a number of good military reasons, not least the prospect that they would have to occupy and control whatever parts of Europe they might subjugate in the event that they launched and won a future war.

One of the least constructive attitudes which have characterised United States and European policies in recent years has been the tendency to relate NATO defence issues and the protection of the West's vital interests to the degree of willingness of governments of varying political persuasions to devote resources in money and manpower to counter the growing Soviet global threat. The new Admninisration in Washington and the new Conservative Government in Britain have rejected the policies of previous governments which were notable for the emphasis they placed on detente, concessions to the Soviets in arms control deliberations and appeasement in the face of blatant Soviet aggression in many parts of the world. Both governments recognise the need for NATO to spend more on defence not only for the protection and security of the European democracies but for the defence of vital interests beyond the arbitrary boundary at the tropic of cancer and protection of the sea lanes by which the vital raw materials and energy supplies must travel to reach the industrial countries of Europe and to a lesser extent the United States.

Among the new proposals for improving the West's capability are the United States Rapid Deployment Force and improvements in the long-range theatre nuclear forces in Europe. But the most neglected aspect of

war and survival, civil defence, is at last receiving attention particularly in the United States and Britain, despite the protestations of those who think that nuclear war means instant holocaust and the destruction of civilisation as we know it and that therefore nothing could or should be done to protect the population from the effects of a future war, conventional or nuclear. Such defeatist attitudes are understandable among a small minority of people who are incapable of thinking through what might happen in a future war, but they are unforgivable when propagated by senior retired officers of the armed forces and scientific advisers to previous governments who should know better.

No one advocates nuclear war or is insensitive to the effects which such a war could inflict on the participants, especially Britain. But to decide on a policy of unilateral nuclear disarmament and take no steps to protect the population against the effects of nuclear or conventional war is utterly defeatist and demonstrates the subtlety of Soviet propaganda as directed towards the proposed deployment of the enhanced radiation warhead (neutron bomb) and the cruise missiles and Pershing 2 in Europe. The suggestion that deployment of cruise missiles in Britain will make her a target for nuclear attack in the event of war is difficult to comprehend since Britain has been a nuclear power for more than 25 years and has had United States nuclear weapons on her soil since the early 1950s.

Among the many fallacies prevalent in debates on nuclear war and nuclear weapons are two extremes which appear to dominate the thinking of the more emotional elements of our society and which simply do not stand up to logical analysis. At one extreme are those who, like Lord Zuckerman, see no use for nuclear weapons which would not end in escalation to nuclear holocaust. They conclude that there is no defence against what they describe as 'nuclear weapons' as though all nuclear weapons were the same and if used in war the result would be widespread destruction of towns and cities and the death of millions of people. Europe would be transformed into a radioactive lunar landscape from which it would never recover. At the other extreme are those who believe that nuclear war is impossible and therefore expenditure on nuclear weapons or civil defence is totally unjustified. The Soviet Union does not subscribe to either of these views and has therefore built up a massive armoury of all types of nuclear weapons and has a doctrine, strategy and tactics for their use.

All nuclear weapons, of course, are not alike. The word *yield* describes the equivalent TNT explosive power of a nuclear warhead. Today, the yields of nuclear weapons may vary from sub-kiloton to multimegaton. In other words from less than 1,000 tons of TNT (even as low as 100 tons) to more than a million tons. But since both superpowers have similar ranges of weapons, and each knows that the other has the ability to destroy its cities and cause enormous human casualties, it is by no means a foregone conclusion that either would resort to such extreme measures. There is no justification, therefore, for the assumption that in the event of nuclear

war there would be escalation to massive nuclear attack on the civilian population. That would not be a war-winning strategy, which the Soviet Union has not failed to recognise, yet it has the most effective civil defence system in the world.

Small yield nuclear weapons, even up to four or five times the yield of the Hiroshima bomb, could and probably would be used against military targets from which we in Britain could not escape as we are part of Europe and a member of the NATO alliance. Of the three main effects of a nuclear explosion those from blast and heat are what might be called conventional effects. We had experience of them in the last war from conventional high explosives. It is the third effect, namely, radiation that differentiates nuclear from conventional weapons. There is one aspect of blast effects, however, that causes confusion and is exploited by the unilateral disarmers and that is the relationship between yield of the weapon and the radius of blast effect. The radius of blast effect varies as the cube root of the yield rather than directly proportional to it. For example, if the blast radius for a 10 kiloton explosion is 1 nautical mile, the radius for a 100 kiloton weapon, which is ten times that of a 10 kiloton one, is not 10 nautical miles but the cube root of 10, which is 2.16 nautical miles—a big difference.

There are two types of radiation associated with nuclear explosions, prompt radiation which occurs at the instant of fission and residual, or fallout, radiation which comes from the nuclear cloud as it drifts away on the wind after detonation. Initial, or prompt, radiation consists mainly of gamma and neutrons, though there are other radioactive particles present as well. Gamma and neutron radiations can penetrate air, water and solid substances, the degree of penetration being determined by the intensity, and thus by the yield, of the weapon and by the density of the material being penetrated. People in the immediate vicinity of nuclear explosion will be exposed to the effects of prompt radiation, but they will probably have been killed by the blast and heat anyway as they would be if they were close to a purely conventional high explosive.

Gamma and neutron radiations are very destructive of living organisms causing damage to cell tissues which can lead to serious illness or death. While the most powerful release of these destructive radiations occurs at the instant of detonation, there is a further radiation hazard from what is known as 'fallout'. When a nuclear weapon is burst at an altitude sufficient to avoid the fireball touching the ground, the amount of radiation from irradiated particles in the atmosphere, mostly from the vapourised bomb casing, is minimal. If, however, the fireball from any nuclear explosion touches the ground, a great deal of soil or debris will be sucked up into the mushroom cloud and will be highly radioactive when it falls back to earth, which could be over a wide area depending on the yield of the weapon and the atmospheric conditions prevailing at the time. The effects of the radiations from fallout can be serious to humans, livestock, crops and wildlife mainly from Strontium, Caesium and Iodine but also from other radioisotopes which are found in fallout from nuclear explosions.

To claim as some people do that there is no protection from nuclear fallout is simply untrue. Those who have been associated with nuclear tests know that proper precautions can ensure complete protection from the effects of fallout even within an area close to the centre of the explosion. Of course the only sure protection against gamma and neutron radiation is by thick shielding of concrete, soil or metal sufficient to absorb most of the radiation, but since the most penetrating radiations from gamma and neutrons occur close to the centre of the explosion, it is here that heat and blast are also most destructive. Protection from fallout, on the other hand, can be provided by properly designed shelters which also provide protection from conventional and chemical attack.

With more accurate means of delivery, by missile and manned aircraft, smaller yield nuclear warheads are likely to be used against military targets. There would therefore be casualties among the civil population but they could be minimised by a properly constituted civil defence organisation and an effective shelter policy. The Government has taken steps to provide both. In its pamphlet, *Protect and Survive*, it outlines eminently sensible and prudent measures that can be taken to reduce casualties in the event of war, whether nuclear or conventional.

The Soviet Union has the most elaborate and effective civil defence organisation in the world. They regard civil defence as part of their defence structure on a par with the armed forces, and the head of civil defence is General A. T. Altunin who is also a Deputy Minister of Defence and Member of the Politburo. Writing in 1978, General Altunin summed up the attitude of the Soviet Union to civil defence as follows:

> While the armed forces take as their objective to prevent the use of destructive means against rear areas by destroying the attack weapons or the interception of these weapons on their way to their targets, civil defence by carrying out protective measures and through preparation of the population seeks to achieve the maximum weakening of the destructive effects of modern weapons.

But the Soviet Union does not pretend that it can provide complete protection for the entire population or for the industrial and economic assets of the entire country, any more than Britain could provide total protection for the people of this densely populated country. But many would survive a nuclear attack if shelters were provided and there was a proper communications system for early warning. A number of civilian firms are engaged in the manufacture of shelters for individual families or for groups. It may be that they will never be needed, but the only way to ensure that the likelihood of a nuclear war remains remote is by maintaining strong deterrent forces of conventional and nuclear weapons which would persuade the Soviet Union that the price to be paid for an attack against Western Europe would be too high even for the prospect of achieving the Communist goal of world domination. In providing these deterrent forces it is imperative that those in authority in this country ensure against the possibility that deterrence might fail for any one of a number of reasons. If it should, then sensible precautions taken now will ensure the survival of many who would otherwise perish.

The old men who are out of date in military affairs and those who are too emotional to study the problem of modern war in the nuclear age rationally, must not be allowed to influence governments into doing nothing about civil defence. Passive defence embracing all aspects of civil defence is just as important for the protection of our society as active military defence. The Soviet Union long ago recognised this political and military fact of life as did neutral Sweden and Switzerland. The provision of a civil defence organisation strengthens our overall defence posture and will help to convince the Soviet Union of our determination to resist any territorial expansion they may be contemplating in Europe. This in turn increases the credibility of deterrence to war at any level, until the day comes when all nations of the world agree to rid this planet of nuclear weapons and eventually to remove the threat of war as a means of settling international disputes. That day, alas, is still a long way off. Unilateral nuclear disarmament is not the answer and those who so passionately campaign for the total abolition of nuclear weapons would advance their cause by attempting to influence the Soviet Union rather than preaching to the converted in Britain, the United States and Europe.

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He is is author of *Countdown—Britain's Strategic Nuclear Forces* and other books and has contributed articles on defence to many journals worldwide. He lectures on defence affairs and is a frequent broadcaster. He is a member of the Council of the Foreign Affairs Research Institute, the International Institute for Strategic Studies and is strategic consultant to the Institute for the Study of Conflict. He is also consultant to a number of Institutes in the United States.]

ALBANIA

by William Wilson, M.P.

ALMOST ten years ago a long serving and much respected Member of the Commons commented to me that he had been in every European country excepting Albania. I have no doubt he is still awaiting his first visit to that country. As a result of the conscious decision by the Albanian Government this non-aligned country is not a tourist centre! However, situated at the southern end of the eastern Adriatic the geographical and scenic attractions of Albania are known from history and from the times when entry was much easier. Contrariwise Radio Tirana broadcasts to the world from one of the world's most powerful radio transmitters.

Czechoslovakia was once a 'far off' country. Despite its strategic importance and to a lesser extent its trading potentialities it is not difficult for British politicians to see Albania as another 'far off country' low down on the list of priorities. The importance to Britain and the other NATO powers of Yugoslavia is justified, but the arguments justifying the place of Yugoslavia in the consideration of the Western powers also apply to Albania. International relations between Albania and the outside world are generally not enthusiastic but between Britain and Albania the climate has been and is distinctly cool. Parliamentary questions to the Foreign Office Ministers about the prospect of improving relations have regularly been met with answers that can be paraphrased as 'there are problems'. These problems have largely stemmed from two causes. First the looting of Albanian gold from the Italian banks by the Nazis during the Second World War and second the sinking of two British warships in the Corfu Channel not long after the Second World War had ended.

The strategic case for improving relations between this country and Albania hardly needs arguing. No-one would expect Albania to join NATO or the European Economic Community but the regularly expressed wishes of successive Foreign Office Ministers to improve relations between this country and Albania have more behind them than simply good relations.

The origins of the present situation between Albania and the United Kingdom are between 30 and 40 years old and not only the details of the origin of the dispute but the fundamental facts have become clouded. In its simplest elements the dispute arises from the detention of Albanian gold against a claim by Britain of injury to British naval personnel and damage to British warships. For many years the attitude of the British Government was that compensation must be paid for the sinking of the two warships and to the relatives of those who died. The British Government would then, it was said, agree to return the gold. The Albanian Government has always disputed that the Albanians had anything to do with the sinking of the ships and insisted that the gold should be returned in toto. In recent times the British Government has shifted its ground

and no longer so strongly insists that the compensation be paid but after almost forty years since the gold was taken from the Italian banks the United States has now come up with a claim on the gold. This claim of the United States is very recent so far as the outside world is concerned and the basis of the claim is difficult to discover.

A resumé of the history of this dispute is not out of place.

In December 1924 mercenaries under the command of Ahmet Zogu established a dictatorship in Albania. Zogu was first President of the new regime and then in September 1928 became King. The Zogu regime sought support abroad and became a virtual protectorate of fascist Italy. A banking convention with Italy was established. On Good Friday 1939 Italian troops invaded Albania and gold belonging to the National Bank of Albania was removed to the Mint and the Bank of Italy in Rome. When the Italians surrendered in September 1943 to the Allied Forces this gold was seized by German S.S. Patrols and taken to the Reichsbank in Berlin. In its turn the Allied Powers took possession of the gold when Germany surrendered in May 1945.

In January 1946 18 states (including Albania, Britain, France and the United States) concluded an agreement that monetary gold found in Germany would be pooled for restitution and distributed in proportion to the losses of gold that had been suffered by looting or removal to Germany. A tripartite commission consisting of Britain, France and the United States was established and claims to the gold were sought. Albania made its claim and the tripartite commission allocated to Albania 1,121.4517 kgms of gold. This gold still remains in the vaults of the Bank of England.

It is reasonable to suppose that the gold would have been returned to Albania, but on 15th December 1949 the International Court of Justice sitting at The Hague decided that out of the Corfu Channel incident a payment of £843,947.00 was due to the British Government made up as to £50,048.00 as compensation for personal death and injuries and £793,899.00 for the replacement and repair of two warships. This money has not been paid.

What was the Corfu Channel incident? In actuality there were three Corfu Channel incidents. The Corfu Channel is the narrow strait between the coast of Albania and the Greek island of Corfu. Its width varies between one and six miles. The international boundary runs down the middle. In its narrower part the Channel is entirely within the territorial waters of Albania or Greece. On the morning of 15th May, 1946, two British cruisers were sailing through the Channel within Albanian territorial waters where twelve rounds were fired from an Albanian shore battery. There were no casualties and neither ship was damaged. A note of protest was sent by the British Government. The Albanian Government replied regretting the incident. Various notes were exchanged but the Albanian Government took the view and stated that it had no desire to interfere with navigation in the Corfu Channel provided that warships did not enter the Albanian territorial waters without permission. The

British Government refused to recognise that the waters were the territorial waters of Albania as the Corfu Channel were straits which formed part of routes for international maritime traffic and the threat was made that any future firing on His Majesty's vessels would be returned.

Then came the second Corfu Channel incident and it arose in this way. On 26th September, 1946, the British Admiralty sent a signal to the Commander in Chief Mediterranean stating that His Majesty's Government wished to know whether the Albanian Government had 'learned to behave themselves' and the enquiry was made whether any ships had passed through the north Corfu straits since August 1946. The Commander in Chief Mediterranean replied that ships had not been taken through the Channel but it was intended to do so when they departed from Corfu on 22nd October.

On 22nd October, 1946, four British warships, which included two destroyers, Saumarez and Volage, left Corfu. When the ships were in Albanian territorial waters Saumarez was severely damaged by an explosion. Volage went to her assistance. Later the Volage was also damaged by an explosion. The Saumarez had to be written off and the Volage was repaired.

The International Court of Justice became seised of the matter and eventually stated in its judgement that the four warships had passed through the narrow channel close to the Albanian coast at a time of political tension. The Court went on to say that 'the intention must have been not only to test Albania's attitude, but at the same time to demonstrate such force that she would abstain from firing again on passing ships'. Rear Admiral Raymond Moullec of the French Navy was asked before the Court if he had seen passages through foreign territorial waters with men at combat situations in time of peace and his answer was 'No, I have never seen any, except naturally in time of war'. He went on to comment that the British Admiral had acted as if he had been in wartime.

The Court upheld the British Government's contention that the Corfu Channel was part of an international maritime highway through which the Albanian Government had no right to prohibit the passage of ships in peace time. However, the Court also went on to say that noting the tension existing between Albania and Greece at the time Albania would have been justified in issuing regulations in respect of the passage of warships through the strait.

It was soon discovered that the damage to the British warships had been caused by mines.

The third Corfu Channel incident arose as a result of the decision by the Central Mine Clearance Board (which consisted of Britain, France, Soviet Union and the United States) to sweep the North Corfu Channel. Albania complained that this was a further breach of her territorial waters. Despite this a sweep of the Channel was carried out by Britain on 12th/13th November 1946. As a result 22 large mines of German manufacture were found. The clearance was carried out without the

consent of the Albanian authorities, although the sweep was undoubtedly in Albanian territorial waters.

That the mines had been laid within six months before the sweeping cannot be disputed. They were free of rust and marine growth and the mooring cables were still coated with grease. The International Court accepted that they had been laid quite recently.

Who did lay the mines? Although they were of German manufacture, by the date of the sowing of the mines it could not have been Nazi Germany. Albania accepted that the laying of mines in peace time was an international offence, but its representatives stated categorically to the Security Counsel of the United Nations in February 1947 'The Albanian Government did not lay the mines.' In fact, the Counsel for Albania told the International Court that Albania neither had the mine-layers nor a stock of mines at its disposal. In its judgement the International Court stated that although the United Kingdom in its statement to the Court had suggested that the mines were laid by Albania no evidence in support was furnished and that the Court would pay no further attention to this matter. Thus, the International Court considered that Albania had not laid the mines.

Counsel for Albania suggested that the laying of the mines was a frame-up carried out with the intention of disrupting relations between Albania and Britain. Indeed, he went on to suggest that the possible authors of the frame-up were Britain or Greece. No evidence was produced to show that Greece had laid the mines but there was evidence to show that none of this type of German mine were left in Greece by the German forces. Greece had in 1946 no vessels capable of laying the mines and perhaps more important the Greek Navy at that time was under the command of the British Commander in Chief Mediterranean.

Hypothetically the Albanian Counsel suggested that Yugoslavia had laid the mines, but the Court stated that in the light of information available to the Court the authors of the mine-laying remained unknown.

One important circumstantial fact was that the fragments of the mine which caused the damage to HMS Volage were identical with the mines discovered on 12th and 13th November.

While the authors of the mine-laying remained and remain unknown, the British Government through Sir Frank Soskice raised with the Court the question of the complicity of Albania or the knowledge of Albania in the laying of the mines. Sir Frank Soskice stated that 'Yugoslavia may for her own purposes have laid the mines and have never informed Albania at all. In this case Albania would plainly not be responsible in law for the consequences of Yugoslavia's breach of an international obligation committed in Albania's territoriai waters unless she independently became aware of the new mine field and kept silent'. Britain maintained before the Court that it was impossible for mines to be laid so near to the Albanian coast without the knowledge of the coastal authorities. The International Court appointed a Committee of Experts

to advise whether the mines could have been laid without the Albanian coastal authorities knowing. The Committee were unable to reach any final conclusion and stated: 'Having regard to the insufficiency of the information available as to the conditions under which the mines were laid it was not possible to give a precise opinion concerning the possibility of hearing the mine-laying operation'. This did not cover the question of whether the mine laying could have been observed as opposed to being heard. The only position from which the mine-laying must have been seen from the Albanian coast was at Denta Point, but this depended on whether or not there was an observation post there. The Committee of Experts visited Denta Point. There was no road or path leading to it and they had to reach it from the sea. They found some old trenches and machine gun points which had been built during the Italian occupation of Albania. There were no signs of any Albanian military observation post but they did discover a copy of an Albanian newspaper dated September 11th, 1948. On this the Committee of Experts decided that guards or look-out posts were kept at Denta Point until at least September 11th, 1948. There were on the Albanian coast two other vantage posts—San Georgio Monastery and Cape Kiephli. The Committee of Experts decided that the mine-laying operation might have been observed in some circumstances from the San Georgio Monastery and Cape Kiephli, but it did not decide that the operation had in fact been seen.

Whatever the truth may be about who laid the mines and whether Albania knew of it, the Court by a majority of 11-5 decided that the Albanian Government was guilty of knowing that the mine field had been laid and failing to notify those concerned of its existence and danger. The Court concluded that Albania was responsible under International Law for the loss of life and damage to the British warships. Britain has in the last couple of years moved towards changing its insistence upon the payment of the damages. However, the United States as one of the co-trustees now claims that there are U.S. claims outstanding and that these must be settled.

It is not clear what these claims are. The probability is that the claims are on behalf of private citizens. At the International Court in 1954 the United States Counsel stated in relation to Albanian gold 'The Government of the United States has no claim with respect to any of the gold involved in the present proceedings'. Nevertheless, even if the position between Britain and Albania is resolved the claims of the United States will prevent a settlement.

One sobering thought—the value of the British damages decreases whilst the gold value increases.

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TOWARDS A DEFINITION OF ISLAMIC ECONOMIC THEORY AND DEVELOPMENT

by Masudul Alam Choudhury

THE question whether the idea of Islamic Economics is meaningful, well-defined or practical has been occupying the minds of many people for some time. There are those among Moslems who wonder whether such a discipline is at all applicable in today's complex world of economics and international relations. There are others who have just started to grapple with the problems of its definition and structure.[1]

In the West the sudden outburst of the political economy of Middle East oil, the Islamic revolution in Iran and the growing self-assertion of a Third World Economic Order led by oil rich Moslem states have brought the subject of Islamic economics to the attention of some scholars.[2] The basic question being raised is, what does it really mean? Therefore, the problem to which an Islamic economist must address himself is the definition of Islamic Economics and, broadly, of Islamic Economic Theory.

The economics of Islam as it stands today is just a digit in a vast number of potentials. It has not advanced with the tempo and vigour of modern economics. What the Moslem economist has today in this field are just the rudiments of certain principles of Islamic behaviour and public policy derived from the works of the glorious past. Notably among these are Ibn Khaldun,[3] Ibn Taimiyya,[4] Imam Ghazzali[5] and others between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries; and in contemporary times Maududi,[6] Sadr,[7] Abduh,[8] Waliullah,[9] Shatibi[10] and a number of others. In addition we have of course the principal sources of Islamic knowledge, the Quran and the traditions of Prophet Muhammad.[11] Yet the discipline termed as Economic Theory or Economic Analysis is of recent origin. It owes its development in the eighteenth century to the emergence of the political economy of market mechanism, propounded first by the *laissez faire* principles of Adam Smith, refined later by the methodological rigour of the Ricardian system of the value and determination of the profit rate in agriculture as a primary regulator of economic growth.[12]

This development was followed in the early nineteenth century by the pleasure and pain of utilitarianism, whose chief exponent was Bentham. The idea of utilitarianism was instantly taken over by the neo-classical school, led by Alfred Marshall in England, Menger in Austria and Walras in Lausanne, and the neo-classicists bequeathed to the world the idea of marginal utility, thereby explaining the demand side of price formation. The economic story-telling did not end there. It got newer twists in the socio-economic analysis of historical change by Marx and the re-birth of macroeconomics with Keynes' General Theory.

Over the years since the eighteenth century the objectives of modern economics have changed significantly. One can associate three major *foci* of development. In the first half of the nineteenth century economic

analysis was concerned with the problems of distribution. After 1870 it became concerned with the problems of optimal allocation of resources among competing ends. Finally, since the re-birth of macroeconomic theory, it is concerned with the problems of economic policy relating to employment, the generation of aggregate demand for goods and services and price stabilization.

This is admittedly a somewhat sweeping account of the growth of economic theory as it stands today. But has economic analysis or, in Schumpeter's words, 'economic science', really progressed? Certainly, it has done so in methodological content. The configuration of economic analysis has been unsparingly mathematized. Recently, a long chain of eminent economists became preoccupied in analyzing the structure of a general equilibrium for the economic field.[13] Samuelson is of course a champion of this cause. In his 'Foundations of Economic Analysis' he showed that the general equilibrium framework of economics has much in common with that of a physical system.

Western economists since time immemorial have concerned themselves only with the view of man as *homo economicus.* This was sufficient for erecting their structure of market mechanism. Everything else that was beyond empirical analysis was excluded. Schumpeter's well known work on the history of economic analysis discerned a complete removal of matters of ethics and values in the economic system on grounds that were empirical.[14]

Schumpeterian caveats apart, the fact remains that economic science is certainly not devoid of value judgements by economists, or of the ideological, social, moral and political backgrounds of different people from which the value judgement springs.

But to return to an understanding of the principles of Islamic economics—Islam is a coherent religion of both worlds, the present and the hereafter. Every reward in the next world is an inverse definable function of human action in the present world.[15] The significance of the latter is indicated by the impact it leaves on specific functions of an Islamic society. In the words of Naqvi,[16] 'Islam is a self sufficient entity, with clearly defined features—an arabasque wherein reside the religious, economic and social dimensions, providently equilibrated to form a unity'. The guiding laws of Islam that address to all different dimensions of human life are known as Shariah. Of course, there are the two branches of the Islamic Divine Law, namely, 'Ibadah', meaning Islamic worship, and 'Mua'malat', meaning affairs of the world. In the eyes of Shariah they are one and the same.[17] This is basically the fundamental difference in the approach and content of the Islamic social sciences from those of others. There is a claim in certain quarters that similar views were vouchsafed by the scholars of the Enlightenment. This is untrue.

Let us first consider St. Thomas Aquinas' ideas on economic analysis. He is known to have made a clear distinction between secular and sacred matters as they comprise the social sciences. Thus, he excluded whatever was the sacred doctrine from an analysis of the market system, and

'assigned no other prerogative to the sacred law but that of a supermundane dignity and did not give it any authority over the latter'.[18] Thomas Aquinas' era was followed by the age of Natural Law Philosophy, and subsequently by the age of Moral Philosophy, a product of the Enlightenment. Moral Philosophy was literally defined as the sum total of the sciences of the 'mind' and 'society'. Alas, it fell into the hands of specialists in individual branches of moral philosophy, who neglected the need for coordinating the different branches based on comprehensive principles and this was particularly true with economics.

The collateral existence of a purely worldly action side by side with Islamic ethical attitude is indeed a means of convenience in an Islamic society. For example, the voluntary payment of 'Zakah', an annual wealth tax for income-redistributive purposes levied by an Islamic state on the well-to-do, is primarily an act of Islamic belief, but the economic rewards of this payment are many. Zakah can be spent on training the needy, thus reducing structural forms of unemployment,[19] increasing earnings, productivity and social welfare. Again, there is the example of 'La Israf', meaning the Islamic religious constraints on Moslems against wanton consumption. Individual action to act in this way is a matter of pure belief. The economic benefits of 'La Israf' are higher investment in capital goods, and stabilization of prices.[20]

A definition of the Islamic economic theory is now possible and may be defined as the sum total of the historical, empirical and theoretical studies that analyse the human and societal needs in the light of an integrated Islamic value system. The two elements of this are, firstly, the purely marketable goods and services along with their prices and, secondly, the augmentation of the benefits derived from the consumption of these goods and services.

A priority area of Islamic economic theory would seem to be Islamic welfare economics. In the light of this one would have to develop carefully the criteria for ranking consumption and investment alternatives, both from individual and social points of view,[21] based on the principles of the Islamic integrated value system as they apply. As mentioned earlier, the criteria of choice of alternatives must be related to the two types of benefits, the pure economic benefit, and the 'worldly' equivalents of factors of pure Islamic belief associated with Islamic consumption and investment behaviour, that finally augment the pure economic benefit. This would require the development of a consistent and quantitative Islamic economic general equilibrium system, endowed with a mathematical form of the social welfare function. The function must then be specified, empirically estimated and made capable of policy analysis in an Islamic state. This to my knowledge is fundamental within a general equilibrium analysis, for all the economic agents along with their behaviour among each other are but elements of this grand system.

Having explained the nature of Islamic economic theory it now remains to be seen whether the Islamic countries are using any semblance of this theory in their economic policy formulation. Indeed in today's

world of international relations any study of economic analysis that does not relate to potential policy formulation would be useless. For that reason any policy action must have two aspects, the ends in view and the means to achieve these ends.

We said earlier that the discipline of Islamic economics is today in its very infancy. Interest in it is presently limited to the academic level, while Islamic nations are either groping with it or shying away from its implementation in economic affairs for reasons of vested interest of the ruling governments. Therefore, the current political economic policies of Islamic states do not necessarily implicate the principles of Islamic economic theory. At best they manifest some general overall principles of this discipline.

Some instances from contemporary international affairs will make this point clear. Take the case of the Organisation of Islamic Conferences (OIC), which was established by a joint effort of Islamic countries, headed by Saudi Arabia, with the prime object of bringing the Islamic nations under one roof to discuss and resolve their priority socio-economic and political problems. However, ever since its inception the OIC has had no real research support to help it develop ways and means of managing joint economic affairs of Islamic countries in a purely Islamic institutional framework. It is only recently, that OIC has established its Statistical, Economic and Social Research and Training Centre for Islamic Countries at Ankara, Turkey. Even here scientific Islamic economic research is almost non-existent. Such is, therefore, the state of research and institutional development in Islamic economics at the governmental levels.

In January, 1981, OIC sponsored the Third Islamic Summit Conference, which was hosted by Saudi Arabia, with the object of finding and implementing ways and means to resolve the priority political and economic problems of the Islamic Community. In the field of political economy the main achievement was the establishment of a three billion dollar fund for the economic development of poor Islamic countries. The principal recipients would be the Sahel countries of Africa, which are suffering from a long period of drought. Next in priority of the recipients would be Bangladesh, which is among the world's lowest *per capita* income countries. This economic policy emanating from the resolution of the Third Islamic Summit Conference is a practical implementation of the principle of cooperation, a cardinal principle of Islamic economic theory

In the matter of the political economy of Middle East oil in the war with Israel, the Third Islamic Summit Conference agreed on the following course of action. Habib Chatti, the secretary general of OIC, made it clear that Middle East oil would be used as a potential economic weapon in the struggle to liberate the homeland of the Palestinian people usurped by Israel, and to restore all Arab lands occupied by Israel in the 1967 Middle East war.[23] Here again, the basis of the economic policy of using the Middle East oil is the principle of justice, a cardinal principle of Islamic economic theory.

The same principle of policy applies in the case of the Islamic countries' stand against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, an opposition that was voiced also by the hardliners, such as Syria, South Yemen, and the PLO. This course of action has two major implications. First, a sincere and sound implementation of this resolution would mean a potential oil boycott of the Soviet Union. Secondly, it would make the Gulf states aware of the potential danger of Soviet invasion of this area.

In the matter of using oil as an economic weapon in the above two cases, it seems unlikely that the non-attendance of countries like Libya, Iran and Egypt at the Third Islamic Summit Conference has had any adverse effect on the joint resolutions of the conference. Libya happens to be a good friend of the PLO; the Islamic government in Iran would not favour the Israelis or the Soviets in their present delicate relations with the United States of America; and Egypt has no oil to use as an economic weapon, nor has she any favourable leaning towards the Soviet Union.

Although the national states of the Islamic commonwealth are not presently adopting a fully developed Islamic economic system, they have come a long way towards its implementation in some aspects of the economy.

For instance, in October, 1975, the Islamic Development Bank was established in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, under the charter of the Conference of Finance Ministers of Moslem countries, held at Jeddah in 1973. The purpose of the Islamic Development Bank (IDB) is to 'foster economic development and social progress of member countries and Muslim communities individually as well as jointly in accordance with the principles of the Shari'ah'.[33]

The main functions of the IDB are to promote investment and trade activities among Islamic countries on the basis of equity sharing in capital projects, and to arrange central and commercial banking in Islamic countries on the basis of financial laws of Shariah. This means financial transactions purely on the interest free basis, because interest on capital, being a pre-fixed amount in favour of the capitalist and not solely a function of risk and cost of capital, is strictly forbidden in Islam.[34]

In November, 1979, the net profit of the IDB stood at 9,746,751 Islamic Dinars, each Islamic Dinar being currently equal to US$1.29. The total financing approved by the bank for the period, 1976-79 is shown in Table I.[35]

TABLE I
TOTAL FINANCING APPROVED BY THE IDB: 1976-1979
(Millions of Islamic Dinar)

Type of Financing/Year:	1976	1977	1978	1979
Project Financing	13.45	99.74	81.41	119.25
Trade Financing	—	43.61	139.64	262.43
Total	13.45	143.35	221.05	381.68

Source: Fourth Annual Report, Table 10, Islamic Development Bank.

The activities of the Islamic Development Bank are practical examples of investment activities based on Shariah, which forms the basis of Islamic economics.

In January, 1981, the International Follow Up Seminar on Monetary and Fiscal Economics of Islam was held at Islamabad, Pakistan, under the auspices of the Planning Commission. It brought together scholars, professionals and civil servants from various countries to discuss some theoretical issues of Islamic economic theory as well as work out ways and means to establish an interest free banking system in Islamic countries. Positive results were attained.[36]

It would therefore, appear that the principles of Islamic economics would play a major role in the shaping of a new vista of development programmes of Islamic nations. A. K. N. Reddy[37] recommends the establishment of a New International Economic Order for the fusion of the different objectives of development with the social and ethical values that found societies. In Islamic societies such values must inevitably be the Islamic values, and any form of economic development must seriously consider the potentials of Islamic economics as the basis of the New International Economic Order.

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A WORLD CRIMINAL COURT?

by James Avery Joyce

WHEN the U.N. Secretary-General appointed a five-man *ad hoc* Committee of enquiry more than a year ago to investigate allegations termed 'grave violations of human rights and of illegal acts under the previous régime in Iran', as a contribution towards solving the impasse over the United States hostages, his action (ineffective though it was) revived in acute form the oft-debated need of a permanent tribunal, impartial and non-political, to adjudicate on international wrongs and offences under international law. In October 1980 a major step towards establishing such an institution was taken when the Legal Committee of the General Assembly in New York spent a whole week attempting to define a 'draft code of offences against Peace and Security of Mankind'. For, without such a code, an eventual tribunal would possess no jurisdiction. And without a court the code would remain on paper.

This is not the first time that the establishment of a code and a court of criminal jurisdiction, within the broad framework of the United Nations system, has come up for serious debate. But the present article will deal mainly with the parallel question of establishing a permanent court of criminal jurisdiction, since the completion of a draft code is not expected to be finalised in less than three years from now.

The immediate aftermath of the Second World War had inspired the Nuremberg Trials and the framing of a Genocide Convention, so the question of establishing some form of permanent international criminal jurisdiction was being constantly pressed. Consequently, the General Assembly entrusted a Committee to prepare 'one or more preliminary draft conventions for a statute of an international criminal court.'

The Secretary-General submitted a memorandum suggesting alternative modes of creation of an international criminal court, its jurisdiction and functions, its character and organisation, its procedure and the law that it might apply. Three alternative preliminary drafts for a statute were annexed to his memorandum, based on the assumptions (1) that the court would be established by General Assembly resolution; (2) that it would be established by international convention; or (3) that it would be an *ad hoc* body.

Some members of the Committee felt that, at that early stage in the development of the Organisation, any attempt to establish an international criminal court would meet with insurmountable obstacles. The majority, however, considered that it was the Committee's task to elaborate concrete proposals on which the General Assembly could base its decisions, rather than to express an opinion as to the advisability of creating such a court.

In its report to the General Assembly in 1951, the Committee pointed out that a number of new problems had emerged in the course of its discussions. Some of these related to the need for bringing a judicial

punishment of illegal acts into harmony with the principal purpose of the United Nations, i.e., the maintenance of peace. Another group of problems arose out of any arrangement under which individuals are made directly responsible before an international organ, so long as the traditional principles of state sovereignty were maintained. Further problems arose out of the wide differences between national systems for the prevention and punishment of crime, in particular the rules of procedure under which such a criminal tribunal would operate. Nonetheless, the Committee recommended that the court be established by a convention, that it should be a permanent rather than an *ad hoc* body, but that it should be called into session only when cases were submitted to it.

As regards the purpose of the court, there was general agreement that it should be competent to judge crimes under international law. But the Committee was divided as to whether the court should be called upon to deal only with such crimes or others as provided by special agreements between States parties to its statute. Some members of the Committee thought that either course would leave a vast field of international crimes outside the scope of the court, which crimes could then only be tried by special international tribunals. Others considered that, as there were different opinions as to what crimes *were* crimes under international law, the charges must be exactly specified. Yet the Committee decided that the court should apply international law, including international criminal law, and, where appropriate, national law.

The Committee based its draft provisions on the corresponding provisions of the Statute of the International Court of Justice, with certain alterations due to the different functions of the two courts. Thus, for example, it proposed that candidates should be elected by the General Assembly, but only by the States parties to the statute, not by all States Members of the United Nations. It inserted provisions for challenging the sitting of any judge in a particular case; and it proposed that judges should receive a yearly allowance of a 'symbolic' nature. The Committee left open where the seat of the court would be situated, but considered that the court should be financed by a fund created by the States parties to its statute.

It was proposed that the General Assembly, regional organisations and States parties to the court's statute should have the right to bring a case before the court.

It was also agreed that the court should have the power to issue warrants of arrest and also to request assistance from national authorities in the performance of its duties. A Committing Authority should be established to examine the evidence and decide whether there was a *prima facie* case against the accused. This, it was considered, would protect individuals against frivolous prosecution and the court against considering frivolous cases. This Authority should be elected at the same time and in the same manner as the members of the court; that it should have powers similar to those of the court to summon witnesses and require evidence to be produced; and that the accused should have a right to be heard before it.

A Prosecuting Authority should likewise be established on an *ad hoc* basis rather than be a permanent official. The prosecuting attorney would be appointed in each particular case by a panel of ten persons, elected in the same manner as the judges of the court.

In discussing the Court's procedure, the Committee stated that it had encountered a general difficulty due to the fact that the national systems of procedure in criminal cases were widely different. So it limited its provisions on procedure to the essential rules and tried to avoid terminology the specific meaning of which varied in different countries. But the court should have the right to lay down its own rules, including general principles governing the admission of evidence, and determining the nature and severity of the penalties which it imposed.

The accused should be presumed innocent until proved guilty, and should have a fair trial. In particular, he should have the right to be present at all stages of the proceedings, to be defended by counsel of his own choice, and to be able to obtain free assistance of counsel if he were unable to meet the expenses himself.

The accused would also have the right to interrogate any witnesses and to examine any document or other evidence introduced by the prosecution and to adduce oral or other evidence in his defence. It was proposed that he should also have the right to the court's assistance in obtaining material which the court was satisfied might be relevant to the issues.

He should have the right to be heard by the court, but should not be compelled to speak; his refusal to speak should not be relevant to the determination of his guilt, but if he chose to speak he would be liable to questioning by the court and by counsel for prosecution and defence.

It was proposed that trials before the court would be without jury. Hearings would be held in public unless the court decided that public sittings might prejudice the interests of justice. Deliberations of the court would be held in private. The court would have the power to dismiss a case if it came to the conclusion that it would not result in a fair trial. Decisions of the court should be by majority vote, but if the votes were equally divided no decision would be taken.

It was proposed that there should be no appeal from a judgement of the court, but a revision of the judgment might be requested in the event that newly discovered facts warranted reconsideration. No person who had been tried, and acquitted or convicted by the court should be subsequently tried for the same offence in a national court in a State which had recognised the jurisdiction of the court.

As regards the execution of sentences, it was proposed that an obligation to execute the court's sentence should rest only upon States which had assumed this obligation by special convention. To provide for the possibility of pardon or parole, it was proposed that a Board of Clemency should be established by the States parties to the statute.

No substantive action on these recommendations was taken by the 1951 General Assembly, but at the 1953 Session, by 5 votes to 4, with 6 abstentions, the Committee decided to recommend to the General Ass-

embly that the court should not come into existence until a certain number of States (the precise number to be determined) had ratified the convention containing the statute of the court. The Committee then drew up a revised draft statute for an international criminal court.

Under the revised draft statute, a permanent international criminal court would be established to try natural persons, whether constitutionally responsible rulers, public officials or private individuals accused of crimes generally recognised under international law.

The court would apply international law and, where appropriate, national law. It would consist of fifteen independent judges, elected regardless of nationality, no two of whom might be nationals of the same State. Judges would be elected by the States which conferred jurisdiction of the court. (An alternative text provided that the judges would be elected by the Members of the United Nations.) The term of office of the judges would be nine years and they would be eligible for re-election. States which conferred jurisdiction on the court would jointly bear the expenses necessary for its operation. A State might withdraw its conferment of jurisdiction.

A State initiating proceedings would present evidence of international crime to a Committing Chamber of five judges, appointed annually for one year by the court. The Chamber would give the accused opportunity to be heard and, if necessary, might order further inquiry or investigation. A prosecuting attorney, appointed by the complainant States, would then file with the court an indictment based on the findings of the Committing Chamber and he would be responsible for conducting the prosecution.

As already stated, trials would be without jury, except where otherwise provided in the instrument by which jurisdiction had been conferred upon the court. The accused being presumed to be innocent until proved guilty, he would have all guarantees for a fair trial. The court would sit in public unless there were exceptional circumstances in which it found that public sittings might prejudice the interests of justice, but its deliberations would be in private and were not to be disclosed.

That was how the matter was left a quarter of a century ago at the eighth session of the General Assembly in 1953. But in 1978 the 33rd session of the General Assembly recommended by a vote of 116 for and 23 abstaining, that the 35th General Assembly in 1980 accord priority and full consideration to the adoption of a Draft Code of Offences against the Peace and Security of Mankind. This action refers back to a Draft of the International Law Commission in 1954, which had been delayed pending the adoption of a definition of aggression. As the latter had been adopted on December 14, 1974, interest in the draft code had been reawakened and Member states were invited to submit comments and observations by the end of 1979.

Thus, triggered by the Secretary-General's initiative in relation to the deposed Shah, it would appear that both these substantial innovations—a Code and a Court—are likely to occupy the members of the U.N. seriously from now on. For it is clear that one cannot exist without the

other. In fact, the inseparable relationship of a code of international offences and an international tribunal to try them has always been recognised by international lawyers who have been supportive of both enterprises.

To recapitulate: at the conclusion of the First World War, various proposals were made for the creation of some sort of international tribunal to try individuals for the offences against the laws of war. Recommendations were put forward at the Peace Conference in 1919 by a Commission on the Responsibility of the authors of the War and on the Enforcement of Penalties. These were followed by provisions of the Treaty of Versailles to try the German ex-emperor 'for a supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of treaties.' Between the two wars, interest in the creation of an international criminal court was maintained by the same Committee of Jurists, set up by the League of Nations to plan the Permanent Court of International Justice. They proposed that an international criminal court should also be set up; but their recommendation was rejected as premature.

Private bodies such as the International Law Association and the Inter-Parliamentary Union gave intensive study to it in the 1920s, while the International Association for Penal Law prepared a draft statute in 1928. Interest was revived in the 1930s by the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Foreign Minister M. Barthou in October 1934, when the French Government urged the League of Nations to devise machinery for the suppression of international political crimes. The Second World War revived the idea of an international criminal court and resulted in the establishment of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg. But since the functions of that Tribunal have ceased to exist, the question of the creation of a 'permanent' international criminal court has fallen within the jurisdiction of the U.N. General Assembly. The question now is: What is to follow?

Clearly, the proposed court would need to have a wide jurisdiction. The first point to note, therefore, is that, as the judges at Nuremberg declared: 'Crimes against international law are committed by men, not by abstract entities, and only by punishing individuals who commit such crimes can the provision of international law be enforced.'

It is this recognition of individual responsibility for such crimes that calls for the constitution of an international tribunal with power to try individuals and to administer international criminal law, just as national criminal courts administer national criminal law. For this reason, the preliminary General Assembly debate late last year on the Code of Offences was of outstanding interest.

No doubt the proposed Code of Offences will have to start from what were called the 'Principles of International Law Recognised in the Charter of the Nuremberg Tribunal and in the Judgement of the Tribunal', and which were subsequently formulated in 1950 by the International Law Commission. Principle I stipulates that 'any person who commits an act which constitutes a crime under international law is responsible therefore

and liable to punishment'. Principle II stresses that even when internal law does not impose a penalty for an act which constitutes a crime under international law, this does not relieve that person from responsibility under international law. Moreover, under Principle III, a crime under international law committed by a Head of State or responsible government official does not relieve him from responsibility under international law. Nor does 'the fact that a person acted pursuant to an order of his Government or of a superior' absolve him from responsibility under international law (states Principle IV) provided a moral choice was in fact possible to him. This is how the relevant law stands today.

It is the sixth principle, however, that groups into three categories the crimes which are currently punishable under international law, namely: (a) *Crimes against peace* (including planning, preparation, initiation or waging of a war of aggression or a war in violation of international treaties, and also participation in a common plan or conspiracy for those ends); (b) *War crimes* (such as violations of the laws or customs of war, which include ill-treatment or deportation of civilian population in occupied territory, ill-treatment of prisoners of war or killing of hostages); and (c) *Crimes against humanity* (involving extermination, enslavement, deportation and other inhuman acts done against the civilian population).

These bedrock categories might now be assumed to be part of customary law for all mankind. But since they were formulated, they have been supplemented by a vast development of conventional law dealing, in one degree or another, with terrorism, hijacking, air piracy, violation of diplomatic protection, and other international criminal acts. Hence, drafting the proposed Code will be no simple matter, now that it has actually begun.

How much more hazardous will be the procedures eventually designed to bring the culprit before the Court? There are some obvious culprits already close at hand. One recalls the recently-exiled, fallen potentates such as Bokassa of the Central African Republic, Amin of Uganda and Somoza of Nicaragua. But what of Pol Pot, whose crumbled régime in Kampuchea nevertheless received majority recognition by the General Assembly last year? And would Ian Smith of Southern Rhodesia qualify for the criminal dock? Or Pinochet of Chile?

Then there are the South African perpetrators of *apartheid,* repeatedly condemned by the U.N. as international crime? And the torturers in Brazil, Argentina, South Korea and Indonesia? Not least, the Iranian criminals who grossly violated the Vienna Diplomatic Convention by imprisoning diplomatic envoys accredited to their own Government, or the Soviet troops in Afghanistan? Where do we begin? Where do we stop?

In this informal recital of possible indictments we have moved a long way from the solemn and painstaking draftsmanship of the 1951 and 1953 General Assemblies and their expert Committees, and not least the recently renewed courage of the U.N. General Assembly to begin drafting

an international criminal code for the 1980s. Perhaps citation of some of these hard realistic choices of potential offenders may well have occurred to the national delegations as they re-opened the Pandora crime-box in New York. Their responses may throw some light on the reasons why, three decades ago, the United Nations thought it best to postpone their decisions to the Greek Kalends.

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The September issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Avoiding the Nuclear Holocaust* by Lord Jenkins of Putney, *Birth Control in China* by J. A. Loraine, *Zimbabwe's First Year* by John Day and *Scotland: The View from Linwood and Faslane* by R. D. Kernohan.

RETROSPECTIVE REPUTATIONS: Phillip King at the Hayward Gallery; Robert Rauschenberg at the Tate

by Simon Passmore

MANY artistic reputations have waned since the 1960s, the decade which has become identified with the greatest excesses of fashion. The recent London retrospectives of Robert Rauschenberg and Phillip King offered an opportunity to compare the development of two artists whose names were established in the mid-sixties, already a period bathed in nostalgic glamour. Rauschenberg's fame, at least in England, resulted from his popular exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery in 1964, where King took part in a group exhibition the following year, winning further acclaim in New York with a one-man show and contributions to *Primary Structures* at the Jewish Museum in 1966.

King's work has changed a good deal since then. The early sculptures dating from 1962-3 look quirky and whimsical now: the very title of *Tra-la-la* (1963) is defiantly flippant, while the piece itself is a visual pun —a twist of plastic coming from the empty air and joined to the floor by a spindle and cone. The cone, though, gives the game away with its robust strength and formal precision. A *jeu d'esprit* requires no such firm grounding, and a series of other cone-based sculptures shows King experimenting with this combination of seemingly frivolous shapes and structural strength.

Rosebud (1962) is a conical pink plastic skin just opened to reveal a brightly contrasted green interior. The jokey inversion of colours—the bud of a green rose?— is balanced by a design combining robustness with delicacy, and a sense of solidity with airy lightness. The sheer size of the joke, too—a rosebud four feet high—is a familiar Pop inversion which nevertheless inspires laughter. *Genghis Khan* (1963), also based on the cone shape, is a stylised visual emblem, a huge blue Mongol helmet with ear-flaps and horns. Its formal strength, again, works to complement the apparent lightness of the whole, achieving a rare combination of authority and humour.

The media used in *Rosebud, Genghis Khan* and *Tra-la-la* are very much of their time: coloured plastic and fibreglass. Perhaps more than anything else it is the choice of these materials which has dated the sculptures. In *And the Birds began to sing* (1965), however, King moved away from manufactured materials in favour of sheet metal, to create a set of three nesting cones. Despite the weight of the new material, the sculpture still retains the buoyant control of space which distinguishes much of King's earlier work.

At the end of the 1960s and early 1970s, King made some of the most interesting of his sculptures, often large scale works and usually constructed from metal finished in paint. *Green Streamer* (1970), *Crest* (1970)

and *Red Between* (1971) have the immediate appeal of new agricultural implements: cleanly cut metal surfaces, robust design, solidly bolted and welded. Bright paint completes the impression of high quality, business-like tools. Here again, though, a contradiction is apparent: just as *Rosebud* and *Tra-la-la* were serious but appeared frivolous, so *Red Between* and *Green Streamers* look utilitarian yet are works of art. King's best sculpture, with its air of lean purposefulness, is able to span such definitions.

One of the most curious pieces from this period, *Sculpture '71,* develops the resemblance to agricultural equipment in a steel construction nearly 6½ metres square. This large, low object is hollow at the centre, which is however inaccessible; the viewer's frustration emphasises his inability to penetrate the sculpture. The theme is continued in *Open Place* (1977), a heavy mass of slate and steel enclosing an almost hidden, empty centre. *Within* (1979) again confronts our expectation of a work's heart, its hidden essence: the interior is air merely, an area of space formed by the external planes of slate, steel and elm. The myth of the centre is pervasive, and King returns to it repeatedly in his sculpture to establish a contrary idea of interplay between the internal and the external.

The sense of form in King's early work is largely theoretical. The repeated cone motif is mathematical in origin, a given shape quite different in spirit from the found objects which often reappear in the later sculpture. As he moved away from the clean, geometrical wit of *Rosebud* and *Genghis Khan* towards the rhythms of the natural world, the theoretical forces binding those sculptures were replaced by more tangible ones. While the structure of *Rosebud* is coolly self-sufficient, tensions are more apparent in *Rock Place* (1976/7), *Tracer* (1977), *Ring Rock* (1978) and *Shiva's Rings* (1978). These pieces are rigorously bolted and tied with steel hawsers, suggesting fiercely compressed forces. The materials are coarse and rugged: chunks of wood, slate and metal bound together with strength and vigour. The culmination of this development is *Shogun* (1980), a massive engine of steel and wood clamped around the heavy links of industrial roller chain. Coated in places with resin, the sculpture has a stern, workmanlike character very far from the trim frivolity of the plastic cones. The natural and man-made worlds meet here at the level of raw energy.

Robert Rauschenberg has not made this remarkable journey from capriciousness to power. The retrospective exhibition of his paintings and assemblages at the Tate does not, for all its impressiveness, suggest grounds for a reappraisal of the artist on new terms. The viewer's perplexity, that important precursor to understanding which accompanied the earlier works, has gone now; Pop and Abstract Expressionism have been assimilated by the art history curriculum, so the challenge to conventional perception which they offered twenty and thirty years ago no longer applies. Works such as *Canyon* (1959) and *Pilgrim* (1960) still command attention and exert considerable force, but others (like the *White Painting* of 1951) appear more mannered than King's plastic cones. It is to some

extent Rauschenberg's misfortune to have been so admired: his influence has been so widespread that now his own, earlier creations look like imitations. Yet the artist's *Bed* (1955), rumpled and paint-smattered, remains a magnificent piece, hanging triumphantly on the gallery wall.

It is the later objects which seem less satisfying, such as the recurrent images from American photojournalism, by now so familiar as to be almost invisible, which appear again and again in balanced compositions. One of the main points of interest for many visitors to the gallery appeared to be yellowed scraps of the *New York Times* from two decades ago. People assiduously screwed their necks round to read the newsprint upside down, testifying to the continuing preference for news—old news —over art. Resonances once created by the juxtaposition of two articles or photographs have in many cases faded away, leaving only a vague sense of time past.

Rauschenberg's talent is primarily decorative. The qualities most often apparent in his work are not originality and vigour, as in Phillip King's, but charm, taste and restraint. This is increasingly true of the later pictures and assemblages. His colour combinations and sense of pattern are exquisite. It is no coincidence that two of the best contributions to the Tate exhibition should have been Rauschenberg's design for the catalogue and poster. His orientation towards the decorative arts is most clearly shown in the recent constructions of metal, lights, mirrors and solvent transfers of photographs (such as *Narwhale,* 1977). These form almost a suite, artistic furniture such as jukeboxes and pinball machines threaten to become.

A comparison with Whistler, another American *enfant terrible* of art, illustrates the difference between Rauschenberg's decorative talent and Whistler's creative one. Commissioned to paint a small proportion of a room, Whistler's involvement went far in excess of his brief; overpainting the leather-work of his fellow artist with a profusion of ornament, he created in the Peacock Room a triumph of beauty over taste. Rauschenberg could be trusted to leave the patron's walls intact. Like Phillip King, he is bold in his choice of forms, of colours, of media. But King's boldness is almost defiant; *Declaration* (1961), a massive set of marble characters transfixed on a metal bar, inaugurated the sculptor's new, open aesthetic in a characteristically emphatic way. Rauschenberg's boldness seems more assured, a suave confidence in his own ability. I liked best of all in the exhibition his series *Jammers* (1975/6), constructions from silk, string and bamboo. Here the confused banner-waving, actual and figurative, of the artist's earlier work is transmuted into sails for the ships of the imagination, or flags for new republics: a gold, white and turquoise tricolour, not only three-coloured but three-dimensional too. Simplicity combines with a non-specific suggestiveness to show Rauschenberg at his best: cool, tasteful, shrewd.

CLUBLAND

by Peter Hepple

FOR a nation whose inhabitants still profess to subscribe to the maxim of 'keeping yourself to yourself', Britain has always been the most clubbable nation in the world. Or perhaps this is not such a paradox as it might sound. For whereas the Americans are given to 'sharing', which sometimes seems a euphemism for proselytisation and evangelism on the grand scale, and the Europeans to discussing matters in the streets and cafés, Britons prefer to talk, and to disagree, in the privacy of the club. It matters little whether one is a politician or a plumber, a football supporter or a fan of old B-movies, there is a club or an association or society to cater for your interests.

Britain presumably invented the club, whereas it might be said that the Continent invented the secret society, which is not the same thing at all. The latter might be composed of revolutionaries or heretics, dedicated to overthrowing established Church and State. Nothing as sinister as that is allowed to impinge on the British club, even though it might have the word Radical above its door. British revolutionaries are inclined to meet in rented rooms above pubs or in converted shops in deprived Inner London areas.

When we talk about 'the club' we are referring to an institution which might apply to as much as half the population of this country. The great London clubs—the Athenaeum, Whites, Boodles, the Reform, the Carlton, the Garrick—are inheritors of the coffee house tradition, talking shops possibly, though the conversation may be of high quality. Others—the Naval and Military, the United Services, the Royal Automobile, the Royal Air Force—were obviously founded for people of similar interests and backgrounds, with reasonably priced accommodation for those who happened to be temporarily visiting London. Outside the capital, most towns have a club for professional and business men, and the larger cities may possess more on the London model, representing shades of political opinion and business involvement. Add all these together, however, and it is doubtful whether a significant proportion of the country's population would be in membership, probably well under a million.

Down at the other end of the social scale, however, we come upon a phenomenon whose impact is scarcely realised or understood even by those politicians who occasionally drop in for a modest half pint—the working men's club, a term which seems somehow inappropriate at a time when many of them have upgraded their facilities to a standard which makes many of the St. James's clubs look merely respectably shabby.

The Club and Institute Union, the co-ordinating body for the majority of working men's clubs, has a membership of 4,000 clubs, representing four million paid-up members. And the tone of the movement is set by the style of the CIU headquarters, a large concrete-and-glass building in

Upper Street, Islington, practically next door to Highbury and Islington station.

It is something of a far cry from its foundation in mid-Victorian times, the brainchild of a North Country Unitarian minister, Henry Solly, who believed that textile operatives deserved more in the way of recreation than alehouses. In keeping with Victorian feelings of philanthropy and self-improvement, the aims were partly educational and Solly had solicited the support of many men of distinction, including Lord Brougham, before he was enabled to give up his ministry to become the Club and Institute Union's first paid secretary, working from offices in the Strand, in June 1862.

Oddly enough, the movement has not strayed too far from its original philosophy. The sophisticated Londoner may have some idea that working men's clubs are invariably in the North and are used mainly by male beer drinkers of prodigious capacity watching striptease shows on a Sunday lunchtime while their wives are labouring in the kitchen, but this is far from being the case. Certainly in smaller communities the club is often the hub of local life, even if most of Solly's loftier aims have fallen by the wayside. Clubs do, however, run football teams, organise darts, snooker and angling competitions, take old people on outings to the coast, give parties for the children at Christmas, look after their members who have fallen on hard times, have constant collections for charity and generally conduct themselves in an admirable way, served by generations of dedicated committee men. If they have a fault, and it is one which has been seized upon by a number of feminist organisations, it is that they are male-oriented, summed up by an advertisement in the Sheffield club journal, *Our Clubs,* which announced its Sunday lunchtime shows, to which children were admitted, 'While Mum cooks the dinner, Dad bring the kids.' Small wonder that feminist pickets have been protesting outside Yorkshire and Lancashire clubs in recent months.

It is generally believed that working men's clubs are thin on the ground south of Birmingham, but the fact is that clubs go with industry. If there are more in the Midlands and North, it is because there is more industry in those areas. Yet some cities have a greater reputation of being 'club towns' than others, certainly in the entertainment profession. Leicester is one example, and has traditionally offered a 'Sunday noon and night' to variety artists *en route* from the North to the South and vice versa But the clubs are seldom city centre places. These days they belong in the vast sprawling council housing estates around our major cities, including London. It is significant that Dagenham and Barking, both of which were developed in the years immediately following the First World War, have a higher proportion of working men's clubs than anywhere else in the London area. Slough, essentially a creation of the thirties' depression years, has several WMCs. And, perhaps surprisingly, so does Welwyn Garden City, regarded, perhaps, as more upmarket but still strongly working class for all that.

The New Towns of the post-World War II period have often been criticised for their lack of entertainment facilities, in distinction to their

emphasis on housing and plentiful open spaces, and on looking at them today it is hard to avoid the conclusion that they might not have become such potentially troublesome areas had the club movement been consulted at an early stage in their development.

For although the clubs have due regard to the welfare of their members, they would appear to look on themselves as social rather than welfare organisations. Anybody who has visited Harlow, Stevenage, Kirkby and the still growing Milton Keynes will quickly realise that the clinical 'community centres' which the planners have seen fit to dot around these huge areas hardly stand comparison with the cosy togetherness of the working men's club, staffed as they are by 'community workers' who are paid employees of a local authority.

The strength of the clubs is that there has always been, following the lead of Solly, a strong element of 'do it yourself' and a distinct tendency towards cost-effectiveness. Unlike the social services, the clubs do not support an infrastructure of professionals relying on the success of the establishment for a living or, for that matter, on government and local authority aid. The system may have its drawbacks—on reading through the trade papers of the clubs, one rapidly reaches the conclusion that dishonesty or, more likely, plain bad book-keeping is a continual problem —but waste is not one of them. The average club will probably have only one full-time paid employee, the steward—a term generally preferred to manager—who, usually assisted by his wife, looks after the premises, orders the food and drink and serves behind the bar. Naturally enough, additional staff are taken on as required, but administrative decisions and very often such detailed ones as which artists to book for concerts and which brands of cigarettes to stock are made by committees. In this respect, there is little to differentiate between Oughtibridge Comrades Club and the Guards Club, for both are subject to the same legislation.

Legal matters loom large when it comes to running clubs and the club periodicals invariably carry pages of court decisions and legal advice. Thanks to the complexity of the licensing regulations and the differences between one local authority and another, a mass of legislation referring to clubs has come into being. It is no cause for wonder that in the areas in which legislation against drinking in public places is strongest, for example Wales and Scotland, the hold of the clubs is at its firmest.

The number of people directly employed by clubs may be relatively few, but those indirectly dependent on them is obviously considerably more. Brewing interests are very much involved, though some federations of clubs have for long operated their own breweries on a non-profit making basis. The trend in more recent years has been to co-operate, however, with the larger breweries, which can provide capital for extensions and upgrading, in return for sole retail rights.

Others relying on club prosperity for large percentages of their income are tobacco manufacturers—clubs are inclined to encourage both smoking and drinking—musical instrument manufacturers, particularly of clubland's favourite sound, the electronic organ; makers of bingo equipment; the fast food industry; sporting equipment manufacturers; and the

automatic machine trade. All these can be found shouting their wares at such events as the National Clubland Show, held annually at Belle Vue, Manchester, and an eye-opener to those who have never been to a club and who will be amazed at the scope and complexity of an industry which outstrips any other in the leisure field, partly because it is non-seasonal.

Its impact on the entertainment profession is of course profound, but it is one that is sensed rather than publicised. This is due largely to the fact that, of all the activities in what must loosely be called show business, it is the most 'underground'. Few advertisements appear in local newspapers, except in more rural areas, for club entertainment. There are no posters on walls, no cards in shop windows.

This is because club entertainment is officially 'for members only', though as each CIU club member can enter any other similarly affiliated club there is a good deal of travelling from one club to another to see favourite artists. Indeed, the larger Blackpool working men's clubs. which are naturally fairly empty in the winter months, blossom in the summer to the extent of putting on elaborate seasonal productions to attract holidaymakers who are members of CIU clubs.

The recent play at the Royal Court Theatre Upstairs, *Four in a Million,* gave a remarkably accurate insight into the lives of club performers. Set in a Leicester guest house, it depicted four artists who were spending a week in the city playing a different club each night. This is a very common practice in the larger club areas, for instance, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, the North-East and South Wales. Artists are contracted for a period by a local agent and then 'sold out' to individual clubs, the most popular often being offered two or three engagements a night.

The booking of entertainment for each club is ostensibly in the hands of the 'concert secretary', an official who figures prominently in the mythology of clubland, usually for his legendary ignorance of entertainment, but actually they are collectively powerful in the business, being often grouped into federations of their own, exchanging notes about artists' performances and fees and 'blacking' those who step out of line. Their activities, and more especially the power they wield, have often been criticised by the artists union, Equity. It is ironic that, although they are often members of a union themselves, they sometimes refuse recognition of Equity as a negotiating body and have frequently been accused of behaving in a cavalier and unfair fashion by stopping payment to artists who have not pleased their audiences, regardless of the fact that the artist may be in possession of a contract from an agent. Equity has made considerable inroads into clubs in recent years but the situation is by no means fully resolved.

Club entertainment nights are usually the only occasions when women are actually welcomed into working men's clubs, though lunchtime shows are often reserved for men only and there are frequent stag nights with strippers and the more blue comedians. Things have undoubtedly changed

since the sixties, when working men's clubs were actively competing with the proprietary cabaret clubs to obtain the top artists, and a club like Greasborough, near Rotherham, would book five or six acts for a full week, including most of the top names of the day. But if there has been some retrenchment, it has only been back to that which prevailed before the sixties boom—two or three nights a week in most cases, using one or two acts per night, plus of course the almost mandatory Sunday—and sometimes Saturday—lunchtimes. It might be thought strange that while London theatres and unions are making up their minds whether to work on Sundays, shows on the sabbath in clubs have been going on for many years and most clubs even present lunchtime and evening performances on Christmas Day.

It may be the ambition of most club entertainers to escape from the grind of clubs into theatres, pantomimes and summer seasons, but the current recession has shown that there are many who are happy to return to face the sometimes highly critical audiences. In addition, they are almost the only entry into the profession for young performers in these times.

Indications are that, unlike theatres and cabaret venues, the number of clubs in Britain continues to increase steadily. For as well as the CIU clubs, there are several hundred Royal British Legion clubs, formed after the 1914-18 war to serve ex-members of the forces, though this purpose has been largely forgotten, and hundreds more which are connected with the Conservative, Liberal and Labour parties, most of the last-named being affiliated to the CIU. There are also many social clubs linked to industrial installations operated by organisations large and small, and a growing number attached to football clubs, both league and non-league, the primary purpose of which is to raise funds for the parent club.

Here at least is one sector of the British economy which is not in a state of decline, with the vast majority of clubs showing a healthy level of profitability. With a strong element of member, if not exactly worker participation, they may even provide an example which the rest of the country can follow.

[Peter Hepple has been Editor of *The Stage*, the newspaper of the entertainment profession, since 1972. He is also Chairman of the City University's PEPE (Popular Entertainment for People in the Eighties) project and is Secretary of the Drama Section of the Critics Circle.]

QUARTERLY RECORD REVIEW

by David Fingleton

WAGNER. *Parsifal.* Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra/Von Karajan. (5 Cassettes) DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 3382 002.
VERDI. *La Traviata.* National Philharmonic Orchestra/Bonynge. (3 Records) DECCA D212D 3.
BRAHMS. Symphony No. 4. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra/Kleiber. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2532 003.
CHOPIN. Piano Recital. Ivo Pogorelich. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2531 346.
SCHUBERT. Octet. Vienna Chamber Ensemble. DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON 2531 278.
MENDELSSOHN. Octet and Symphonies No. 10 and No. 12. I Musici. PHILIPS SEQUENZA 6527 076.
SCHUBERT. Piano Quintet in A Major 'Trout'. Beaux Arts Trio, Samuel Rhodes, Georg Hortnagel. PHILIPS SEQUENZA 6527 075.
RENATO BRUSON LIVE IN CONCERT. (With Craig Sheppard) CHANDOS ABR 1016.
THE YOUNG GIUSEPPE DI STEFANO. (2 Records) EMI RLS 756.

ALTHOUGH Herbert Von Karajan recorded Wagner's Ring Cycle and *Die Meistersinger* some years ago, he has been slow to tackle the master's final epic, *Parsifal,* in the recording studio. It was not until late 1979, already into his seventies, that Karajan, whilst preparing a new production for the following year's Salzburg Easter Festival, finally committed *Parsifal* to records, using his favoured system of making the recording in the Berlin Philharmonie with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and the same cast as would be singing in the production at Salzburg a few months later.

The sheer quality of the resulting recording makes me enormously grateful for the maestro's decision to wait. It must surely be one of the most totally satisfying and beautiful recordings of a Wagner opera yet issued, and the feeling is always there that Karajan totally respects the music and is intent throughout on realising a fully integrated, faithfully musical performance, rather than, as has sometimes been the case, one that dazzles by his personal mastery of the music and of the orchestra. Thus there are no distracting recording tricks here whereby the balance favours the orchestra at the expense of the singers, yet with the advantage of Deutsche Grammophon's latest digital recording technique, this is a superbly clear, impeccably balanced recording, which enables one to become totally absorbed in Wagner's music, without technical distraction. In fact I listened to *Parsifal* on DG's admirably produced 5-Cassette boxed version, where the sound, on chromium dioxide tape, is fully up to the quality on disc. What is more, cassettes are particularly suitable as a means of listening to this most spacious of operas: ideal for long, and otherwise tedious, journeys on motorways!

Not only has Karajan coaxed playing from the Berlin Philharmonic that is outstanding even by their own enormously high standards, but he has also assembled a cast in which it would be hard to imagine any improvement. If I say that the finest performances come from Kurt Moll as Gurnemanz and José Van Dam as Amfortas that is simply because

they shine most brightly. For Peter Hoffman's noble Parsifal and Siegmund Nimsgern's powerfully incisive Klingsor are equally beyond reproach, and Karajan's own 'discovery', the young Yugoslavian mezzo soprano Dunja Vejzovic, is a thrillingly committed Kundry even though her upper register has still fully to develop. The rest of the cast is from massive strength with, for example, Barbara Hendricks as First Flower Maiden, Claes H. Ahnsjoh as First Knight, and the superb Hanna Schwarz as the voice from heaven in the Grail scene. This is a great recording of a great opera, and no Wagnerian should conceivably be without it.

I wish I could say the same for Decca's new recording of *La Traviata,* Dame Joan Sutherland's second in the title role, but sadly, though it is glossy and accomplished, this performance seldom approaches greatness. There is a strong cast with Luciano Pavarotti a robust, if at times ungainly, Alfredo, and Matteo Manuguerra a musicianly, but slightly monochrome, Père Germont, and the supporting roles are all strongly taken. Moreover conductor Richard Bonynge has recorded the opera complete, without the usual cuts, and although he imparts no great character or insight to his reading, he draws highly polished playing from the National Philharmonic. Finally Decca have given this Traviata an admirably clear, well defined and balanced, digital recording. But with all this where is the musical drama and emotional charge that we expect in this wonderful opera? I confess I could not find it. The opening scene is the meeting of mature heavyweights, not the exhilaration of love at first sight, and the second act confrontation between Violetta and Père Germont has superb musical professionalism but little of the feeling of sacrifice and grief that is essential. Even in the final act Sutherland, who throughout sings splendidly and enunciates far better than before, never pulls at my heart strings, or makes me believe that she has truly died for love.

A conductor who did release the full emotional charge of *La Traviata* when he recorded it a few years ago was Carlos Kleiber, and he does so again with his recent recording of Brahms's 4th Symphony. Not for him the wallowing in lush romanticism that often characterises performances of orchestral Brahms; instead he gives a highly charged, tautly emotional, yet strongly muscular account of this magnificent, but elusive, symphony. Unlike our own London Symphony Orchestra when playing for Kleiber at the Festival Hall recently, the Vienna Philharmonic are entirely up to the maestro's sometimes idiosyncratic demands, and respond superlatively. Their strings are a joy to hear. Deutsche Grammophon have contributed an impressively clear digital recording, and this is an issue to be acquired and cherished.

It is DG again who are responsible for bringing us the first recording of the controversial and highly exciting 23-year-old Yugoslavian pianist, Ivo Pogorelich. He caused a sensation at the Chopin Competition in Warsaw last year, and Martha Argerich, herself a former prize-winner

there, stormed off the jury when no prize was awarded to him. She declared him to be 'a genius', and certainly this all-Chopin first recording gives evidence of boundless technical ability and a remarkably developed musical insight. He can be controversial: some of his tempi and dynamics in the Sonata No. 2 took me by surprise. But his performance of this sonata, above all of its 'Funeral March' third movement, has the stamp of greatness, and his selection of shorter pieces, including the great Opus 55 No. 2 Nocturne and some remarkably persuasive Etudes, on the second side, also makes compelling listening.

To move from these performances to that of Schubert's Octet by the Vienna Chamber Ensemble is to turn from drama to serenity. This wonderful work shows Schubert at his most masterly—his most lovably melodic, and indeed most Viennese—and I cannot imagine it being played more beautifully than by these Viennese musicians. Throughout its collosal length — nearly an hour, but never a note too many — the Ensemble display not merely a rare degree of virtuosity and ensemble, especially the clarinet, bassoon and horn, but an unerring grasp of the structure and moods of the work. Once again Deutsche Grammophon have contributed a first-class recording to a performance of which I shall never tire.

Another great Octet is Mendelssohn's, for strings alone. But while Schubert's was a product of his maturity, written just four years before his death at the age of 31, Mendelssohn's is the carefree outpouring of a teenage genius aged sixteen. It has all the energy and confidence of a great composer at the threshold of adult life; how tragic that he too should have been dead by the time he was 38. The Octet is given a splendidly exhilarating performance by I Musici on a new Philips medium-price label which here represents extraordinarily good value. The record has over 66 minutes playing time in all, for in addition to the octet there are on the second side two of Mendelssohn's superbly joyous, totally appealing early symphonies for strings: the 10th and 12th, written when he was a mere fourteen. Another highly attractive Sequenza issue is again devoted to Schubert, probably the most popular of all his chamber works, the 'Trout' piano quintet. This is admirably played here by the augmented Beaux Arts Trio, and space has been found on the second side for Schubert's eponymous song 'Die Forelle' from which the theme of the quintet's fourth movement is taken. This is dramatically sung by Hermann Prey and makes a delightful *bonne bouche* at the end of the quintet.

Finally this quarter I must recommend a feast of fine singing. The leading Italian baritone Renato Bruson — recently heard at Covent Garden as Verdi's Macbeth, and to return there next season as Falstaff— was recorded by Chandos, live, during his first London recital at Wigmore Hall last year. His golden, burnished voice can be heard to marvellous effect in songs by Donizetti and Verdi, and gloriously sentimentally in Tosti's 'L'Ultima Canzone' and in Capua's Neapolitan Love Song, which he gave as an encore. His style, as well as his vocal technique, is

exemplary, and he is sensitively accompanied by the young American pianist Craig Sheppard. Well worth having, despite the over-exuberant audience noises. The HMV Treasury set of the young Giuseppe di Stefano shows precisely why this tenor was so enormously admired 25 years ago. The earliest recordings, from the 1940s, show a wonderfully beautiful voice, and the sort of no-holds-barred singing that explains why he reached his peak so soon, and then dwindled while still relatively young. Even the recordings here from the mid-1950s show a voice that is beginning to wear, but not so those early performances. Try Donizetti's 'Una furtiva lagrima' or the two arias from Massenet's *Manon*, all recorded between 1944 and 1947 when di Stefano was still in his mid twenties, to appreciate his quality and joy in singing. I find its sheer beauty immensely moving.

AUROVILLE—THE FIRST TWELVE YEARS

by Mervyn Horder

THIS is India—the parched sandy south-eastern seaboard of the state of Tamil Nadu to be precise—so naturally the standard approach to the place is on a hired bicycle (Rs. 4 a day), one of those immensely heavy Madras-built Phillips cycles with 2-inch tyres, built-in padlock, carrier and wheel-stand. Auroville is 5 miles north of Pondicherry to the west of the old Madras road, your whole journey is through the usual exuberant seething dusty chaos of Indian street life, human and animal; and though it is possible to get to the Auroville turning by bus, taxi or bicycle rickshaw, motorcycle or cycle is the true modern pilgrim's vehicle. A single unheralded sandy track darts off to the left in the village of Kottakupam (Auroville's postal address) and winds aimlessly across some fields vaguely upwards—a rise of 10 feet in about 40 yards at one point is called in local maps 'The Hill'—and only a narrow strip of the track's width is solid enough to give purchase for your tyres; all riders in both directions compete for this strip, and the unlucky ones have to be content with pedalling through deep sand or dismounting. Reaching the shade of the Auroville trees and the Fraternity guest house at which most visitors arrive first, the sensation, give or take a few neems and banyans, is very like riding in high summer through the remoter areas of the New Forest.

It is worth while to emphasize these things since in spite of its growing international repute Auroville has no intention of ever becoming a tourist attraction. There is a branch of the State Bank of India, a post office, a crafts boutique of rather an expensive kind; but no hotel, no coaches, no souvenirs, no postcards, and the arrangements for the accommodation of unattached visitors are cumbrous and limited. Both the object and the result of this attitude is that only those who think they have some long-term contribution to make to the place are likely to go there; and these have to stay for a year at their own expense before the decision crystallises, on both sides, whether there is permanent room for them.

Auroville's foundation stone was laid in 1968—a practical embodiment of the aspirations of two people: Aurobindo Ghose (1872-1950), a Bengali political philosopher educated at St Pauls and Kings College, Cambridge, and a lady of French Mediterranean origin known from the start of the venture as The Mother. Sri Aurobindo, after a brush in Alipur with the British over Curzon's Partition of Bengal Act 1908, retired to the French town of Chandernagore and later south to Pondicherry, where he first met The Mother in 1914, from 1920 onwards edited a philosophical journal *(Arya)* and later started an ashram with The Mother for their many disciples, also a printing works. He differed from most other Indian mystics in holding that it was not necessary to retire from the world to achieve enlightenment: 'our ideal is not the spirituality that withdraws from life but the conquest of life by the power of the spirit.' While the philosophical justification for Auroville and its aims will be

found among the 30 volumes of Aurobindo's long-limbed collected works, the terser, more quotable guidelines of the Auroville charter and its supplementary directives are a tribute to The Mother's rather crisper wisdom. Their remains lie today side by side in the cool oasis of their ashram in the heart of Pondicherry.

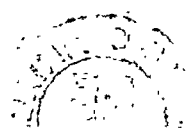
Dominating the heart of the enterprise is the cathedral of Auroville, the Matrimandir, symbolising 'the central force, the force of cohesion of Auroville.' Its foundation stone was laid in 1972 and it is still only half built, its form that of a concrete-framed ball 90 feet high, partly sunk in the ground and flattened at the top. Spiral steel ramps lead round the inside of the ball up to a gallery where a light burns day and night; but the material for the outer skin has yet to be chosen and the money to finish the whole has yet to be found. Next to the Matrimandir is a shallow round sunken amphitheatre suitable for public spectacles of every kind; here a lotus-shaped urn carries its symbolic load of a handful of earth from 121 different countries.

Otherwise the architecture that has appeared so far is not particularly dynamic. Germans have put up some twee little thatched cottages straight out of Grimm's fairy tales, and a few concrete villas with wooden buttresses in the Japanese manner. By far the most interesting is a compound of six circular red houses, known as Auromodel, nestling among the trees like huge white-iced pomegranates: these are the work of a French architect, Roger Anger, who has also done a large Tamil school, making effective use of the local granite with thin white concrete roofs.

Unless they can boast one of the special skills in demand in the various communities, newcomers are asked to maintain themselves for at least a year at their own expense, and visitors for as long as they stay. The daily charge for the latter is still only Rs. 30 a head (£1.50), and the vegetarian cookery and bakery is simple and excellent; you get a stainless steel dish and cup and one spoon (no individual knives or forks) and you wash up the lot yourself at the end of the meal.

The government of the place is undertaken by a single weekly inter-community meeting every Thursday, the conduct of which has strong Quaker overtones, and which no-one is obliged to attend. There is also an illustrated English-language quarterly, *Auroville Review*, the editing of which in these early days—the fair presentation of Auroville ferments and attitudes both to Aurovilleans themselves and to the outer world—is a task of some delicacy, so far admirably discharged.

There have been teething troubles of course, many of them connected with the intransigence of local Tamil landowners seeking to exact very high prices for the surrender of their freeholds—no more than a sixth of the 12,000 acres which the settlement is designed to cover has so far been purchased. There has been the misplaced use of violence and physical sanctions like the cutting off of electricity, to see off unpopular members of the community. There have been internal financial upheavals —a current dispute hangs on an Indian High Court decision whether



Auroville is a religious foundation or not. And the question of educating the Auroville-born children of non-Indian settlers is still far from solution. 'Education' in Auroville reports refers to the expansion of village schools for the 20,000 local Tamils in the area, and to kindergarten facilities for non-Indian children; schools for older children do not yet exist—European parents who want their offspring to have the formal education they had themselves still have to return them to Europe or elsewhere in India for this purpose.

Auroville is an expensive venture, its estimated budget for 1980-83 close on Rs. 9,000,000. A small but slowly increasing part of this is produced from its own resources, the rest by fund-raising among sympathisers in India itself (where donations are tax-deductible) and in the rest of the world, with America, as so often on such occasions, playing rather more than its expected part. It is possible to earmark donations for one of some twelve different 'envelopes' to which all receipts are allocated, general donations going into a *Pour Tous* envelope.

So far the main practical achievements of Auroville's forty-five different linked communities lie in the fields of agriculture, horticulture, pisciculture, handicrafts and the pioneering exploitation of alternative energy sources. There is also a stray computer research unit, a hand-made paper craftsman and assorted artists and musicians. These achievements are modest only—the forestry programme is on a tiny scale by the side of the Tamil Nadu state afforestation going on all round the area. The interest of the venture—the reason why both the Government of India and UNESCO watch it and have contributed to it—lies in its attempt to harmonise personal factors in a modern environment. Given the straightforward development needs of 20 square miles of parched, backward India, are individuals imported from 20 different nations capable of banding together in some kind of permanently fruitful anarchy, to meet these needs, to say nothing of solving the problems of their own lives concurrently; can they, in so doing, evolve a new spiritual way of life which could be transplanted elsewhere? Or is the whole thing just a costly, amateurish ploy for a few of the more starry-eyed idealists among us?

> The ideal of the Aurovilleans, (wrote The Mother in 1971), must be to become egoless. If they follow the old human way of selfish claim, how can they hope the world to change? It is the experience of life itself that should slowly elaborate rules as flexible and wide as possible, to be always progressive. Nothing should be fixed. . . I make no attempt to explain now, because people will start to make all sorts of complaints. All this must come about automatically, so to speak, with the growth of the city, in the true spirit.

One must hope that it will.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

GIDEON RAFAEL'S MEMOIRS

Destination Peace: Three Decades of Israeli Foreign Policy. A Personal Memoir. Gideon Rafael. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £14.95.

The history of nations and empires records few, if any, perpetual enemies. The State of Israel was born (or re-born) in ghetto, concentration camp and the settlements permitted under Turkish rule and British Mandate. It was precariously established against a ring of foes. It then enjoyed more foreign sympathy on the Left than the Right. The USSR was prompt in recognition. Among Conservatives Balfour, Churchill, Amery and others such as Boothby were Zionists for imperial and other reasons; but there were those in their party, proportionately more numerous than in the Labour and Liberal ranks, who were hostile to Zionism as were many responsible officials in the Foreign and Colonial Offices and the Palestine administration. But Nasserism and the Sinai-Suez conflict filled with admiration of Israeli valour many who had formerly romanticised the Arabs, and not all those who deplored the Anglo-French intervention were critical of the brilliant and lightning Israeli onslaught.

In Diaspora and Return the Israelis were underdogs. The British in particular have a weakness for the breed. But when Goliath was overcome and his occupied territory retained to secure the State, 'world opinion' changed and British underdog fanciers shifted their sympathies. Zionism was equated on the Left with imperialism and even fascism and the PLO was glamourised as had been the Arab Revolt against the Turks. The tunes may have been written in Moscow; but in the West there were those on both Left and Right who joined in the chorus. Arab oil lubricated the reversal. Dr. Kissinger's prediction of 1973, quoted by Ambassador Rafael, was unfortunately wide of the mark: 'We have excellent arrangements with our principal Middle Eastern suppliers of oil, Saudi Arabia and Iran, and we do not foresee any circumstances in which they could cut off our supplies of oil.'

Written in agreeable, flowing prose, this is the memoir of a consummate diplomatist who, having served in the *Haganah* and taken part in the rescue of fellow-Jews from the Third Reich, entered the embryonic diplomatic service of Israel. Gideon Rafael's distinguished career spans the entire life of that tiny State up to his retirement in 1978.

That was the year when Arab-Israel war set in motion the peace-making between Israel and Egypt. Egypt had been shaken in self-esteem, Israel in self-confidence. Menachem Begin and Anwar al-Sadat faced 'the choice between living in constant peril on the edge of a precipice or building a bridge over the abyss.' The Ambassador's destination, and his country's, is a peace that is condemned in much of the Second and Third Worlds and belittled in most of the First as insufficient without satisfaction of the Palestinians. Yet Camp David is a miraculous good start.

This is a long, detailed book; but it is full of wit and penetrating thumb-nail sketches. Thus Alec Home exhibits 'old world courtesy and quick British wit', his supplanter, Edward Heath, his 'peculiar body laughter.' David Ennals at the Foreign Office was 'full of the fear of Allah.' The gallant King Hussain is the 'Houdini of Oriental politics.'

But his survival, and that of other Arab monarchs, owes something to such as Gideon Rafael.

SIR JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON, M.P

P.E.P.'s ACHIEVEMENT

Fifty Years of Political and Economic Planning: Looking Forward 1931-1981. John Pinder (ed). Heinemann. £9.50.

This collection of essays by various hands on the history of P.E.P. is inaccurately named. It looks backward, not forward, despite Sir Charles Carter's final brief chapter suggesting some of the new problems that face P.E.P.'s successor, the Policy Studies Institute into which it merged in 1978. The book is, however, a useful reminder of P.E.P.'s impressive achievement, of the 574 fortnightly broadsheets that it produced from 1931 to 1978, and of the hundred or more reports or books published under its auspices. In form it was very much an English development. It owed its origin to a small group of dedicated and like-minded men who came together in 1931 in a now—curiously—dated faith that the collection and statement of the essential facts on a political or social problem would indicate the public policy that should follow from describing them.

The Founding Fathers saw themselves—not without much illusion—as non-party-political, but they were all believers, to a greater or lesser degree, in finding a plan for every social problem, and thought that all that was necessary was to sell it to the men in the corridors of power. In practice they were mainly Socialists, National Socialists, Independent Labour (like Kenneth Lindsay, its first General Secretary), Liberals (like Jo Grimond) with a few Tories of the Harold Macmillan, Edward Boyle or Geoffrey Howe style (though the latter has moved on since he was a P.E.P. author in 1969). They were all-but-exclusively Londoners, even if when MP's they represented Orkney and Shetland, Kilmarnock or Birmingham, Handsworth. They were always part of the Establishment, much as they denied it in the 1930's; their methods were to work by bringing the facts to the attention of the key figures of their day, who were often, conveniently, their own friends; the book concludes with a Who's Who that is a roll-call of the British political/intellectual elite of the last 40 years.

They were all-but-completely dependent on generous backers like the Dartington Hall Trust and Israel, later Lord, Sieff. The book is at its best when, as in Richard Bailey's essay, the writer describes the impact in the 1950's of the new generation of social scientists, concerned with salaries, with pensions and with staff participation in the drawing up of research programmes, that makes the first generation look both amateur and idealistic, as they were. By the 1950's, even in ivory towers, the workers by brain were the masters now. Perhaps the P.E.P.'s finest hour was in fact the war itself, when planning at last was called for, and from which came those reports on social insurance, on full employment and on the health services that, abetted by Beveridge and Bevan, helped to produce the Welfare State of 1945-51. On page 43, Max Nicholson, one of P.E.P.'s real stalwarts, lists 14 objections to planning and then says 'Unfortunately space does not permit giving the answers provided to these questions.' Yet P.E.P. must have believed it had the answers. They are not here, which is a pity. But—*Si monumentum require, circumspice.*

ESMOND WRIGHT

WOMAN POWER

Women, Power and Politics. Margaret Stacey and Marion Price. Methuen, Tavistock Publications Ltd.

The 'nuclear-family' and entrenched attitudes to a 'woman's place' seem to be the main culprit in keeping women out of executive jobs and Parliament alike. With only 3% of M.Ps. and rarely passing a threshold of 5%, women are more frequently selected for hopeless seats or by minor parties. It will be interesting to see how a new Party, like the S.D.P. not rooted in the past, will act with regard to candidates and leading members in breaking through the barrier. If it does, it will not be likely to surpass the most advanced area—namely Scandinavia. While Labour's record is twice as good as that of the Conservatives, the latter have produced a Prime Minister while even the Home Office and Chancellorship have been beyond the aspirations of women.

In *Women, Power and Politics,* a widely ranging sociological study requiring a vast amount of research and selection of source material Price and Stacey have produced a balanced view without preaching. The reading of it must encourage a new view of partnership and challenge the compatibility of the nuclear family with the equal status that we claim Society has bestowed upon women merely by giving them a vote.

Women have largely lost their domain in private power in the family. They have made great strides in half a century of suffrage. However, few are found in boardrooms, cabinets, or in executive roles in the public sector. They fare better in local Government and curiously as European M.P.s, perhaps an indication of a certain lack of competition. The stiffer the competition, where real power lies, the fewer the women. Family may overcome this as in India or Sri Lanka. There is little difference in Communist countries. Classes may have altered their roles but not women, except perhaps in job differences. These are among the many conclusions one derives from *Women, Power and Politics.*

Women enjoyed considerable power in the family before organised production and still do in some societies and religious groups. In the public domain, their domestic role, no longer so dominant, still precludes them from aspiring to the traditional male preserves in corporate entities. Small business and freelance jobs are more likely to be open. Unlike the Iroquois Indian they do not automatically participate in the Counsels of State, but it should not be forgotten that in the 18th century they were virtually male property if married and failures if single, as money replaced land in terms of wealth.

Even after the vote, the first women M.P.s were mainly surrogates for their husbands although their achievements were valuable. The problem remains that women in public life are likely to be accused of neglecting their family. If they choose power in the home, even that is lessened by the pram-pushing, occasionally washing-up husband. Rearing children and providing solace and support for the principal breadwinner is still the traditional role for the married woman. Those who are single, divorced or childless will have an advantage in a career. My own view is that that labour-saving technology —nannies are a rare and expensive commodity—and a new level of consciousness will alone achieve the breakthrough for women themselves are as guilty as men in acquiescing in their role.

Orthodox Muslim, Jewish and Christian religions still hold women in an inferior place, a system gradually breaking down in most groups exposed to Western influence. Women as feminists frequently choose to organise outside

established structures which are inherently male dominated and they do have special valuable approaches to complement that of the male. Like Black Power or Sinn Fein (ourselves alone) the concept is of raising their own level of consciousness, wielding 'muscle' and not relying on men to legislate for them—but not joining in the legislative process.

When women become 'people' rather than women in the sphere of power and decision making there will be no need to consider the manifold problems raised by this valuable study. The authors' very moderation, scholarship and balance after reading *Women, Power and Politics* make me even more guilty of being a party to a smug male dominated society in which I am the equivalent of the ambivalent 'white liberal'. It is not easy for any of us to shed deep seated ingrained attitudes about our roles.

PAUL ROSE

A ROMANTIC REALIST

Orpen, Mirror to an Age. Bruce Arnold. Jonathan Cape. £16.

One of the problems about present day criticism is that we tend to become over-involved in the search for significant art rather than simply being prepared to accept good painting. No-one could validly contend that Sir William Orpen is a 'significant' painter, but he was an extremely good one and this distinction provides the basic theme for this admirable biography. As Mr. Arnold puts it in his foreword, 'a handful of his paintings are among the great and original works of English art of this century. A score or so are major statements, both in portraiture and the other genre subjects to which he turned his talents. A profusion of drawings reveal a fluency and softness, together with an acute observation that few English artists have equalled. The time has come for a reappraisal.'

Why, considering Orpen's obvious gifts, has this reassessment been so long in coming? He was, perhaps, from this point of view a shade unlucky in that the date of his birth (1878) made him too young to be enveloped in the enormous enthusiasm which has come about in recent years for Victorian painting. There was a certain dichotomy, too, between his origins as an Irish painter and his standing in the English establishment world. Mr. Arnold, who is himself an authority on things Irish, is especially perceptive on this particular problem, so that one could hope that one of his next subjects might be the equally complex figure of Sir John Lavery. The role of the society portrait painter tended to be an ephemeral one from at least the middle of the nineteenth century. In this field, Holl Herkomer and Luke Fildes, who were regarded as giants in their time, are now much better known for their occasional narrative pictures, and the reputation of Ouless, considerable as this once was, has now sunk almost without trace.

There was more to Orpen, however, than simply an ability to produce striking likenesses or depict pretty women. For the last decade or so of his life he made an enormous income out of doing precisely that and even before he reached this stage of transatlantic celebrity he had established a considerable reputation. Towards the end of his life certainly his work often became increasingly facile but this was in sharp contrast to the deeply moving pictures which he produced a few years previously as a special artist during the First War. Perhaps the last major works which he painted were the pictures he did as an observer at the Versailles Conference, which may well in due course came to be regarded as similar achievements to Sir Thomas Lawrence's studies of the principal figures at the Congress of Vienna, one hundred years previously.

The rather slick popularity of his final years undoubtedly did his subsequent reputation little good and within a comparatively short time of his death which took place in 1931 he became a nearly forgotten figure. As there has been no major book about him before the present one (the life by Konody and Dark, published in 1932, was an act of piety rather than a considered critical study), it has been generally difficult to place him in context. In consequence there has been a tendency to rate him well below his contemporaries such as Augustus John and Will Rothenstein. In retrospect this attitude seems to be curiously unbalanced. Orpen was a prolific artist who painted a number of poor pictures but he also produced, as Mr. Arnold suggests, a number which were of quite exceptional merit.

It is surprising, now looking at the illustrations to this very well prepared volume, to find how many of Orpen's pictures one already knows and admires without previously having been able to place these against any detailed knowledge of the artist's work. He excelled at painting women, ranging from elaborate canvases such as the full length portrait of his rich, fashionable mistress, the American Mrs. St. George, which is as fine as anything which Sargent ever did, to the delicate nude studies ranging from the Tate Gallery's early *The Model* to the exquisite, luminous *Early Morning* painted shortly after the first war. His male portraits are probably less interesting than John's, though even here he could rise to considerable heights such as the splendid bravura picture of Provost Mahaffy in the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art in Dublin and the exceptional sequence of self-portraits, which covered most of the course of his life. Unlike Mr. Arnold, who takes rather a poor view of it, *The Chef,* the portrait which he eventually presented as his diploma picture to the Royal Academy, seems to me to be a fine example of its type. What Orpen lacked, however, was John's exemplary feeling for line which gave his style such a distinctive feeling of its own. By comparison with John, however, there is a warmth and directness about many of his pictures which gives much of Orpen's work an immediate impact. Like Holl, he learnt a great deal from Velazquez but his real master was Rembrandt, whom he first discovered from the Royal Academy's major exhibition of 1899.

As Mr. Arnold comes close to admitting, there was an apparent lack of specific intellectual content in much of his painting that made some of his work look slight in comparison with even his less-gifted contemporaries. His pictures were technically so accomplished that they sometimes give the impression of being derivative; the marvellously structured *Saint Patrick,* in the Stoke-on-Trent Art Gallery, for instance, could almost be by a contemporary follower of Caravaggio, but when he deliberately set out to acknowledge the impact of another painter, as he did in those of his self-portraits where he consciously modelled himself on Chardin, he showed how skilful he could be at absorbing an outside influence and then deliberately using this to achieve his own intentions.

In his personal character, Mr. Arnold portrays him as a restless, energetic and endearing figure, chiefly interested in human nature, sporting pursuits, the delights of daily living and, above all, the sheer pleasure of his craft. He was a realist, in the sense that he basically painted what he saw before him, but there was also a strongly romantic streak about him, typical of the Anglo-Irish culture from which he came and which produced so many poets, novelists and dramatists of genius and some remarkable artists. With this mixed background, he sometimes allowed himself to slide into sheer banality; on other occasions he reached out to portray his personal feelings in a way

which manages to ring completely true.

Mr. Arnold deals with this extremely complicated character in a way that can only be described as masterly. As a biographical study this gives a very full account. In terms of art history whether it will be substantially the last word remains to be said. Now that a book of this quality can reactivate public interest in Orpen, I suspect we shall see a good deal of further enquiry into the nature of his work.

Orpen himself apart, fresh light is thrown here on a number of interesting personalities of his time such as George Moore, Yeats, Gogarty, Max Beerbohm and even Max Beaverbrook. There is also some interesting information on that highly controversial figure Sir Hugh Lane, the remarkable art dealer, who was Orpen's cousin as well as one of his closest friends. My only specific criticism is that the illustrations are accompanied by inadequate captions so that it is difficult to identify their present whereabouts or even to place them in sequence. They are however of an extremely high quality, particularly those in colour, and the whole volume is a substantial contribution to our knowledge of a still comparatively underestimated period of British painting.

ERNLE MONEY

A NEW SCIENCE OF LIFE

The Hypothesis of Formative Causation. Rupert Sheldrake. Blond & Briggs. £12.50.

This is a seminal and well written book essential reading for those fascinated with the nature of living things.

The author starts by challenging the conventional wisdom, the so called mechanistic approach whereby all life phenomena are explicable in terms of physics and chemistry. Biologists make obeisance to this theory; after all it has been shown to work being responsible for some quite remarkable successes of which the 'cracking of the genetic code' is probably the best known. But the theory has definite limitations and it is these which the author exposes with determination and erudition.

Areas of biology in which the mechanistic theory has been at its least credible include embryology and developmental biology. Here Dr. Sheldrake puts forward a process which he dubs 'morphic resonance' and which has as its lynchpin the concept of morphogenetic fields at present not recognised by physicists. The latter are considered to have effects which are measurable; they could be responsible for the form and organisation of systems at all levels of complexity; above all they are moulded by the form and behaviour of the same species as a result of connections through space and time. Although the author lays much stress on the repetition of patterns of form and organisation, as regards the origin of such forms he wisely does not speculate.

The book commences with a chapter setting out some of the problems of biology which remain unsolved. Morphogenesis is then discussed with particular reference to the author's theory of formative causation. Phenomena such as vitalism, organicism, the general problem of form and its relationship to energy, the possibilities for predicting chemical structures, probabilistic processes in biological morphogenesis, the size and polarity of morphogenetic fields—all receive consideration as do the neo-Darwinian theory of evolution, new views on mutation and the divergence, suppression and repetition of chreodes. These rather familiar biological phenomena are described simply and lucidly and a particular assignment is given to each of them in the author's theoretical matrix.

Dr. Sheldrake's unconventional views will certainly be challenged and no doubt opprobrium will be heaped on his head for naiveté and for an unduly simplistic approach to problems of great complexity. Nevertheless his book makes stimulating reading, has obviously been well researched and is to be commended to sentient people all over the world.

JOHN A. LORAINE

AN INSIDE VIEW OF RUSSIA

Russia Perceived: A Trans-Siberian Journey. Elizabeth Pond. Gollancz. £9.95.

After two years as Moscow correspondent this American journalist did not go west with a sigh of relief but east on a 5,800 mile seven-day run on the Trans-Siberian Railway, the way so many Gulag exiles had gone. She shared a 'hard' compartment with a grandmother, mother and young daughter returning from a vacation in the Ukraine. Talks with them, impressions of people and places *en route* are merely a pretext for recalling the experiences and contacts of her Moscow years, and revelatory reading they make.

She found the Soviet Union now 'conservatism incarnate'. Six generations ago it 'shook the world' with revolution—in art, foreign policy, social welfare, feminism, penology; but now 'the habits of an ultra-cautious gerontocracy and its uncertain successors reign'. It is 'one of the most protocol-obsessed bureaucracies in the world. And the Soviet Union blithely maintains the only major empire left on the globe'. Guarantee of work for all except political mavericks is honoured, yet pensions, safety standards, housing, diet, leisure possibilities lag far behind Western Europe's.

Miss Pond noted, on arranged, escorted press visits, the pains the authorities took to prevent contact with local people, who might even be ordered to stay in their homes. Nevertheless, through friends she came to know what the common people were thinking and feeling. Her main contacts were, however, with intellectuals and dissidents who either conformed to the regime, whatever their private views, or suffered. An outsider, she says, would be wildly misled if he took the small minority of dissidents as representative of the intelligentsia but be illumined if he took them as a touchstone, both to the various kinds of intellectuals and to the Soviet regime. She has interesting sidelights on fighters like Yuri Orlov, Sakharov, Brodsky, the Ginzburgs.

On the careerists she is scathing. They deliberately compromise their conscience, voice required political slogans they are cynical about, write or paint in the style of idealised socialist realism that they privately mock, avoid forbidden topics, inform on others. For this they receive promotions, perks, bigger apartments, dachas, resort passes, access to special import shops. Pressure to conform to a narrow ideology and collaborate with the secret police for material reward and safety is 'a daily way of life'. She quotes from George Feifer the outburst of a sellout: 'I drink to the real heroes . . . the people in the camps—but that is all I do about it: drink'. And from emigré writer Kuznetsov: 'I, personally, have gone down the road of surrender to the very brink of destruction, where I felt like either committing suicide or going out of my mind'.

In covering so many other aspects of Soviet political and social life up to the current arms crisis Miss Pond inevitably covers some ground already familiar. Specialists may question certain conclusions; the general reader will appreciate so comprehensive a survey and emerge as from a Soviet nightmare of senseless fears and obsessions needing a thorough liberal cleansing.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Portrait of an Exile (Junction Books. £9.95. Paperback £3.95). This is a frightening account of political life in Argentina during the seventies. The author, Andrew Graham-Yooll, was born and bred in that country, but, being the son of a Scots immigrant, also enjoys British nationality. For about ten years until 1976 he had been News Editor on the English written Buenos Aires Herald. As a keen and intrepid news gatherer he was caught up in the political struggles where murder and kidnappings were an everyday occurrence. He was in the crossfire between guerrillas, paramilitary forces, the police and the military government. All were utterly ruthless. All wanted press coverage only on their own terms. In his book, Mr. Graham-Yooll tells vividly of many experiences including secret guerrilla press conferences and attempted investigations into political murders and abductions. It is a story of terror and violence in which law and order had collapsed. By 1976 conditions were such that the author had to leave for his own safety and that of his family. He is now working on the London Guardian.

The Fall of Fortresses (Souvenir Press. £7.50). In this 'personal account of one of the most daring—and deadly—air battles of the second world war', the American writer Elmer Bendiner tells graphically and remarkably objectively his experiences as a navigator on a B-17 Flying Fortress bomber with the US 8th Airforce in 1943, culminating in the two raids on the ball bearing factories at Schweinfurt in August and October 1943. After a gap of 35 years, he has been able to combine detachment with a vivid picture of immense courage by the air crews, exhilaration in the heat of battle and horror at the consequences in death and destruction. It is a remarkable account which brings the reader face to face with the realities of air battle, and saturation bombing. Were the Schweinfurt raids justified? German war industry was certainly not destroyed. The author concludes: 'We were then instrumental, perhaps decisive, distractions in the battle for Russia'. Unfortunately the volume contains no bibliography or index. It can be usefully read in conjunction with Thomas M. Coffey's study, *Decision over Schweinfurt* (Hale).

The Real War (Sidgwick and Jackson. £1.75). In his Introduction to this 1981 edition of his analysis of the world situation and the Soviet challenge, Richard Nixon is more optimistic with the election of President Reagan. 'The outlook is brighter now, because awareness of the needs is heightened now'; but the theme remains the same, namely to 'mobilize our military, economic and spiritual forces to the hilt'.

Masks of The Soul: The Facts Behind Reincarnation. (The Aquarian Press. £6.95: paperback £2.95). A clearly written manual on metempsychosis. Mr. Benjamin Walker traces the history of the belief, and examines modern case-histories which go towards evidence 'that these souls did once subsist in some other state' (Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist). He discusses the strange experiences of some psychiatric patients or experimental subjects under 'regression' treatment, whether by hypnosis or drugs such as psilocybin, who appear to return to a state of existence before birth: this is undoubtedly a puzzling area, and much more difficult to 'explain' than multiple-personality. Mr. Walker presents the arguments for and against reincarnation, and provides an excellent bibliography. (R.W-E.)

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Incorporating The Fortnightly

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ZIMBABWE'S FIRST YEAR

by John Day

WHEN Zimbabwe became independent in April 1980, the new Prime Minister, Robert Mugabe, created widespread hopes by his policy of reconciling old enemies that the Government would move peacefully and rapidly towards its goals of social justice and economic development. This public optimism, however, was qualified by private fears that the bitterness of past enmities and the dislocation of society caused by the war might reduce the Government to impotence. The vicious civil war had finished less than two months before the Election that brought Mugabe to power and less than four months before independence. Until the end of 1979 the guerillas led by Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo had fought the government forces loyal to Bishop Abel Muzorewa and Ian Smith. To some, Mugabe's apparent transformation after his election victory from fanatical revolutionary to pragmatic statesman seemed too rapid to be wholly credible.

At independence Zimbabwe's future was very uncertain. Might the inexperienced government fail to restore the war-damaged economy, or even preside over a slide into economic chaos? Was it possible to satisfy the needs of both Africans and Europeans, or only of one group at the expense of the other? Would the radicals in Mugabe's ZANU (PF) demoralise the white supporters of the Rhodesian Front by demanding the trial and execution of Ian Smith, which the Party had threatened during the war? Would Mugabe's Marxism reassert itself in rapid Africanisation and widespread socialism, so that skilled Europeans would be driven out and foreign capital frightened off, to the detriment of Zimbabwe's economic well-being? Alternatively, would the Government, in seeking to reassure the whites and preserve the productivity of the mixed economy, disillusion the Africans by failing to remove racial discrimination and economic unfairness? Would the coalition government of Mugabe's ZANU (PF) and Nkomo's PF survive the strains engendered by a long history of enmity going back to 1963, which had not been completely suspended during their military alliance of 1976-79? How serious was the danger that the differences between the two parties in government would deteriorate into a new civil war before the Government had succeeded in integrating its ex-guerillas into the national army?

Zimbabwe has now, in fact, celebrated its first anniversary without having suffered catastrophe or achieved utopia. This article tries to assess

the achievements of the Government, to explain the problems that it faces and to discuss its prospects of solving them.

Zimbabwe's production in its first year grew steadily now that war no longer interrupted economic activity. The Government supervised the economy prudently, capitalising on three advantages that Zimbabwe enjoyed over previous new states in Africa. First, although much of the country was underdeveloped, the modern sector of the economy was the most advanced in the continent after South Africa. Secondly, since it took the Zimbabwean nationalists over twenty years to dislodge the settlers from power, the country accumulated a large pool of educated Africans ready to take on responsible jobs. Thirdly, Zimbabwe had a high degree of self-sufficiency, because Rhodesia responded to economic sanctions by developing local industries. One index of Zimbabwe's growth in 1980 was the rise in the volume of manufactured goods by almost fifteen per cent. Commercial agriculture had a similar record and in 1981 the production of maize, which is the Africans' staple food, is expected to be almost double that of the previous year. The Government encouraged farmers to grow more maize by offering 40% higher prices. Zimbabwe should have a large surplus for export, unless the severe shortage of transport means that some of the maize will be left to rot.

This typifies Zimbabwe's economic situation: major difficulties in the midst of healthy expansion. The boom in the economy in 1980 created 100,000 new jobs, but left 40% of the potential labour force unemployed. Another world-wide problem with local complications is inflation, at present running at the rate of about 9%. Since the end of sanctions Zimbabwe has been more exposed to high world prices. At home increased government expenditure and spiralling wages, caused partly by new minimum wage legislation, have fuelled inflation. Scarcity of goods that have to be imported, resulting from shortage of foreign exchange, also contributes to rocketing prices. A Mercedes-Benz that costs £9,000 in Britain would fetch £35,000 in Zimbabwe. The Government will have great difficulty in preventing a dangerous jump in the rate of inflation when the Z$1.2 billion aid obtained at the Zimcord conference floods into the country.

The most serious of Zimbabwe's economic problems at present is the shortage of foreign exchange, caused initially by the difficulty in selling abroad while sanctions operated, but aggravated now by a booming home market and transport bottlenecks in South Africa and Mozambique, through which Zimbabwe exports her goods. The resultant shortage of consumer goods is no more than an irritant to the better-off minority, but the shortage of machinery and raw materials seriously impedes the development of industry. As Zimbabwe's factories consequently cannot produce sufficient to earn the foreign currency that the country needs, a vicious circle is set up that the Government will find it very difficult to break.

To the white citizens of Zimbabwe concern about the country's economic difficulties is overshadowed by relief that the economy and the

process of government have not degenerated into the disorder that some other African states have experienced. For most Europeans the basic mode of life is little changed from what they enjoyed before independence. Although Africans have more political power, Europeans have similar economic rewards. The Government has not made revolutionary changes in the administrative system. Eddison Zvobgo, the Minister of Local Government, announced in April 1981, for example, that the District Commissioners, whom African nationalists in opposition had always denounced as arrogant local despots, would be kept on 'for their experience accumulated over many years'. After a year of black rule only five heads of civil service departments were Africans. When General Walls had to relinquish command of the army, Mugabe had a chance to replace him with an ex-guerilla commander, but chose to appoint another white soldier.

Mugabe has also been careful to reassure foreign investors. He has promised that the multi-national companies will not be nationalised and that they will be allowed to repatriate their profits. Cynics might see symbolic significance in the fact that Lonrho's building in Salisbury overlooks the Prime Minister's office, but Mugabe, who has refused Lonrho's offer to finance a new pro-Government newspaper, is not a creature of the big companies. Learning from the experience of other African states, which have found that heavy state intervention in the economy is not the most effective method of increasing the society's wealth, Mugabe sees the prosperity of Zimbabwe in the next few years, at least, linked to the continued confidence of foreign investors.

Although the whites' fears of a Marxist take-over have not been realised and there has been no panic exodus, like that of the Portuguese from Mozambique in 1975, more Europeans left Zimbabwe in the first year of peace than in the last year of war. The loss of over ten thousand whites from a population of less than a quarter of a million is not trivial, especially considering the discouragement to emigrants provided by the severe legal restriction on the export of capital.

Some whites who go believe almost as an act of faith that the blacks will soon reduce the society to chaos, irrespective of what has happened in the first year of independence, but others who have left or who are seriously thinking of leaving have more rationally based fears. The Government naturally wishes to give Africans the chances to do responsible jobs that they have been denied in the past and, wherever it has strong influence, as in the civil service, Africanisation is proceeding steadily. Europeans have not been sacked to make room for Africans, but when vacancies occur, as they do when Europeans emigrate, they are often filled by Africans. Blacks are not appointed unless they are in some sense qualified, but, partly because of lack of opportunities in the past, they tend to have less qualifications and experience than the whites to whom they are preferred. What disturbs Europeans is declining efficiency and the disappearance of their promotion prospects. A government scientist whom I met is depressed because half the white engineers

in his section have emigrated or taken up posts in private industry that offer better prospects of promotion and they have been replaced by less competent Africans or by whites hired for particular jobs from private firms at high rates.

In contrast to those whites who doubt if the future has much to offer them is a significant group who are trying philosophically to adapt to present circumstances, neither yearning nostalgically for the past, nor speculating anxiously about the future. Paradoxically, while white liberals tend to be critical of the African government, which shows little appreciation of their past support, many of the white farmers who traditionally formed the right-wing core of the reactionary Rhodesian Front are coming to terms more easily with the present realities. Those who have an emotional attachment to the land and were born into long-established Rhodesian families are probably more prepared to stay than recent immigrants with purely materialistic motives. Furthermore, Rhodesian Front supporters have been learning since UDI in 1965 to accommodate to adversity, forced to cope with international ostracism, guerilla war and, since 1978, African Ministers.

The white farmers' cooperation with the present Government's land policy is vital for its planned revolution in agriculture and for the success of racial reconciliation. The farmers have freely agreed to sell their unused land to the Government for redistribution to African peasants. The farmers' collaboration has resulted not only from political pragmatism, but also from commercial astuteness, as the prices negotiated with the Government for the unused land have been fairly high. Nevertheless, Ministers have been surprised at the extent of the farmers' cooperation. Some white farmers are offering technical assistance to their new black neighbours, although racial segregation of land has traditionally been a central tenet of white orthodoxy.

Mugabe has won the confidence of the European farmers by keeping the promise made at Lancaster House not to expropriate European land. The Government has no intention of giving socialist dogma primacy over full stomachs. It has, therefore, been careful not to drive out the white farmers on whose proved skills the food supply of the Africans will depend for the next few years.

The willingness of some Europeans to work with the new regime is dramatically symbolised by the attitude of André Holland, who is a farmer and was until recently a Rhodesian Front M.P. For months after the ceasefire ex-guerillas were creating such disorder in his constituency that the white farmers were finding life almost intolerable. So, Holland, with Mugabe's permission, went straight to Rex Nhongo, who had been commander-in-chief of these guerillas. In the war the two men had fought on the same front. At their first meeting the atmosphere was tense until Holland, replying to Nhongo's supposition that it might have been Holland's men who shot him through the calf, impishly claimed that his soldiers would have fired more accurately. The ice was broken and later the two ex-enemies went together to talk to meetings of ex-guerillas.

Eventually their cooperation restored peace to Holland's constituency. In April 1981 Holland left the Rhodesian Front, whose policy of blindly opposing the Government in Parliament he deplored, and formed the Democratic Party, which would emphasize working with and not against the Government. Holland is not typical of the whites, because he is a maverick, and he may not persuade many white voters to leave the Rhodesian Front (recently adapting to the times sufficiently to change its name to the Republican Front), but there is a sense in which his determination to cooperate with the black establishment represents the white community's inclination to seek survival through adaptation.

The construction of a new working relationship between black and white is likely to be helped not only by positive policies, but also by the general harmony of race relations in Zimbabwe, which contrasts with the inter-racial tension in South Africa. Even amidst the bitterness and brutality of the war casual meetings between black and white away from the fighting tended to be relaxed. Now that an African government is in power and more Africans are in posts of responsibility, it would not be surprising if Africans tended to avenge themselves for humiliations that they suffered when the Europeans were in command. Yet there are no signs of 'we are the masters now' and blacks treat whites with universal civility.

Africans are polite to Europeans, but are they content with the Government? Has Mugabe kept the whites satisfied by disappointing the blacks? The absence of revolutionary change certainly means that most blacks are still poor, just as most whites are still rich. Yet the results of the elections to the local councils held during the last year suggest that Mugabe's ZANU (PF) is even more popular than at the General Election in February 1980. This continued electoral success probably results from deep-seated enthusiasm for the party that fought successfully for African self-rule and from newly developed respect for the party of government. ZANU (PF)'s triumphs at the polls do not reflect unqualified approval of the Government's record. Some Africans are critical of the development since independence of a black elite enjoying a lavish life-style. The most cynical fear is that white men in black Mercedes have been replaced by black men in white Mercedes. Ministers are becoming substantial property-owners, while the mass of Africans still live destitute. The Government recognises that it faces a major crisis of expectations. The greatest disappointment and discontent is felt by the peasants about land. Land has been a highly emotive issue since the Europeans occupied the country. Africans have long resented the tiny white minority taking almost half the land and leaving the blacks the areas with poor soil and poor communications. In the war the guerillas won the support of the peasants by promising a revolution in land ownership. So far this has not happened. Some Africans have acted on their own initiative and are squatting illegally on unused land. If the Government does not make a radical redistribution of land soon, it will be in danger of losing its most committed supporters.

The Government has not been able to move as fast as it wished on

this emotionally charged issue because it has had inadequate funds to buy unused European land. The success of Zimcord has completely changed the situation. With Zimbabwe's reputation for putting aid to better use than most developing countries, Dr. Bernard Chidzero, the Minister of Economic Planning, was able to organise the Zimcord conference in March 1981 at which many states competed with each other to give money to Zimbabwe. All is now poised for an agricultural revolution: the money is available to buy the land needed and trained personnel are available to give technical advice. The Minister of Lands, Resettlement and Rural Development, Dr. Sydney Sekeramayi, who will execute the Government's plans, has an excellent analytical brain and tempers his sober optimism with a practical sense of the difficulties that he faces. He aims to convert all subsistence farmers into commercial farmers and to plan rationally the development of new farms that will be created from land bought from white farmers. Dr. Sekeramayi emphasizes the importance of peasant cooperatives, not to conform to a socialist blueprint, but to provide adequate security for loans. The Minister acknowledges that some of the land-hunger is political rather than economic and that he has a difficult task to persuade some Africans to stay in the Tribal Trust lands and with scientific help to increase their yields, instead of moving on to 'European' land.

While the practicality of the Government's land policy remains to be proved, a few Ministers have already achieved enough to take the edge off Africans' criticism of the Government's pallid radicalism. The Minister of Health, Dr. Herbert Ushewokunze, is providing free hospital treatment for Africans earning less than Z$150 a month and has introduced African patients into previously all-white hospitals. The Minister of Education, Dzingai Mutumbuka, has made the most spectacular impact. During one year the school population increased from 700,000 to 1,700,000, with many schools running three shifts a day. In education a genuine revolution is already taking place.

So far the most serious challenges to the Government's authority have come not from those dissatisfied with Government policies, but from ex-guerillas fighting among themselves. Only a small minority of the guerillas took part, but the battles in February 1981, which involved some guerillas already absorbed into the national army, threatened a serious breakdown of law and order. The fights formed the latest stage in the long and deep-rooted hostility between the supporters of Mugabe and Nkomo. The ex-guerillas loyal to Nkomo were probably aroused to anger by virulent speeches made against him by a few ZANU (PF) Ministers, like Enos Nkala, and by his demotion within the Cabinet early in 1981. Tribalism, which is a wavering force in Zimbabwe politics, may have inflamed the more purely political rivalry.

The Government acted very firmly to suppress ex-guerilla violence, Mugabe not hesitating to use white troops to restore order. By strong action the Government deterred any other ex-guerillas who might have been tempted to lead the country towards civil war. None of the

Ministers endorsed the illegal violence of their followers or offered tribal leadership to those who might have welcomed it. Many of Nkomo's ex-guerillas were killed in the factional fights and in their suppression, but his loyalty to the Government was unshaken. Until independence African nationalists served party and nation against the Rhodesian state. The Mugabe Government set the example to their followers of conduct suitable in independent Zimbabwe, subordinating narrowly conceived party and tribal interests to the preservation of order in the national state.

Mugabe's success in holding the society together depends not only on ruthless suppression of partisan violence, but also on wide consultation of conflicting groups. He has continued a style of leadership that he used as President of his party during the war, when he allowed full discussion of differing views within the Central Committee before decision was reached and did not impose his own views. He soon indicated when he became Prime Minister that he favoured a consensus mode of politics, appointing two Europeans and a few PF members to his Cabinet, although his own ZANU (PF) had won a clear electoral majority. Also, he consulted a group of civil service heads of department before making his first broadcast speech and modified his script on their advice to avoid antagonising the white community.

Within the Cabinet Mugabe has held together successfully the uneasy alliance of his own party and Nkomo's. While demoting Nkomo, Mugabe appointed the PF second-in-command, Josiah Chinamano, to ministerial office, thus simultaneously controlling and coaxing PF. The PF leaders who are Ministers have a loyalty to the Cabinet which weakens them as potential sources of opposition to the Prime Minister. The PF is treated as a genuine, although minor, part of the Government. Its M.P.s meet in a regular caucus with ZANU (PF)'s, and Mugabe does not by-pass the Cabinet by ruling through his party's Central Committee. The Prime Minister as part of his master plan of reconciliation has ensured that the PF leaders do not become a divisive force within the state.

References:

Two books on Zimbabwe of contrasting qualities have recently been published. A biography of Mugabe to the end of 1980, *Mugabe* by David Smith and Colin Simpson (Sphere Books), is inaccurate and imprecise. *The Struggle for Zimbabwe* by David Martin and Phyllis Johnson (Faber) is a scholarly history of the guerilla war, biased towards the leaders of ZANU (PF), but based on many interviews with leading actors and on generally unavailable documents.

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SCOTLAND: THE VIEW FROM LINWOOD AND FASLANE

by R. D. Kernohan

THE condition and contradiction of Scotland today are symbolised by the Linwood car factory between Paisley and Glasgow Airport. Americans despaired of it. The French closed it. The Japanese, though looking for a car factory, have ignored it. Now it lies empty.

Yet it closed with scarcely a bang or a whimper. The 4,500 workers who remained to the end took their redundancy money and made the best of things. There was little support for protests and work-ins, no real hope that someone would move in to take over where Rootes, Chrysler, and finally Talbot (formerly Citroen-Peugeot) had given up. Only a decade before, it had seemed the most determined triumph of the Macmillan Government's policy of regional development. Even a couple of years before, it seemed unthinkable for the Labour Government to let it close.

Perhaps there is a lot more in the Scottish situation that can be summed up in the same way: not much hope, but surprisingly little protest. Or perhaps that needs to be rephrased and qualified: not much hope of any dramatic industrial improvement in the short run, especially on Clydeside; and surprisingly little protest so far. Although there are many voices in Scotland calling for radical policies and even direct action, there is a good deal to suggest that the course of events, from the Callaghan devolution referendum to the present recession, shows Scotland as a very conservative country at odds with political conservatism. To a High Tory Scottish politics may even seem to consist mainly of ringleaders trying to recruit a mob, but not yet having much response. But his own party is dull, deferential, and dwindling. Its local leaders have handled their awkward parliamentary situation well and have had less House of Commons trouble than they must have expected. But they no longer claim to have won special favours for Scotland. Mrs. Thatcher has no new Linwoods to offer. Moreover, the one Scottish Tory politician of standing with a populist style and popular following has been lost, not to the Social Democrats but to Southend-on-Sea. Teddy Taylor's brand of distinctively Clydeside Conservatism now seems as obsolete as Walter Elliot's. With Taylor's departure most of the colour or personality in Scottish politics seems to come from even smaller minorities than the Tory one—the left-leaning section of the Nationalists; the Labour left, with its red-flag approach in Lothian and PLO flag flying over Dundee; and the Liberals, perhaps less encouraged in Scotland than elsewhere by the prospect of alliance with the Social Democrats.

To be fair, there are Labour moderates like George Robertson, Donald Dewar, and Dick Douglas who are both tough and articulate. There are such ex-Ministers as Dick Mabon and John Smith. But Scotland still looks like a situation where the winners in the Labour Party's arguments will take

almost all. Whoever controls the party and its organisation probably need not worry too much about a challenge in Scotland. Whoever keeps the title will get the vote at a General Election.

Unemployment has certainly consolidated the Labour vote. It can also inspire (as in Glasgow in February) demonstrations with far more genuine feeling than the May Day rituals ever do and which at least begin to cross party lines. But so far it has not changed the rather drab face of Scottish politics.

In theory, this drabness should make Labour more vulnerable than it yet looks, whether to internal challenge from the far left or SNP and even Liberal claims to a more authentic radicalism. But Dundee's local anti-Zionist Tammany and Lothian Regional Council are still untypical of Scotland. Perhaps about three or four Labour MPs are already seriously threatened by 'reselection'. Some, quite far to the right, look less harried than might have been expected. Marxism seems too theoretical to many modern Scots of the left. Like most of their countrymen, they have lost the old Scots taste for theological argument.

A more plausible theory is that Scotland's frustrations and discontents provide the chance for a new Nationalist revival in a new style. This is usually seen in Scotland as a possible takeover of the SNP by its most remarkable convert, James Sillars, now married to a former MP from the Nationalist left, Margo MacDonald.

Anyone who lets his political reference books get out of date will meet trouble over Mr. Sillars. He came into parliamentary politics by holding the line for Labour in a vital by-election near the end of the first Wilson Government, when the SNP lost the momentum it had found at Hamilton in 1967. He broke with Labour in the 1970's to lead the ill-fated and now almost forgotten Scottish Labour Party, which tried to harry Wilson and Callaghan towards far more radical constitutional and economic change than the Scots were offered at the referendum. Defeated in 1979, he went over to his old enemies. Now he is associated with the leftist strain in the SNP (which has always been there) and with the party's conversion this year to ill-defined forms of civil disobedience and non-violent resistance to 'English occupation'.

Sillars's theory of nationalist revolution is very different from most of the stock in trade of the nationalist movement's tartan revolutionary fringe. Its jargon, though neither very coherent nor very doctrinaire, is of the class war and not the last Jacobite rising. Its strategy is to exploit the disillusionment of Labour voters. Its policies link up with the groups in the SNP who have been against nuclear weapons and even Nato membership—both now opposed by official SNP policy. It also fits in a vague way with all the leftist and fringe groups' discontent about the official SNP enthusiasm for the Crown and is loosely classified in the Scottish press as 'republican'.

But an irony remains. Rather more Scots seem to worry about an Irish Republic than seek a Scottish one. On the far left and Nationalist fringe emotional oratory may talk about bringing the people out on to the streets.

The hard evidence is that it is the Irish quarrel, not the Scottish ones, that can be guaranteed to bring some of the people on to the streets. The Public Order Act had to be invoked in Glasgow to prevent the trouble which demonstrative support for IRA hunger-strikers would have provoked. Relatively few people are involved—for most Catholics are saving up their demonstrations for the Pope and the Protestant demonstrators are not from the Orange Order but from its dissident fringe. But no-one doubts that they are in earnest. The same may conceivably be true of Mr. Sillars and the SNP left but it remains to be proven. There are also doubts about whether sit-ins at the 'Assembly Building' (Edinburgh's old Royal High School) or in Government offices will prove very much, or whether many Nationalists will take the advice of one enthusiast and either reject Bank of England notes or file the numeral 'II' off coins of the present reign.

It is also easy to be ironic about the power of the protest against Nato and nuclear weapons. There was a time earlier this year when it seemed that the most passionate protest likely to be seen at Faslane, the Polaris submarine base in the Clyde estuary, was against the idea that sailors should do work belonging to Civil Service strikers.

In fact the protest against the Polaris base and the prospect of Trident development there is likely to be formidable, awkward, divisive, setting Scot against Scot. The campaign can probably mobilise support from different strands and motives, though the result will be a noisy and often competitive coalition. The SNP, with its new anti-Nato line, will join in the slogans about no extermination without representation. The Labour left will present its protest as official party policy. The anti-nuclear lobby, which has achieved some propaganda successes in campaigning against the Torness nuclear power station on the East Lothian Coast, will largely switch its efforts westward and into the military argument. The Trident development, which will mean a major extension of shore installations and use of more land on the Rosneath peninsula, will run into some trouble on practical environmental, amenity, and even agricultural arguments.

On the other side (as at Torness) there will be a reaction from those with a very practical interest in the work that even a controversial development brings. Not all the unions will be wholehearted in their protests. Conceivably the very scale and noise of the protest, and the composition of the protesting coalition, may bring an unexpectedly powerful reaction. This has already happened in one of the least expected places, the Church. The strength, vigour, and persistency of the unilateralist campaign in the Church, especially the Church of Scotland, has won some successes but it has also provoked unexpectedly strong hostility. Last year the Kirk's General Assembly shocked and pained the unilateralists by voting to skip their annual debate on nuclear disarmament. This year the unilateralists, only a minority of whom are pacifists, captured the influential Church and National Committee of the Kirk, which usually gets its main propositions through the General Assembly. But the attempt to carry the General Assembly failed, except for a motion opposing the Trident programme which narrowly slipped through a relatively thin house. In the main

debate the Kirk overturned the unilateralists' success in committee and (by 481 votes to 285) replaced their motion not merely with the conventional hopes about arms control and multilateral disarmament but by plainly-worded support for Nato and the British nuclear deterrent.

The Kirk, of course, is not wholly representative of modern Scotland, not by a long way. Its advice is not necessarily heeded by politicians any more than it is by football supporters en route for Wembley. But there may be some significance in the way the Kirk's normally slightly left of centre stance has been significantly altered on two crucial occasions. The first was when the Church and Nation Committee got sharply rapped for virtually campaigning on the Yes side at the referendum. The second was when the Kirk (whatever individual members and groups may do) opted out of the unilateralist campaign before it had really begun its main Scottish effort.

Of course that conservative reaction has to be set against strong pressures in the other direction, in Church as well as society. The left will make what it can of the General Assembly's narrow vote against Trident (179 to 175) and of another Nato issue, remote from most of the Scottish people but emotionally important to a local community—the planned construction of a major air base at Stornoway in the Outer Hebrides. There the fear is that any development which brings in more English-speakers will further weaken Gaelic, since the islanders always politely use the 'Saxon' tongue in mixed company. Like Welsh, Gaelic contrives to show signs of vigour and revival, even militancy, at the same time as it loses ground as a language of everyday community life; and several of the Welsh militants' themes—from serious concentration on pressure for TV time to mere road-sign defacement—have their parallels among the Gaels. But Gaelic's problems are inevitably on the fringe of Scottish politics, though it is on the islands that there is the most spectacular evidence of the more general Scottish phenomenon, the divorce between temperamental and Tory conservatism.

It is tempting to emphasise that paradox and suggest that the Nationalist move to the left, the internal troubles of the Labour Party, and the increasingly Southern English emphasis in Conservatism, could make an opening for the Social Democrats in Scotland after all. They have only one Scottish MP, Robert MacLennan in the very far North, and only a modest supporting cast of others with significant political experience. But any progress they make in England is likely to encourage them in Scotland, especially if moderate Labour MPs fall victim to reselection. The swing to the SNP in 1974 showed that even Scots voters could be more volatile than their traditions suggested.

But there are good reasons to be cautious and even sceptical. If Scotland is ripe now for the SDP, why has it never blossomed for the Liberals? Why should Scotland respond to Roy Jenkins or Shirley Williams when it never rose to Jo Grimond—or follow David Owen more heartily than its own David Steel? Indeed there can be few parts of Britain where the promise of Liberal support can mean so little to the Social Democrats as

in urban Scotland. And although Scottish Liberals do not seem especially enthusiastic about alliance with the SDP they perhaps ought to reckon that they need an up-and-coming Social Democrat movement to make any progress outside a few seats, three of them already Liberal held.

An additional problem is that the Social Democrats will run into some Scottish difficulties when they define their policy. How much money will they put into shipbuilding or steel? Do they want to see council tenants buy their houses? Are they in favour of Trident? Or Torness? These are not distinctively Scottish problems, but they have Scottish dimensions. But even when they have been faced there is the problem of devolution. The Liberals tend to be federalists. Are the Social Democrats? Do they want an Assembly like the one Jim Callaghan and Michael Foot nearly created—or with more power, or less power? And even the Irish question can crop up awkwardly in a Scottish context, as the SNP appreciates every time its leaders smother, remit, or refer back some militant branch's enthusiasm for getting Scottish troops out of Northern Ireland. Anything that delights one Scottish pressure group on Ireland is certain to infuriate another.

The policy difficulty is far from insuperable. The SNP was not known for the coherence or consistency of its policy when it made great leaps forward, and its appeal rested very largely on a capacity to be all things to different Scotsmen. Instinct rather than any policy appeal has secured Labour its dominance in Scotland and it is possible, if only faintly possible, that a sizeable number of former Labour voters, plus disgruntled Tories and anxious Nationalists, could give the SDP a try if it really got going in Scotland. And that, of course, could be the way to some form of devolution and proportional representation which could change the face of both British and Scottish politics.

It would be a famous victory; but there would still be some Scottish equivalent of little Peterkin to ask what good came of it at last. Would there be a reformation of manners sufficient to make the burghers of Wembley (and the neighbours of Hampden Park) long for international days to come round more often? Would the deserts of industrial waste lands blossom as the rose, with a new industrial estate at Linwood exporting video recorders to Japan? Would the shabby modern council housing estates that sprawl round Glasgow recapture the slightly prim neatness of the best of the original 'corporation schemes'? And would Scotland, and its Kirk for that matter, be more or less of one mind about Faslane?

Even in a recession there is no great need to ask such questions about Edinburgh, despite its pockets of squalor and despair, or of Aberdeen with its oil spin-off, or of the Lowland countryside from Galloway to Buchan. In the 1970s it was reasonable, even after the rise and fall of shipyard militancy on the Upper Clyde, to think of Scotland's problem as mainly one of identity, with the former junior partners in Empire beginning to think of themselves as one of the oldest kingdoms of Europe. In the 1980s the Scots seem more placid in their relations with the rest of Britain; but the problems of industrial decay and renewal in the old

heartland of the Industrial Revolution seem more deeply rooted than most people suspected.

Just across the Clyde from Linwood is Clydebank, once the home of Singer sewing-machines and the cradle of the Cunarder Queens. Upriver are great stretches of desolate dockland. Downriver at Greenock, across the estuary from Faslane, the modern shipyards worry about their orders. And when orders are sparse, and a car plant closes, different parts of the steel industry realise why their own management has had to seem so ruthless.

For many of Scotland's people this is inevitably a world of limited expectations. What is true socially and economically also seems true politically. They have learned to be sceptical and they bring their scepticism to bear on Scottish nationalism as well as Labour's various shades of socialism. They vote Labour out of a sense of solidarity which is also their view of self-interest.

At some point their common sense would revolt if Labour were captured by the most militant of its tendencies, especially if the splits and reselections affected local MPs. But that point is hardly likely to be reached while Michael Foot remains in office and retains the support of Len Murray and the TUC. Scottish urban politics remain very much class politics—perhaps more so than ever since the decline of the Tory working-class vote.

The weakness of the SDP in Scotland may be that it comes across as too middle-class, and a party of reason rather than instinct. The weakness of the new version of Scottish nationalism is that a few left-wing policies and a class-war-of-words don't quite provide the credentials of working-class solidarity. The vaguer idea of the 'Labour movement' probably still matters more in Scotland than the organisation of the Labour Party. The idea of the movement may carry the troubled party through a bad patch, in Scotland at least.

[R. D. Kernohan is Editor of *Life and Work*.]

POPULATION AND BIRTH CONTROL IN CHINA

by J. A. Loraine

IN 1970 world population stood at 3,600 million. It was growing at a rate of 2% per annum and could be expected to double in 35 years. By 1981 numbers had climbed to 4,500 million. But the outlook for the future was somewhat less sombre because the overall growth rate had slowed to 1.7% per annum and the doubling time had risen to 41 years. The main reason for this improvement was the herculean attempt of the Chinese Government under Mao Tse-tung's hegemony to damp down procreative activity in the world's most populous country.

In 1948 when Mao seized power China was isolated and embattled. The Western powers led by the USA were bitterly hostile to the new regime. Stalin had backed Chiang Kai-shek rather than the Communists in the Civil War and even after Mao's victory Russian support could at best be described as lukewarm. French imperialism was in the process of re-establishing itself in Indo-China. The Indian subcontinent, resigned to fissiparity on religious grounds and preoccupied with its own internal struggle for independence, could scarcely be expected to assist. But even at this very early and turbulent stage in China's revolutionary history Mao had no doubt about the supreme task facing his fledgling People's Republic. He must feed his large and growing population at a reasonable nutritional level and at all costs avoid the famines which had been endemic in China under Chiang Kai-shek and his predecessors. That China succeeded in this aim throughout the whole of Mao's suzerainty and did so without drawing extensively on world food stocks is a testimony to the political will which existed in that country to develop and implement a population policy.

Little is known about the population characteristics of pre-revolutionary China. However, what evidence is available suggests that even then fertility was lower than in adjoining Asian countries such as India. It is known that *coitus interruptus* was widely practised; prolonged lactation, reducing the possibility of conception, was frequent; marriage was often delayed for economic reasons; mortality, especially amongst infants, was high and this diminished the rate of natural increase of population.

No-one knows precisely how many people live in China now. The last national census took place in 1953 which put the then population at 582 million; however, the reliability of the census is in grave doubt and it is probable that many heads remained uncounted. Accordingly, population estimates for the China of 1981 are at best an inspired guess, and the figure of 957 million quoted by the Washington-based Population Reference Bureau and incorporating UN data may be as near the mark as any.

Since the Revolution Chinese attitudes to population control have fluctuated greatly. Prior to 1957 Mao's speeches were orthodoxly Marxist

—'overpopulation is the absurd argument of Western bourgeois economists'; overpopulation is a capitalist euphemism for 'relative surplus labour'; the problem 'calls for revolution, not contraception'. Meantime, however, in spite of this rhetoric family planning had commenced on a very limited scale and in the early Fifties the intrauterine device was the technique of choice.

Although early in 1959 Mao appeared to have changed tack and to be taking a much more Malthusian line on population, the Great Leap Forward of the late Fifties temporarily eclipsed the concept of a 'planned birth programme'. Official policy became much more pronatalist; an increasing population was linked in the public mind with more production and greater wealth accumulation. However by the early Sixties the fact that the Great Leap Forward had egregiously failed was plain for all to see. Family planning soon resumed the mantle of respectability and in 1964 Premier Chou En-lai announced that China's target was to reduce population growth to less than 2% per annum. 'Our emphasis on planned parenthood', Chou declaimed, 'is entirely positive; planned parenthood where there is an increased production of goods and services is conducive to raising the standards of living'.

Throughout the turmoil and vicissitudes of Mao's Cultural Revolution birth control, although temporarily in eclipse, was not entirely disregarded. Indeed, it was in the late Sixties when the jingoistic tide was flowing fast and chauvinistic fervour pervasive that Mao announced to an incredulous world that he had trained a million of his celebrated 'barefoot doctors' and that they were now fanning out throughout the nation to take the message of family planning even to the remotest village.

From the early Seventies till Mao's death in 1976 the momentum of family planning was rapidly stepped up and it was obvious that the Great Helmsman was presiding over one of the major demographic events in the long catalogue of human experience. What then were its main ingredients?

From an early stage late marriage has been at the epicentre of China's population policy. In cities men should not marry before the age of 27, women not before 25; in rural areas the corresponding ages were 25 and 23. Mao's administration favoured the two child norm in marriage. By exercising reproductive restraint couples were seen to be 'serving the fatherland' and to be showing that they possessed a 'raised political consciousness'. Divorce and illegitimacy became rare in Mao's China, while premarital virginity came to be accepted as a rubric of society.

As part of his campaign against Confucianism Mao's Government proselytised strongly for women's rights and female emancipation, policies known from other parts of the world to have strong antinatalist overtones. Mao was determined that the 'women's issue' would become a major historical force in China and in a much publicised speech as early as the Fifties he declaimed that the Chinese man carried on his back 'three mountains'—feudalism, capitalism and imperialism; but the Chinese woman carried a fourth and that was a man! Confucius had stated that

a woman could not be the equal of her husband; he was dubbed the archetypal chauvinist and it was made clear that his aphorism should be relegated to the 'rubbish heap of history'. This was the era during which posters appeared proclaiming that it was *women* who held up half of heaven and that it was high time that women rose up and 'smashed the thousand year old chains of male supremacy'. But—and this was made quite definite—female emancipation had nothing to do with promiscuity and sexual licence. Indeed during the Cultural Revolution of the Sixties a traditional slogan was revived announcing that making love was a 'mental disease' which wasted both time and energy. The then Premier Chou En-lai closely followed Mao's lead on the women's rights issue. In his many tours of the Chinese hinterland he showed himself to be a strong advocate for vasectomy, stressing that men must have equal responsibilities with women in the reproductive arena.

A notable feature of the Chinese birth control programme has always been its high degree of eclecticism. Most methods are now available including oral contraceptive Pills, intrauterine devices, condoms, diaphragms, male and female sterilisation and abortion. The service leans heavily on the barefoot doctors for its delivery and they have spearheaded it now for almost two decades. They are closely integrated with the community which they serve; they provide instruction on the proper use of available methods, especially the Pill; they are trained to insert intrauterine devices and will perform other minor surgical operations such as early abortion and vasectomy.

The Pill has traditionally played a pivotal role in the Chinese planned birth programme. It is made locally, supplied free of charge and as of 1981 more women than in any other country of the world (an estimated 9 million) are taking it. Long acting monthly Pills are also in wide use as are steroid contraceptives given by injection. During the Seventies the so called 'vacation Pill' was developed in order to satisfy the peculiarly Chinese requirements for birth control in couples who are separated through work for most of the year and only cohabit during holidays.

The intrauterine device has been steadily gaining popularity in China as a method of birth control. At present it is the technique of choice in rural areas and is widely used by families opting for the one child norm. The most widely used device consists of a single ring of tightly coiled stainless steel wire. Currently production of devices is believed to be running at 20 million per annum.

Most areas of China now offer male and female sterilisation. These procedures are also gaining in popularity and according to one estimate 20 million Chinese couples have selected this method of fertility control. Female sterilisation is often performed under acupuncture anaesthesia. A small incision is made in the abdominal wall—known as a laparotomy —and the uterine tubes are ligated or sectioned. The province of Sichuan is the main area where male sterilisation by vasectomy is performed and throughout China vasectomy accounts for about 12% of total birth control practice.

Since the Revolution the abortion law in China has been one of the most liberal in the world and abortion on demand has been *de rigueur*. Abortion using the vacuum suction technique which the Chinese pioneered was at one point the most widely used method of birth control but now official policy is to utilise abortion as a 'backstop' when other methods of fertility regulation have failed. Barefoot doctors, nurses and other paramedical personnel continue to perform the operation as do fully qualified medical staff. Following the termination of pregnancy the woman usually receives two weeks paid leave of absence from work. A 'natural' abortifacient derived from the plant root *Trichosanthes Kipolowii* has recently been discovered by workers in Shanghai. Early reports suggest that it may be effective when given into the muscles in early and mid-pregnancy.

Global research into the male Pill has been conducted over several decades but so far has met with little success. No major breakthrough has taken place; innovative flair has been sadly lacking. Given this background it is little wonder that there is intense interest in the new Chinese male contraceptive Pill, a material called Gossypol, derived from cotton seeds. Optimistic claims have been made that Gossypol can reduce the number of male sperm to the infertile range and that side effects are virtually non existent. Recently, however, these views, especially with regard to side effects, have been challenged and obviously much further work remains to be performed in this most important area.

By the time of Mao's death there was incontrovertible evidence that China's planned birth programme was working with a high degree of efficiency. The overall population growth rate was down to 1.5% per annum—a phenomenally low figure for a developing country, much less than that of her Asian neighbours such as India, Pakistan, Bangladesh and the Philippines (all reporting figures in the 2.5 to 3% range) and not too dissimilar to that in developed countries such as Ireland, Iceland, Poland and Argentina.

Mao's successors—Hua Guofeng, Zhao Ziyang and that *eminence grise* Deng Xiaoping—have differed markedly from the Great Helmsman in terms of economic policy, changing the ethos of sustainability for that of economic growth and consumerism. But in the field of birth control they have shown themselves to be even more antinatalist than Mao. At the Fifth National People's Congress of 1978 Chairman Hua's statement is especially notable 'Family planning is a very significant matter . . . we must continue to give it very serious attention and strive to lower the annual rate of China's population to less than 1% within three years'.

Then in 1979 Vice Premier Chen Mu-Hua in spelling out China's demographic objectives for the future achieved the *coup de grâce*. An annual growth rate of 5 per 1,000 should be attained by 1985, zero population growth by 2000 AD. To achieve this 'we must reduce and then altogether eliminate the phenomenon of multiparous births' and above all 'we must promote the practice of couples limiting themselves to only one child'.

From now on births should be 'late, spaced and few'. Couples opting to have one child would receive numerous advantages. The fiscal system would shower benefits upon them; they would have priority in housing, access to plots for private cultivation, better educational standards for the child, improved grain rations, better care of the elderly members of the family with special retiral awards and a subsidy for burial. On the other hand, couples in whom procreative activity was high would fare badly. Swingeing financial penalties would be levied against them and these would continue during the whole period of rearing and educating their children.

The motivational aspects of the campaign were to be of its essence and it would be the task of Communist Party members to insist that the 'mass line' be followed. The masses must be seen to be implementing the policy; ordinary people should have the ability to communicate basic ideas and tactics associated with the campaign. After all, socialism means rationality and planning—and family life is an area in which planning has become mandatory. The 'mass line' is a uniquely Chinese phenomenon. But it does demonstrate how the whole propaganda machine of a Marxist-Leninist state can be utilised to hammer home the message that low fertility is an absolute necessity.

The goals set by the Chinese administration are certainly audacious. Zero population growth by 2000 AD would be a phenomenal achievement; negative population growth by 2050 is a mind-boggling target. Do these aims overlap with reality? Prediction is always very difficult and it was Goldsmith who reminded us that prophecy was the most gratuitous form of error. Nevertheless there is no doubt that already China has the infrastructure to implement such a programme. Those around the world of sagacity and prescience must wish them well in their titanic struggle.

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AVOIDING THE NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST

by Lord Jenkins of Putney

IN the holocaust of the last war 11 million people are estimated to have lost their lives, but the abrogation of the laws of war may yet prove to have been an infinitely greater disaster. Early in the war British bomber pilots brought their bombs back or dropped them in the sea if they could not find the designated military target so as to avoid any possibility of civilian casualties. By the end of the war the RAF was killing men, women and children in hundreds and thousands in Hamburg, Dresden and other German towns while at Hiroshima and Nagasaki the American Air Force, with our connivance, committed the atrocity which may end civilisation, if not humanity itself.

In 1941 British commissioned officers received a little booklet called *What Acts of War are Justifiable?* by Professor A. L. Goodhart, published by the Oxford University Press. In it Goodhart stated that the essential point of all military law was the immunity of civilians from attack and he quoted international authorities and British Military Law in support of this view. The bombing of Rotterdam by the Nazi Germans was quoted as 'one of the worst crimes in military history', but before long we ourselves were committing much greater crimes.

Goodhart said that 'the separation of armies and peaceful inhabitants into two distinct classes is perhaps the greatest triumph of International Law. Its effect in mitigating the evils of war has been incalculable'. Alas, even as he wrote, those laws were being set aside and since then mankind has been accumulating weapons which make their observance impossible. Furthermore, in relatively minor wars (to us) since then civilian populations have been the targets. Goodhart closed his little book by saying that the war was being fought to re-establish the laws of war. If that was so, it was fought in vain.

The modern nuclear weapon is an instrument of mass murder. Lord Mountbatten did not believe that its so-called tactical use was possible without unleashing the total destruction of civilisation. Behind his constant protests one senses the indignation of the decent military man who feels that he did not join the Royal Navy to become a wholesale slaughterer of innocents compared with whom all the monsters of history would rank as soft-hearted do-gooders. Now that he himself has been murdered are there no other leading military men prepared to stand up in his place? Remember that he concluded his great Strasbourg speech of 1979 with the words, 'The world now stands on the brink of the final abyss'. How can Royal Navy submariners patrol with a weapon the release of which must mean the destruction or terrible injury of their own wives and families?

The Astronomer Royal, Nobel Prize winner Professor Sir Martin Ryle, does not believe in civil defence. He says that unless there is a quick change of course Europeans, particularly those living in countries con-

taining nuclear weapons, are doomed. Ryle said in a BBC World Service broadcast on 27th May 1981:

> I think the way things are going nuclear war is almost inevitable. I think the enormous excess of destructive power which both superpowers now have and the gradual transition from weapons which were clearly designed to make deterrence work and are clearly not designed for that purpose now, but are weapons of first strike capability, means that one side or the other will attempt to send sufficient precise weapons to destroy the launching sites of the other. The system is inherently unstable and one side or the other is eventually bound to do it.

The problem is that all through these post-war years, while talks about multilateral disarmament have been taking place, the weapons themselves have piled up and are still piling up in spite of the fact that we have reached the point at which there are so many powerful weapons targeted across the world that, as Sir Martin Ryle says, the Soviet Union could be wiped out thirty times and the United States twenty times.

C.N.D. believes, I believe, the Labour Party believes and the polls are now suggesting the majority of people in the country believe that Ryle is right, Mountbatten was right and that if Britain does not opt out of nuclear war this country and its people will be wiped out of history. It is a hard conclusion to arrive at. Mountbatten sought a reduction in nuclear armaments but since his death the race has escalated still more. Time is now short and unilateral nuclear disarmament by this country is our only chance.

The argument against this course is that if we do it, the Soviet Union will walk in. I believe that to be nonsense. Russia has enough on its hands without wishing to occupy an island several countries away. It is also suggested that the Soviet Union will drop nuclear bombs on a Britain without them. That seems to be not merely nonsensical but demonstrably so. At present nuclear missiles on all sides are targeted on the bases of the other side—in sheer self-protection that must be done. To waste nuclear weapons on a country without them would be the act of madmen bent on the destruction of their own country—there is nothing in Soviet history to suggest that the leadership is crazy. They do not forget, if we do, that the only nuclear weapon dropped on human beings so far was not dropped by them.

The USSR will, of course, keep its nuclear weapons until the USA agrees with them on a basis of mutual reduction. The Americans will do precisely the same. Unilateral nuclear disarmament by Britain is not an alternative to multilateral nuclear disarmament throughout the world, it is a means whereby the process of de-escalation may be started off. Without it there is a straight line from here to the ultimate holocaust. How long the line may be is anyone's guess. War by accident could occur at any time—there have already been some narrow shaves on our side—we don't know how many or how narrow on the other side but to suppose that the USSR is more technically efficient than the USA in this respect flies in the face of expert opinion. Then there is proliferation. More and more countries are reaching out towards the bomb and some of them

are not stable democracies. How long is the line? How near the brink of the abyss? It could be days, months, years—a decade is probably an over-estimate. In other words, the expectation of life of a child born in Britain to-day is probably not more than ten years. That is the situation we are in and that is why any talk about preferring to be dead than red is simply failing to deal with the problem at the level it demands. To choose personally to die rather than to live in slavery may be noble but to determine the end of civilisation is a choice no one is entitled to make. A nation is entitled to live to struggle back to freedom and not to have its nuclear extinction decided by foreign nationals.

For that is our position. We have handed over to the United States of America the power to determine our own destruction. No national degradation could be greater than that. And that is why I am more frightened of Ronald Reagan than I am of Leonid Breshnev who would be only too pleased, if we got rid of the bomb, to take his nukes off Britain and re-target them against whichever country still constituted a threat to the USSR.

It is no longer a question of whether one prefers to live under this or that system of government, no longer even a question of freedom or tyranny; the question now is whether or not European civilisation is to continue. After the 'theatre' nuclear war now being planned in the United States, Europe will cease to be a place of urban living; it may be a place of no life. The assumption is made that human life is permanent. It is an assumption we all share and each one of us believes in our own immunity. I was in the Royal Air Force in the last war and I never met a pilot who did not assume that he would be the exception and would survive the war. He was usually wrong. To-day we extend our personal confidence into a belief in the indestructibility of our civilisation. This time we shall all be wrong. The human experiment may be God's decision or a marvellous accident but either way it is probably unique. It is, however, much more fragile than we care to admit and for the first time mankind is now capable of destroying the conditions of human existence. We have the power to terminate life on earth and all the indications are that we are on the way to using that power to commit the ultimate blasphemy of ending consciousness. We can turn our beautiful earth into another moon spinning eternally bereft of the most wonderful creation in all universal time.

The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmanent exists to try to prevent this terminal disaster. There is no guarantee that we shall succeed, indeed the odds are against us but we intend to struggle, for we conceive it more dignified that man shall end protesting against his fate rather than supinely submit to it.

Why is it that this effort to save mankind from self-extermination is resisted so fiercely? Partly, of course, because to recognise the validity of the struggle against it means recognising the reality of the danger. To some extent our Governments *do* recognise reality. The official estimate of survival after a nuclear attack is not at all optimistic. Lord Belstead,

on behalf of the present Government, put the survival figure at between fifteen and thirty millions. Further research since then (March 1980) suggests that in fact it is unlikely that so many would survive a major attack. In any event, the conditions in which the survivors would exist would be such that they would regard the dead as fortunate. Whether a post-nuclear society would perpetuate itself and set about the long process of re-creating civilisation; whether the post-nuclear environment would permit such endeavour is not known. There are those who believe it to be unlikely but, however that may be, it is not the sort of existence we are entitled to arrange for our children and grandchildren even if they are not denied the gift of life altogether.

Is it because Governments do not care to admit the truth that they attack unilateralism so unfairly? Why are our leaders, even the clergy and Liberals, damned as either stooges or dupes of the Kremlin? Why has the Secretary of State for Defence, Mr. John Nott, declared war on C.N.D. and opened his campaign with McCarthyite smears?

The answer has been given by Mr. Nott himself and I do not think he would disagree if I summed it up by saying that the traditionalist in defence sees unilateralism as weakening the resolution of the people of our country to fight and to pay for arms to defend themselves. If CND is right and the nuclear weapon itself has become the ultimate enemy then wars can no longer be fought. In short, nuclear disarmament leads to total disarmament. It means seceding from NATO, reducing Western defences to impotence and must end in the triumph of the USSR.

There is no evidence that this sequence of events is likely to occur but even if it happened that would be better than the alternative of nuclear extinction. No empire lasts forever and as we are seeing in China, Poland, Jugoslavia, Italy, France and elsewhere, the old myth of a monolithic world communism breaks down in face of the reality of the nation-state. Faced with the choice—and I do not think it *is* the choice but even if it were—it would be better to be red than dead because we should be a British shade of red and alive to shape our society in our own fashion; to struggle against oppression, to take up arms if need be but arms which would no longer contain within them the certainty of national nuclear suicide.

There is, however, an alternative scenario which we can follow if we choose; one which could lead us to a world which, if we were not free from fear, would be one where fear was reduced to tolerable levels.

The future demands the accession of a Labour Government committed to unilateral nuclear disarmament; it further demands that the policy shall be carried out rapidly and totally.

The second necessity is that like Canada and the other non-nuclear countries the United Kingdom shall, while it remains, stay in membership of NATO. As a member of that body, the U.K. will take part in negotiations for multilateral nuclear disarmament with the Warsaw Pact powers. There is every likelihood that such negotiations would bring about a gradual reduction in nuclear arms in Europe accompanied by a process

of mutual inspection, providing that the U.K. has set the example by showing that it regards the possession of the nuclear weapon as a danger and a disadvantage rather than as a deterrent. We are uniquely placed to set this example because in this overcrowded island even the present Government admits that with our nuclear weapons we are at this moment so vulnerable that we could be destroyed overnight as a functioning entity, all our great cities in smoking ruins and the remnants of our people wandering wounded and praying for death.

Only as a third stage will it become possible for the two superpowers gradually and mutually to dismantle their missiles. Again, this will have to be done under mutual inspection and accompanied by an agreed scaling down of conventional arms and manpower and perhaps leading in the longer term to the mutual dissolution of NATO and the Warsaw Pact. Discussions with members of the Soviet Peace Committee make it clear that the USSR does not exclude participation in such a programme.

There is, of course, no certainty that such a procedure will succeed but what *is* certain is that if something like it is not embarked upon soon then, at the very least, we are approaching the end of European civilisation.

[As Hugh Jenkins, Lord Jenkins of Putney was Labour member of Parliament for Wandsworth, Putney from 1964/79. He served as Minister for the Arts 1974-6. Other appointments have included membership of the Arts Council and of the National Theatre Board. Hugh Jenkins was a Flight-Lieutenant in the R.A.F. in the last war, a foundation Aldermaston Marcher and is at present National Chairman of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. He is also Chairman of the Theatres Advisory Council, of the Battersea Community Arts Centre and Director of the Theatres Trust. Publications include *The Culture Gap* (1979) *Rank and File* (1980) and contributions to *The Times, Guardian,* New Statesman also radio talks.]

The October issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *The North/South Dialogue: Donor Policies Under Scrutiny* by J. O. Farley, *United Ireland? No. United Island? Yes.* by Sir John Biggs-Davison, M.P., *The Ideology of Monetarism* by Peter Howells and *Spanish Painting and British Collectors* by J. C. Metford.

FRANCOIS MITTERRAND AND THE SOCIALIST VICTORY OF MAY-JUNE 1981

by Byron Criddle and David S. Bell

WRITING in *Contemporary Review* in December 1980 we ventured the thought that the French might overturn the political apple cart in 1981 by failing to re-elect President Giscard d'Estaing. Whilst few commentators, ourselves included, thought this probable, in the event that is precisely what the French voters did on May 10th, and followed it up with a Socialist landslide in the parliamentary elections in June. These events made 1981 a year of momentous significance for the Fifth Republic: twenty-three years of continuous conservative rule were ended and power transferred to the Left, or more precisely to a Socialist president with a government composed almost entirely of Socialists and supported by a parliamentary majority in which the Socialists overwhelmingly predominate. The presidential race was a four-cornered one which, under French electoral law, had to be reduced to a straight fight at the second ballot held two weeks after the first.[1] The four contestants were the incumbent Giscard d'Estaing; his erstwhile Gaullist ally Jacques Chirac; Francois Mitterrand (Socialist) and his estranged former partner in the Union of the Left, Georges Marchais (Communist). The two essentially unforeseen developments which led to the defeat of Giscard were the significant loss of support for the Communists and the strong showing of Jacques Chirac in the first ballot of the election on April 26th. In French elections the disposition of votes at the first ballot has much to do with the outcome of the decisive second ballot. Thus, on the Left, Marchais' weak performance was to help increase Mitterrand's credibility, whilst on the Right Chirac's strength and the tenor of his campaign gravely undermined the appeal of the governing *majorité.*

Chirac was one of the major personalities of the campaign, as indeed he had been one of the major figures of the Right since 1974 when he helped Giscard win the presidency. As leader of the Right's best-organised party he was able to dispose of an effective political machine and as a persistent critic of the Giscard-Barre administration over some four years was bound to add to the difficulties of Giscard. Foremost among Chirac's campaign themes was the idea that there was a choice available to conservative voters which afforded—to purloin Giscard's own 1974 slogan—'change without risk'. Chirac's alternative was inspired by the 'supply side' economics which had so animated the Reagan campaign in America. He called for a lightening of the tax burden, especially on small businesses, and a reduction in the State's role through lower public spending in order to set free the dynamism of the private sector to pull France out of recession. Thus Chirac sought to 'outliberal' the supposedly liberal Giscard: he claimed indeed that for all Giscard's talk, the state sector had increased during his *septennat.* He also challenged the Presi-

dent's record abroad by calling for a return to the authority and decisiveness of the de Gaulle and Pompidou presidencies. Moving energetically from meeting to meeting Chirac began to climb from initially low poll ratings towards the level of support enjoyed by his party in the 1978 elections (22%). To his assertion that if the tax burden was not reduced the French would in a few years be working one day in two for the State, he added an articulation of farmers' fears about falling living standards in rural areas where his past as a Minister of Agriculture stood him in good stead, and also voiced reservations about certain law reforms (e.g. abortion) for which he had in fact been responsible as Prime Minister. The measure of his party's organisational skills was provided by his ability to fill the Parc des Princes stadium in Paris and his tactical dexterity was reflected in the rumour put about in the closing days of the first ballot campaign that unpublished poll findings (polls cannot be published during the last week of campaigning) showed that he would overtake Mitterrand and go forward to a run-off with Giscard at the second ballot. In the event Chirac came in third with a creditable 18% (5 million votes). Even if he was trailing 10% behind Giscard (28%) it was a respectable result against an incumbent conservative president, and when the votes of the two minor Gaullist candidates (Debré and Marie-France Garaud) were added to his the total (21%) showed Gaullism to be surviving well-enough. Chirac polled well in the Catholic rural west where Giscard's divorce and abortion reforms were disliked and where the farmers had followed Chirac. This electorate of rural and small town protest was rather different from the urban Gaullist electorate of former times, and it remained to be seen how much of it would transfer automatically to Giscard at the second ballot.

Chirac's spoiling role on the Right was matched by that of Marchais on the Left. For the Communist Party the presidential election provided the severest test of its post-1974 strategy of seeking to maximise its own vote at the expense of the Socialists in order to redress the balance on the Left in its own favour. After 1978 this strategy of hostility to the Socialists was wedded to a policy of outright alignment with Soviet positions on important international issues such as Afghanistan, SS20 missiles and Poland. Neither the strategy nor the pro-Moscow alignment was changed for the presidential elections, despite the fact that the very nature of those elections (presidential) made them hard for the Communists to do well in, given the absolute lack of credibility attaching to the idea of a Communist President of the Republic. Thus a vote for a Communist candidate in a presidential election can be construed as a 'wasted' vote and the temptation was great for Communist voters to cast a *vote utile* for Mitterrand (as indeed they had done twice before in 1965 and 1974) to ensure that the most viable Left candidate went through to the second ballot with a good head of steam. The most controversial aspect of Marchais' elongated campaign was the quest for working class votes via an anti-immigrant campaign whose most notorious incident was the bulldozing of access to an illegally-occupied immigrant hostel in the Paris suburb of Vitry on Christmas Eve 1980. This was followed in Feb-

ruary by a Communist-organised demonstration against an immigrant family suspected of drug-peddling. These incidents seemed not to bring any electoral advantage to the party but what they did do was to demobilise party activists and thus to impair the effectiveness of the best political machine in France.

A further negative component of Marchais' campaign were the incessant attacks on Mitterrand and the Socialist party, the central theme being that if Mitterrand was elected there would be a deal with the Right and that the only safeguard against such Socialist treachery was, first the inclusion of Communist ministers in a government of the Left, and secondly the use of Communist industrial muscle. These demands and threats could not have been better calculated to frighten off floating voters and supply the Right with all the ammunition it needed to attack Mitterrand's credibility. In the event, however, Marchais' vote of 15.3% was the major surprise of the election; it was a serious debacle for the Communist Party and had a shattering effect on the eventual outcome.

The greatest beneficiary of the low Communist vote was Mitterrand and the greatest loser Giscard, for with a Communist vote down by 5% (or one million votes) it was no longer easy for the Right to argue that a dominant Communist Party would manipulate a government of the Left. The Communist vote was down everywhere, most notably in the party's traditional working class bastions of the red belt and the north. Only in rural Languedoc was there some resistance to decline, fuelled by the party's articulation of farmers' fears of EEC-enlargement. Most significantly, the Communist vote trailed behind the Socialist in 92 of the country's 96 departments, a development of great benefit to Mitterrand's credibility. The disastrous Communist performance obliged the party to drop its attacks on the Socialists for fear of alienating still more of the Communist electorate; it was clear the populist strategy had failed and that the best the leaders could do to avoid further humiliation at the hands of their voters was to follow them. Thus, in the two week period between the presidential ballots, the party machine was quietly disengaged and *L'Humanité* devoted almost as much coverage to the fate of the IRA hunger-striker, Bobby Sands, as it did to the campaign. This contributed to a placid atmosphere and served to underline the impression that the PC had indeed been marginalised and trumped by the Socialist party.

Mitterrand's campaign, once formally launched at a special congress of his party in January, was a low key and cautious affair. It consisted in essence of presenting the Socialist leader as *'une force tranquille'* and a man of moderation and statesmanship. His technique in dealing with what was construed before the first ballot to be his greatest liability, the Communist albatross, was to refuse absolutely to indulge in polemics with the party and to reiterate with the help of other Socialist spokesmen that there could be no question of admitting Communists to government until the Communist Party accepted the Socialist position on all outstanding (mostly foreign) policy differences. He also avoided a dutch auction with

the PC over a slate of extensive social policy objectives (an increased minimum wage, higher pensions and family allowances, a 35-hour working week, and so on) by ignoring the Communist call for immediate implementation of such demands. He sought even to distance himself from the left wing policy statement of his own party *(le Projet Socialiste),* choosing rather to be judged by his own speeches during the campaign and his recent book *Ici et Maintenant.* (Giscard's attempt to tie him down to the Socialist party's *projet* led to a retort of 'lies' in the closing stages of the campaign for the second ballot). His posters showed him wearing a bland expression and superimposed on a rural scene against a red, white and blue background: a reassuringly moderate, national image.

As the leading candidate of the Left Mitterrand was in no danger of not getting through to the second ballot, despite the story run by the Gaullists. He did not have to take Marchais seriously as a threat—rather merely ignore him. He could thus spend a good deal of time damning Giscard's record at home, where the President was most vulnerable, and abroad, where Mitterrand echoed a deliberately Gaullian call for a greater grimness, particularly in dealings with the Soviet Union. Mitterrand's first ballot vote of 25% represented a 3% increase on the Socialist party's vote in recent years, and if the 2% vote for the Left Radical candidate, Crépeau, is included (as it usually is in Socialist electoral totals) the growth registered was 5%. Most important was the wideness of the gap that had now opened up between Socialist and Communist electorates (10%). The Socialist leader outdistanced Marchais, as has been noted, even in the working class heartlands of the party and even where this was achieved more by Communist abstentions than by actual accretions of support by the Socialists, the effect was salutary.

The campaign of the incumbent President transpired to be a more awkward affair than had been envisaged. The President had originally proposed a short campaign playing to his assumed strengths: his presidential status, his seemingly sound record as French spokesman on the world stage, and his much-vaunted skill on television which he had used to effect against Mitterrand in 1974. But during the first ballot campaign Giscard quickly showed up as a vulnerable incumbent and was not allowed to forget that he was presiding over 1.7 million unemployed. With his Prime Minister, Barre, keeping out of the campaign he was obliged to acknowledge unemployment as the failure of his *septennat* and had, in the course of the campaign, to launch belated proposals for its amelioration. Nor did Giscard's claim that France had weathered the recession rather better than other countries serve to impress an electorate as ethnocentric as the French. He was even obliged to recognise the purely institutional disadvantage of a seven-year long incumbency by promising that if re-elected he would not seek seven more years after completing 14 years in 1988! Vulnerable as incumbent, Giscard sought understandably to point up the traditional problems of handing power to the Left. Mitterrand, if elected, would be condemned to govern with the Communists and, with the Left in power, France would be faced with

either 'Socialist disorder' or 'Communist order'. In effect the credibility of such charges in 1981 was already—even before the eventual Communist debacle at the first ballot—weakened by the absence of any deal between the Socialists and Communists and the resolute refusal of the Socialists to give the PC anything. But it was the Communist slump at the first ballot that finally put paid to this particular piece of right wing rhetoric.

The other traditional device deployed by Giscard was to assert that if Mitterrand was elected there would be no majority for his policies in the National Assembly, and that if he dissolved it as he said he would and obtained a left wing majority it would not be a reliable majority because of the Communist component. This sort of rhetoric looked more tired than ever in 1981 and it was, moreover, easy enough for Mitterrand to remind Giscard that events of the recent past (for example, the refusal of the Gaullist deputies to vote the Budget in 1980) and the very fact of Chirac's damaging campaign against Giscard, confirmed that there was no majority for Giscard in parliament either. Here was revealed Giscard's most vulnerable flank: the collapse of the unity of the governing coalition and the fact that the most damaging critique of Giscard's presidency, precisely because of its source, was that emanating from the Gaullist camp. Giscard's first ballot vote of 28% was 4% down on his 1974 performance and only 3% ahead of his Socialist rival. By falling below what was regarded as the pyschologically-important 30% barrier it was felt that Giscard's prospects of a second ballot victory had been gravely weakened. That the vote fell as much as it did was undoubtedly the consequence of Chirac's candidacy which had provided an apparently safe alternative for conservatives. But by voting for 'change without risk' Chirac's supporters were in effect undermining the credibility of the President.

The second ballot campaign between Giscard and Mitterrand opened with the incumbent president striving for re-election with a total Right aggregate of less than 50% (49.3%). Moreover the likelihood of Giscard being able to mobilise even that vote was seriously impaired by the behaviour of the Gaullists. Despite the fact that Giscard started to woo the Gaullist vote by taking up Chirac's anti-state bureaucracy theme, the Gaullist leader offered Giscard only a personal endorsement (repeated once nearer the second ballot) and stopped short of instructing his 5 million voters to support Giscard. One of the minor Gaullist candidates, Debré, did advocate support for Giscard but the other, Marie-France Garaud, recommended abstention. The RPR central committee opposed joint meetings involving Giscardians and Gaullists and the party machine went into neutral. In no previous election during the Fifth Republic (except the rather exceptional contest between Pompidou and the centrist Poher in 1969) had the Right gone into the decisive ballot in as disunited a condition, and at the second ballot Giscard failed to poll the full Gaullist strength especially in areas where Chirac had done well. In fact only about 70% of Chirac's voters turned out for Giscard. On the Left,

Mitterrand, with a total Left aggregate of 46.7 and the expectation of receiving the lion's share of the 1 million Ecologist votes, was in much better shape. The Communists, chastened by their first ballot performance, endorsed Mitterrand without attaching demands which it was in any case clear Mitterrand would have no intention or indeed need to meet. The PC merely resorted to an announcement—to be reiterated constantly in the weeks of electioneering that followed—that it was ready to assume its responsibilities in government. At the second ballot the transference of Communist votes to Mitterrand was complete and probably at least half the ecologist vote moved over to Mitterrand, attracted by his stance on such issues as nuclear power stations, nuclear testing and electoral reform. As significantly, almost a fifth of Chirac's electorate was thought to have switched to Mitterrand. Such dispositions of votes lay behind the result of the second ballot: Mitterrand 51.8% Giscard 48.2%.

If the outcome of the presidential election was dramatic, that of the ensuing parliamentary campaign was, by and large, a foregone conclusion. The calling of parliamentary elections by President Mitterrand was necessary and entirely in keeping with the traditions of the Fifth Republic which has come to operate on the assumption that the President, as head of government, cannot govern without a majority in the National Assembly. Since French voters accept presidential dominance it seemed reasonable to suppose that in the June parliamentary elections they would give Mitterrand the means to govern the country. The Right cannot have entertained any serious hopes that it would be otherwise. The Socialist campaign for those elections opened with Mitterrand's appointment of the reassuringly moderate Pierre Mauroy as Prime Minister and of an equally moderate team of ministers. Very few left wingers were given posts and, of course, no Communists. This new government promptly announced various social policy measures: a higher minimum wage, a pensions increase and the starting of talks on reducing the working week. Nuclear power station development was suspended; German support was secured for the franc; and the foreign secretary, Cheysson, was dispatched to reassure France's allies. The Socialists' election theme was, as in the past had been the Right's, 'a majority for the President'. Mitterrand made only one speech of intervention during the campaign to appeal for the means with which to pursue his policies. The party was seeking—as it duly succeeded in doing—to achieve a parliamentary majority on the President's coat-tails.

The Communist campaign was significantly different from Marchais' presidential effort. In what amounted to yet another 'U' turn the PC claimed now to accept most of the Socialist party's policy positions and called for negotiations about the entry of Communist ministers—resisted, as ever, by the Socialists. The Communists were trying to save as many of their seats as possible by getting into Mitterrand's slip-stream and posing as members of the new 'presidential majority', even to the extent of playing down the 'Communist' label on election publicity. The parties of the

ex-majority entered this further campaign in a demoralised and shocked condition. The Giscardian UDF was now leaderless; not even Barre showed any inclination to return to the stage from which he had been swept by Giscard's defeat. A hastily-assembled alliance of RPR and UDF was imposed on the Right by Chirac, and given the somewhat implausible label, Union for a New Majority (UNM). Joint candidatures were secured in four-fifths of the seats. Chirac, in what transpired to be almost a solo campaign, sought to frighten the electorate by focusing on the nationalisation programme of the Socialists (banks, schools, medicine, etc) and when this failed—and particularly after the first ballot when the Socialist landslide looked inevitable—to argue the need for an institutional counterweight to Socialist power. This latter—an interesting deviation from the traditional Gaullist argument that constitutional stability requires a concordance between presidency and parliament—involved the idea that with Socialist (and/or Communist) control of the Presidency, of the unions and of many town halls it was necessary to elect a parliament free of left wing domination to restrict an otherwise unrivalled power.

These campaign ruses fell upon deaf ears; polls predicted a Socialist landslide and so it was: a first ballot PS vote expanded to 37% and a Communist vote stuck at 16%. Thus the gap between the two parties was wider than ever (20%) and there were now 9½ million Socialist voters to a mere 4 million Communists. The PS overtook the PC in all but 65 seats and, importantly, outdistanced 46 of the 86 sitting Communist deputies who were thus obliged to surrender their seats to socialist candidates. Many of the Communist working class fiefs were now to have, after the second ballot, Socialist deputies. At the second ballot, and mobilising a first ballot aggregate Left vote of over 55%, the Socialist party swept the country, taking most of the seats, for example, in Brittany, a one-time bastion of the Right.

The Right saw its total vote drop to 44%—a 5% fall since the presidential election. This vote was shared almost evenly by the RPR and the UDF but the arrangement on joint candidatures which operated in favour of incumbent deputies helped the Gaullists who had more deputies than the UDF to start with to retain their lead in seats. With a national aggregate of only 44% the Right had no hope of saving many seats at the second ballot, although there is evidence that a higher turnout did help the UNM to save about 20 seats in which the Right had not obtained a 50% first ballot aggregate. Many prominent Gaullist and Giscardian deputies lost their seats.

After the elections Mitterrand finally admitted four Communists to ministerial posts, all in non-sensitive areas. He did so in order to ensure that what the Right had always predicted about the consequences of a left-wing victory—industrial disorder fomented by the Communist unions —would not come to pass. He did so also to try to hold for the Socialist party those Communist voters who had helped him achieve what in 1972 he had described as a 'great Socialist party built on ground once occupied

by the Communist party'. The remarkable results of the elections of April, May and June 1981 were such as to avoid the long-heralded constitutional seize-up created by a clash between President and Parliament. What they did not, however, necessarily avoid was the complex of problems involved in governing France in a recession with, rather than against, the Communists.

NOTES

1. There were ten presidential candidates, only four of whom represented major political formations: the PC (Parti communiste); PS (Parti socialiste); RPR (Rassemblement pour la République) and UDF (Union pour la démocratie française)

Presidential election results (First ballot):

	Vote in millions	%
Giscard d'Estaing	8.1	28.3
Mitterrand (Socialist)	7.5	25.8
Chirac (Gaullist)	5.2	18.0
Marchais (Communist)	4.5	15.3
Lalonde (Ecologist)	1.1	3.9
Laguiller (Trotskyist)	0.6	2.3
Crépeau (Left Radical)	0.6	2.2
Debré (Ind Gaullist)	0.5	1.7
Garaud (Ind Gaullist)	0.4	1.3
Bouchardeau (PSU)	0.3	1.1
Second ballot		
Mitterrand	15.7	51.8
Giscard d'Estaing	14.6	48.2

Legislative election results (First ballot):

	Vote in millions	%
PC	4.0	16.2
PS + Left Radicals	9.4	37.6
Other left	0.5	2.0
Ecologists	0.3	1.1
RPR	5.2	20.9
UDF	4.8	19.1
Other right	0.8	3.2

Distribution of seats after second ballot:

PC	PS + Left Radicals	RPR	UDF	Other right
44	285	84	64	8

[Byron Criddle is lecturer in Politics at The University of Aberdeen; David S. Bell is lecturer in Politics at The University of Leeds.]

A TERM OF ABUSE

by John Elsom

I HAVE been a regular theatre critic now for nigh on ten years next Michelmas; and a part-timer, odd-jobbing among the monthlies, the colour supplements and the encyclopaedias, for nearly ten years before that—and yet I cannot answer the simplest questions about my profession. A student on a teaching training course (majoring in drama) once sent around a questionnaire to the critics, in connection with her thesis on criticism; and I was one of the recipients. She had evidently thought out the questions very carefully, reducing them to the lowest common denominator of human apprehension, and estimated the space required for the answers. Her first was 'How many times on average do you go to the theatre per week?', which received about a centimetre's reply—the second, 'How did you become a critic?' (two square inches) and the third, 'What standards do you employ in evaluating a play/production/performance?' (three square inches, with a star indicating that I could write on a separate sheet of paper if I so chose).

In my case, the space was immaterial because I couldn't answer any of them. It was worse than those American Express forms where you have to estimate the income bracket in which you would choose to place yourself. There is no average number of times for visiting the theatre during a week for a critic. The theatre is a seasonal trade. There can be a rush of openings one week and a dearth the next: while during festivals, you can find yourself sitting through as many as 25 to 30 shows a week. In one year, I calculated that I had seen more than 370 productions and written about less than half of them; and so the strictly accurate answer would have been 7.28 or thereabouts. But that would have been misleading too, implying a sustained dedication on my part which I certainly do not possess, for I am seasonal in my energies as well.

How did I become a critic? Well, accidentally, that's for sure. Very few of my colleagues, I suspect, actually wanted to become theatre critics. It is just not one of those professions of such glamour that you wake up on your thirteenth birthday and say, 'Daddy, I'm going to became a theatre critic.' And yet 'accidentally' would be a wrong answer too, for my first critical essay, about Jean Genet, was written uninvited and sent unsolicited to Alan Ross, the editor of *London Magazine*, who accepted it to my utter delight and amazement. It was a hard slog, that essay, weeks of work with a French dictionary and phrase book, much of it spent among the censored books of the British Museum's North Library (for Genet was then regarded as a forbidden author), where a few furtive souls like me would sit at the long tables, eyeing each other, served by a handful of high-minded attendants who wondered what we were up to that they could legitimately ban.

No accident has ever been so carefully planned, and yet there was an element of randomness about it, much as life itself is a deceptive mixture

of chance and design, so that in retrospect you can see all the threads and compulsions which drew you towards a particular event, while the event itself just happens, as it were, unintended. In my case, the threads were numerous—a general desire, share by many of my contemporaries, to become a writer, the influence of a school where the theatrical tradition was strong, the writing of a few infantile plays and musicals, which I directed exploiting my friends as actors, much (as I now realise) in the Edwardian tradition of home theatricals, its extension into university drama where my first real play received its first real review, in *The Times* no less, and favourable at that; which fired my clay-like ambition to be a writer, so that nothing could chip it, not the doubts of my father, the resistance of publishers and impresarios, the years of seeing nothing published, nothing performed, nothing achieved.

I am not exaggerating. There was an interval of about four years between that university play with its *Times* review and the next 'break', a talk on Christianity for the BBC Third Programme, and a few months before the next, a short story to music (written by Sally Mays) again for the BBC, and yet another year before the Genet article, and nine months before the next, a piece on the theatre of the absurd. Such successes needed to be measured by a pipette, a drop at a time. And if at any time, somebody had asked me what I did for a living, I who in fact was scraping an existence from part-time teaching and script reading for a film company, would have answered proudly that I was a writer—but not a theatre critic—conscious in my heart that this was what I wanted to become, that nothing else would satisfy my self esteem which had become thus ludicrously fixed upon the unattainable and that this after all was how I wasted most of my days, fretting and agonising in front of a blank sheet of paper, twisted into an old upright Olympia typewriter, which screwed up carbon copies.

And so the brief answer to the second question should simply be that theatre criticism proved to be the easiest way by which this would-be writer could get published, on a regular basis; and it happened to be easy for me because I had a university training in literature and some experience of writing, directing and acting in plays, if only on amateur, or at best, amateur-professional level. But that is not quite right either, for if I had not been drawn to the theatre, had not found it in some way interesting, indeed fascinating, as an activity, I doubt whether I could have become involved with it as a writer; and the key motive here was not so much literature, as sex. The theatre has always secretly been for me a sexy medium, in that as a fourteen-year-old boy, I would go to musicals and music halls just to see the long legs of the girls, their shorts-splitting thighs, the blonde and black hair cascading down over bare shoulders and tight 1950s sweaters. Musicals, American musicals in particular, were always a greater attraction than Old Vic Shakespeares; and secretly I believed that the theatre represented a world of sexual opportunity, untrammelled by male duties and responsibilities, where the insider could pick and choose, and live life to the full, armoured by his occupation

against reproof.

And yet I never hankered to become an actor or a director, except incidentally, although I still fancy my chances as a dramatist. The attractions of the theatre were never such that they tugged me away from my inner desire to become a writer; and so another answer can be formulated —that theatre criticism represented a compromise between my love of the theatre and my wish to write. It sounds sensible, but again not quite accurate, for I dwindled into criticism, much as Millamant dwindled into marriage, with reluctance, for many harsh words have been said against theatre critics, with some justification. It is Beckett's worst term of abuse in *Waiting for Godot*—'crrrittticcc'—while Shaw dubbed them eunuchs in a harem. Today, the second question which chance acquaintances ask me is usually, 'But don't you get terribly *jaded*', the first being (sceptically) 'For whom do you write?'

Jaded is a loaded term. It suggests that boredom and cynicism has sunk down so deeply into your character that you can't recognise talent if it punches you in the eye; and yet it is invariably expressed with an apparent sympathy, as if the enquirer were troubled about your mental state and seeking to find excuses for it. Naturally, you must be jaded, sitting through three hours of play every night, and that explains why you are so thick-skinned and insensitive. A critic who confesses to being jaded, lets down the honour of his profession (for I believe that it can be honourable); and yet we all do so, from time to time, in a self-deprecating way, for it provides those whom our criticisms have hurt with a convenient explanation for our indifference.

I must therefore state, here and now, that I am *never* jaded; and I only wish that I could affirm as much for my colleagues, who, whenever I disagree with them, show distinct signs of jadedness. I can be bored, infuriated, fed up, and my intolerance has become refined over the years, but I am never jaded, for whenever a signal from Excellence bleeps its way over the horizon, my sensitive antennae are instantly a-jangle. And yet if the capacity to be jaded were within my character, I must confess that the plain circumstances of reviewing would quickly encourage it to grow—the unsocial hours of theatre criticism, the seats uncomfortable for legs, the rush after the theatre, the column inches to be filled even when one has little to say, the constant struggle to stay in touch not just with what is happening in London and the regional theatres, but abroad too, the worry lest you should accidentally damn a promising career and its reverse, that you should encourage by over-enthusiasm a kind of theatrical Frankenstein to take over the world. Although I have been lucky enough mainly to work within a weekly column, I have done my stint of over-night reviews; and worse still, dashed from the theatre into a broadcasting studio, to give a live radio review within twenty minutes of the fall of the curtain. The most nightmarish experience was to review by phone-in Trevor Nunn's *Macbeth*, using a telephone in the RSC's offices, with the actors walking behind me while I broadcast my comments.

And all the time, a critic worries, or should worry, about what standards he has chosen to assess the productions; for even the merest hack, who just tells the story and lists names with a brief comment or so, is involved in the matter of standards and values, whether he likes it or not, whether he or she has any influence or not; and it would be absurd to pretend otherwise. Those critics who purport to be objective, are fooling themselves, however elaborately scientific the ramifications of structuralism may seem; for the choices, reflecting value judgements, begin at the moment when one decides to see this show, rather than that, to devote this amount of space (subject to editorial consent) rather than more or none at all, and the choices continue through every word a critic writes.

The word, standards, however, conjures up something like the British Standards Authority, a set rule by which things can be assessed; and, of course, most standards in the theatre are not quite like that. You can, to some extent, talk about standards in lighting, in diction, in basic stagecraft, if you remember that there are exceptions even to these rules. A critic has to be aware of these rules and to the possibility that someone has decided deliberately to break them. But most of the time he is concerned with values, which cannot be so easily laid down, if at all; and in my case, an agnostic, even perhaps an existentialist, the concept of values involves a search, rather than a definition, an attempt to find out what is of value to me rather than a pre-arranged set of signals which trigger an instant assent.

This was why perhaps my first critical essay was on Jean Genet, for nobody's life or methods of thought could be more different from my own. Genet was a thief, a homosexual prostitute enamoured of violence in his lovers, an adorer of symbols and rituals which he considered to be the social extension of fantasies in private sexual life. He believed that we have to embrace the degradation in our lives, to transform it into a glorious object—a royal wedding or a spectacular hanging, it scarcely mattered which—which represented a kind of flowering of the self, after which the self dies away fulfilled.

On one level, what Genet was saying—in *Le Balcon* or even *Le Journal du Voleur*—seemed deceptively true. Was not my desire to become a writer part of this transformation into ritual which he described so eloquently? And was not perhaps my lack of success as a writer due to the fact that I was unwilling to sully my hands with my own excrement, reluctant to admit even to myself what I was really like, so that all my writing was a means of disguise, a way of putting on airs? For frankly, looking back at my early writing, either now or then, at the time of the Genet essay, what depressed me most was the sheer cleverness and the deep dishonesty, the contorted tricks, the efforts to seduce.

And so there is yet another answer to the second question, that I became a critic in order to work out problems which were then disturbing me, much as a student enrols in a course of psychiatry because secretly

he fears that he's nuts. And I had to be a critic of Genet, because while there was much which moved and excited me about his work, there was much more that repelled, its anarchy, its passive acceptance of fascism —albeit a fascism of the left, its narcissism. Theatre criticism became a mode of thought, as if I needed an external object to criticise before my own beliefs would venture to emerge. In pursuing his despised and parasitical trade, the critic—no less than any other writer—is learning about himself and the world around him; and his judgements, such as they are, come at best in the form of insights, rather than merit or demerit marks.

A critic therefore has to grow with his criticism; for if he doesn't, then his work becomes stale and jaundiced, and, yes, jaded. But an actor or a director might well complain that this is exactly what is wrong with criticism—the critic is more concerned with the development of his own ego than what is on the stage. He should forget about his personal preoccupations and enter into the spirit of the experience, criticising (if at all) from within. I do not think that this is practical; but I do think that it is a temptation, for the critic likes to hide behind a cloak of objectivity. It is one way to become less vulnerable, but it also leads to that Olympian tone, that brusque high-sounding phraseology, that air of infallibility which is the mark of the critical bore.

While, however, a critic has to stay in touch, as it were, with his own development, this does not necessarily mean that he loses touch with everything else. On the contrary, as he grows, he sees more clearly what the real problems are with the theatre or indeed with the current manifestations of the artistic process. He recognises the cliches, because he has perhaps written them himself, not so long ago. He sees the enthusiasms which have staled, emerging in a new disguise. He becomes, often unintentionally, a guide. Quite slowly, the juvenile opinionated reporter transforms into a critic, simply by not retarding his growth as a writer.

And then he often has to move on. Some critics can reach a kind of plateau of competence, where they stay until they retire. Others find that the theatre is no longer providing that stimulus to the imagination which once it gave them; and they assume that it has gone into a decline. This is not jadedness, but maturity. They have outgrown the daily grind of reviewing. But it is often not easy for the writer who has made his name as a theatre critic to move on, just like that. Ronald Bryden went to the RSC, Kenneth Tynan to the National Theatre, others into universities or the BBC; into doing or teaching. They left at the height of their powers as critics; but the ones who do most harm perhaps, are those who would like to move on, but can't, who recognise that their abilities are being wasted and resent the fact, and who take it out on the art form which financially supports them. It is they who most deserve the insult, crrrittticcc, delivered with all the force which Vladmir and Estragon together can muster; not because they have failed the theatre, but because they are failing themselves.

THE BACKWARD GLANCE—A CONTEMPORARY TASTE FOR NOSTALGIA

by Robert Rubens

'A DESIRE to return in thought or fact to a former time in one's life.' is one of the many dictionary definitions of the word nostalgia. Judging from the succession of films, television dramatisations and theatrical revivals in the past ten years which have lovingly conjured up the atmosphere of the 1920s, the 30s and even more recent periods, it appears that the public is almost more interested in the quality of life of the not very distant past than it is in our own era.

In the winter of 1980-81 there were nine successful revivals in London theatres including *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, Pal Joey, Dangerous Corner* and one production which brought us up as far as the 1950s—*My Fair Lady.* Even in a small fringe theatre, The King's Head, in Islington, one of Noel Coward's most gossamer creations, *Shadow Play* (from his series of one-act plays *Tonight at 8.30)** enchanted audiences with its elegant blend of gaiety, wit and unashamedly romantic songs such as 'You Were There' and 'Play, Orchestra, Play'.

> 'Things never stay the same', says Coward's hero in this play. '. . . you can't expect what was lovely then to be lovely now . . .' 'Why not—why not?' his wife replies. '*Then* we were *happy*. . . .'

In these few lines of dialogue, Coward touched on a sense of nostalgia which was already latent in his own cocktail-drinking generation of 1936, but he was not to know that these same sentiments would recur and escalate to such a degree so many years later.

Everyone is aware of the popularity of such recent television productions as *Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson* and *Rebecca.* It is also a fact that hundreds of thousands of people spend their Sunday afternoons in front of their television sets, mesmerised by the films of Bette Davis and Greta Garbo and by the surrealist invention of Busby Berkeley's elaborate musical production numbers. The derogatory word 'dated' seems to have vanished from our language while we watch with awe and admiration those stylish productions which reflect a way of life which appears totally understandable now and to many people more spirited, articulate and civilised than our own period.

In recent years the cinema has produced many expert and imaginative films which have evoked in every subtle detail the past decades of this century. They have ranged from highly polished comedies and thrillers such as *The Sting* and *Murder on the Orient Express* to productions with more serious themes including *The Hireling, Julia* and *The Last Picture Show.* Aside from their artistic merit, these films and television serialisations have made a strong impact which can be seen in contemporary fashions in clothes, hairstyles and interior décor. *Art deco* has become a household word and copies of this particular 1930s style of furniture,

porcelain and jewellery can be found in shops all over Britain, while good examples of original objects of the period are now fetching extremely high prices from antique dealers and auction houses.

Before the late 1960s there were only occasional revivals in the theatre and there had been periodic films which attempted—usually unsuccessfully—to recreate the flavour of earlier decades. Even in the ephemeral world of fashion—both women's and men's—each year brought a distinctive 'look' of its own, but it wasn't until the end of the 1960s that the craze for every possible style of old-fashioned clothes flooded the market and turned the clothing industry upside down.

Now that this contemporary taste for so many forms of nostalgia has become glaringly evident, we must try to examine certain facets of life in our own epoch in order to understand why people want to hark back to the past.

Apart from current international and economic problems, there is now a general sense of tension and anxiety which can be substantiated by the fact that the Swiss-produced tranquillizer, Valium, is the largest selling drug in Britain. There have also been wide-spread and significant changes in certain normal patterns of daily living. Countless married couples, for example, who used to enjoy a quiet drink before dinner while they prattled easily about the day's events now automatically switch on the early evening news to watch international calamities; Middle-Eastern wars and assassinations in their own drawing rooms televised in brilliantly realistic colour. Hence the stimulation, the vivacity and the pure pleasure of conversation has been severely diminished by the hypnotic power of the television set.

As to the cultural side of life, it is an undisputed fact that publishing has been swamped by big business combines and 'blockbuster' novels, some of which are actually written to specific formulas, often based on popular films and television serials. The quiet, relatively short and unpretentious novel is now virtually unpublishable.

Concerning contemporary plays, many of them are original and innovative, but the pervading themes are pessimistic; concerned with violence, class struggles and abounding with characters who are often convincing but tend to be humourless and embittered. Aside from a number of well-constructed suburban comedies, mildly satirizing the drabness of that kind of life, the London theatre has become so stagnant that one of our most intelligent reviewers resigned his post as drama-critic on the grounds that the contemporary theatre had reached a dead-end.

In the light of these dismaying facts, is there any wonder that the public have turned to old films, nostalgic picture books and vintage second-hand clothes? In our own media-dominated period direct expressions of genuine emotion tend to be labelled 'sentimental' while blatant pornography is seriously considered to be artistic. Thus, we find ourselves living to a great extent in a cultural and emotional vacuum.

**Tonight at 8.30* is now running at the Lyric Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

MALAYSIAN OIL—THE NEED FOR CONSERVATION

by R. J. G. Wells

ALTHOUGH crude oil production has shown impressive growth in Malaysia—from a minuscule 6.5 million barrels in 1970 to more than 103 million barrels (283,000 barrels per day) in 1980—the oil industry is not without its problems. It is true that crude oil has become one of the principal export commodities of Malaysia and current proven reserves are around 1.8 billion barrels, but relations between the oil majors Exxon and Shell and the government were strained for some time as attempts were made to ensure that offshore oil production would be determined by national and not private interests. Pre-1974 the oil companies operated under concession agreements but the passage of the Petroleum Development Act in 1974—which transferred ownership of Malaysia's crude oil reserves to the National Oil Company, PETRONAS, —soured relations between the oil companies and the government. Negotiations took about eighteen months before production sharing contracts were signed. The contracts were for twenty years, retroactive from 1st April 1975, with the option of a four-year extension; cost-recovery provisions and royalties together enabled the companies to deduct 30 per cent of production. The remaining 70 per cent was to be divided between PETRONAS and the oil companies, with the split 70/30 in favour of PETRONAS. The tax rate imposed on oil earnings was placed at 45 per cent which means together with the after-tax income of PETRONAS, substantial sums are available to boost public revenue sources. This may increase still further as Petronas Carigali—a wholly-owned subsidiary of the state owned oil corporation—has already commenced exploration activities off the east coast of Penisular Malaysia under an agreement with the British National Oil Corporation, and offshore Sabah in partnership with Oceanic Exploration Corporation, a US based company.

The substantial foreign-exchange and revenue flows accruing from oil exploration engendered complacency and encouraged postponement of 'hard' policy decisions which are now just starting to emerge as energy resource management becomes a public policy issue. Among the crucial issues are the optimal depletion rate of petroleum resources; at present extraction rates and assuming no new discoveries, Malaysia's oil reserves will be exhausted in little more than a decade. Even if current proven reserves are subject to further upward revision as knowledge of reservoir characteristics increase and improvements in the recovery rate occur or new fields are discovered, the terminal date for exhaustion is not likely to be prolonged very significantly. This realisation has led the government to implement a policy of a reduced rate of exploration through the activation of a national depletion policy which aims to husband resources by delaying field developments. Commercial production at Exxon's Guntong and Palas fields off Trengganu have been deferred until 1985 and development of newly discovered fields with reserves over 400 million barrels

have been postponed for a period of three to five years. A further production conservation measure involves the limiting of production at nine major oil fields to a ceiling of 1.75 per cent a year of the oil-initially-in-place which will reduce the annual average rate of production to about 270,000 barrels a day.

Oil scarcity also needs to be tackled from the other end, through the contraction of demand. Recent price hikes may force some conservation but more promising results are potentially obtainable through a judicious process of substitution. Natural gas, solid fuels, hydro-power and new energies can be substituted for oil in thermal roles such as power generation and the Malaysian National Electricity Board recently announced that a combined cycle thermal power station utilising gas obtained from offshore Trengganu is to be commissioned. Apparently future expansion of generating capacity is to be based mainly on gas and there is also a programme to convert existing oil-fired power stations to natural gas, thereby cutting back the largest single market for oil consumption.

Petronas Chairman Tan Sri Abdullah bin Mohammad Salleh announced in January 1981 that studies are also underway to examine the feasibility of using liquefied petroleum gas (LPG) in the transport sector as in neighbouring Singapore and Thailand where there are LPG—fuelled taxes in operation. Scarce oil reserves as a premium energy source can thus be envisaged as being restricted in future to such requirements as specific industrial and domestic applications—for example, petrochemicals —and in liquid form in priority areas of transport.

Private consumers are large users of energy in Malaysia, since about 20 per cent of energy is consumed by this sector. Conservation policies aimed at securing changes in consumer behaviour towards energy intensive activities such as driving and air conditioning are just getting off the ground. The 1980 Budget announcement of steeper road tax for cars larger than 1500 cc and revised electricity tariffs which penalise large domestic consumers are two such devices geared towards generating energy conservation in the consumer sector. Further measures are the regular exhortations on the state run Radio Television Malaysia (RTM) for viewers to *jimatkan tenaga*—save energy—presumably not by switching off their sets—and increased petrol prices to discourage consumption. The latter will probably prove to be the most effective conservation measure.

Taxation is also being used to promote conservation. In 1980 taxes on petroleum accounted for no less than twenty per cent of total Federal Government revenue; in the previous five years its contribution fluctuated between four and eleven per cent. The 1980 petroleum tax offtake was greatly boosted as a result of the imposition—in April 1980—of a tax on petroleum exports. This new export tax is levied at the rate of twenty-five per cent of the value of oil exports. It would appear that the Malaysian Government intends to induce production conservation through fiscal means while petroleum tax revenues can be used to promote economic development in other sectors of the economy.

Conservation of oil stocks is necessary for Malaysia since by world standards the country is not all that well endowed with oil reserves. Initial estimates have, it is true, been revised upwards from one billion barrels to 1.8 billion barrels but such reserves are small compared to Middle Eastern oil producers or even to Indonesia whose proven reserves exceed fifteen billion barrels. Malaysia is, however, somewhat fortunate in that her 're-entry' problem—the shift from oil self-sufficiency to net imports will be eased by her possession of substantive natural gas resources which are estimated to constitute the world's fifth largest.

Complacency over the Malaysian energy scene would not be prudent, for the country is experiencing a rapid rate of growth in energy consumption. Malaysia has a high rate of population growth of some 2.7 per cent per annum and is now in an energy-intensive stage of economic development for it is in the process of acquiring high energy using industries and transport systems. It is thus not surprising that annual growth rates of energy consumption are thought to vary from about nine to fourteen per cent annually. The bulk of Malaysia's energy consumption is derived from oil—recent estimates by the State Petroleum Company suggest that dependence on oil is a staggering ninety-six per cent of total requirements —and the country is thus reliant on a non-renewable, non-recyclable, depleting energy source which at present rates of usage would be totally depleted by the mid-1990s. Hence the obvious importance of conservation.

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AMENDMENT

In *Contemporary Review*, July 1981, Vol. 239, No. 1386, page 13, for lines 43 to 47, please read:

'Precluding the possibility of, e.g., Denmark and Norway availing themselves of the nuclear option by asking for nuclear weapons if conflict occurred or appeared imminent, the result of a nuclear weapon free zone might be to increase Nordic stability to the extent that Soviet perceptions of threat in the area would diminish.'

SWEDISH LAPLAND: OF FORESTS AND QUIET WATERS

by Bryn Gunnell

THE fire has died down. As you put on another pine log, a beetle scurries out from under the bark, miraculously leaps a red chasm, avoids a fumarole, gropes across a desert of ash and reaches cool moss—safe.

The endless northern light is slowly being sucked away. The saw-edged spruce still thrust into the pale sky, but darkness has them by the heels.

The small black lake becomes blacker, and hillings of mist creep out from the sedgy bank.

No wind moves through the forest: it dies standing, slowly congealed by gloom.

Above the still water and the dim trees, a shadow passes. It moves in a figure of eight, always at the same height and with the same slow-fast, steady, soundless flight. A long beak pointing down; a double chin; a dumpy body and rounded wings—the woodcock is a flying Pickwick. Pitsu, pitsu, pitsu, and then a froggy grunt—that is his message this summer night. Once, twice, three times round; a bat-like stagger, and he is swallowed by the forest.

The darkness draws a cold hand down your back. The pine log is a charred stump and the fire has shrunk to a frosty ripple. Mosquitoes sing at your ears and lightly feather your wrists and throat.

It is time to go back into the hut on this, our first night in the Muddus swamp forest.

Our hike began at Sarkavare: a few scattered farms, each with its tall barn of bull-blood red; a hay field or two, a patch of potatoes and a cow. The house windows were clear and clean and freshly curtained, but we saw no face; no hand was waved; no voice greeted us. Sarkavare seems to live in fear of the great shaggy beast that surrounds it, waiting to reclaim the hardly-won fields.

Over our heads, and stretching endlessly away, the Lapland sky of china blue, printed all over with little frozen hands of cloud; a numb sky that even the keen north wind could not shoulder into motion.

In front of us, the forest, waiting. We went in. A spicy, burnt smell, indefinable, and the hum of flies in the tree tops.

Fifteen miles to walk, first through heath and marching pines, then into spruce forest—moss, ankle-deep, with rocks beneath, full of jagged foot-traps—and across queachy, treacherous ground where white cotton grass doddles in the breeze, like old men talking or children gathered.

The forest did not take us in: it let us in. As we swung along in the pale sunlight and the deep meditative silence, life seemed to draw away

and leave a void. We heard nothing all morning and saw nothing, except one reindeer with a patchy coat of clove and yellow that rolled its woman's eyes and trotted off, tail up,—like a dob of floss—in Minnie Mouse shoes.

At noon the wind began to whoo in the pines. The forest shook itself and slowly flapped its arms. The aspen trees whirled their discs and made a sound of rain.

We found a dry heathery spot and rested in the sun. Clue, clue. A black woodpecker that was slashing bark off a pine stuck its red biretta out from behind the trunk, fixed us with its staring white eye and then shot dipping away, blowing its football whistle.

The blue day wore on. The quiet, endless light that seems to be watching you, at last began to burn down. The forest darkened. On every pine, a scowling face, a totem beak, a hooked hand.

We were becoming tired and tangle-footed when, topping a slight rise, we saw this lake—a round of molten black glass let into electric green sedge—a tall old pine with twenty of its children at its feet, and the hut.

There is no place so welcoming as a wooden hut. You feel warm as soon as you open the door: fine varnished wood snugly fitted together and the sharp, piny smell; bunks, a stove, an oil lamp and a box of matches; a heap of dead mosquitoes trapped between the small double windows that look out on to the brimming lake, streaked with lilac and white.

We ate some cheese and a packet of Wasa crackers, drank scalding tea and went to bed.

On the wall above my bunk someone has written his name and a message which, my poor Swedish tells me, means 'This side of Paradise.' It's good to be here, this side of paradise. The wind whistles through the keyhole and the door gives a dog shudder whenever there's a particularly strong gust.

The swamp dusk thickens; the sky leaks red and narrows into friths of white; keeps leaking and narrowing, but never hides its face. Night, true night, never comes and, above all, you miss the stars.

There is a presence in the hut, as if someone were standing by your bunk. The pine walls glow. The hut takes a deep breath and seems to expand.

From behind the trees on the other side of the lake, the sun has sent up an orange spear. Gradually the light opens, fans out and fills the whole sky in quiet joy.

Now the sun is rubbing its head against the window. Eels of light screw into the ceiling. A catch, a feathering of breeze on the black water. The lake opens one eye and begins to dance.

As soon as it hears the door open, the small blue hare that sleeps under the hut hops out, whisks behind a troll rock and crouches there, deep in the nap of the grass.

A raven flies over from the direction of Muddus falls and gives one knowing croak. The willow tit begins to pipe its icy song.

The wind blows harder: a steady pushing from the north. The forest sways one way in a long, low hiss and lets the silver light stroke its dark back.

Blue, open weather. On this first down-curve of the earth, the horizon is pushed right back; no limit to the sky. The keen air crisps the blood.

Three people make a small bustling sound in the silent forest. At every step a few sleepy mosquitoes sluggishly rise. On every side, a thick carpet of feather moss, and strange plants—herb Paris, monkshood and butterwort, a virginal flower that droopingly gazes at the insects being digested in its slipper leaves.

The forest glows with all the berries of the north—orange cloudberries on squelchy humps; red lingon; crowberries that make a matted jacket for the anthills; bilberries—night blue—so thick you can pick a mugful in no time just by crouching in one spot, and whortleberries, lavender and slack-skinned, that taste of grapes.

Yesterday the forest seemed dead, empty, tight-shut. Today we feel we are, not accepted, but at least tolerated. We can stay and wander to our hearts' content, but wander where? To the unpractised eye it all looks much the same until you begin to grasp the pattern of swamps and sogs, of sandy heaths and snaky ridges, of young pines and of very old, of dead pines that are a writhe of tentacles, a grovelling monster or a giant centipede, of rotting stumps cobbled with British soldier and goblet lichen, of sinky fosses and pudges fringed with rushes.

There is one thing that you soon learn, though—not to stray too far from the paths, unless you tie tags of wool to low branches. In ten minutes you can be completely lost and perhaps spend half a day chafing in a circle.

Here, on this sandy bluff, pines give way to birches. Below is a tumble of smoke-blue boulders, welted with wheels of golden lichen.

Suddenly, from a distance, comes a rippling, quicksilver call, a call you instantly recognize as new and strange; a call you can never forget. A silky whoosh of air as arrow wings pass overhead, and there, on a skeletal birch, erect and silent, like stiff birds of clay, is a flock of waxwings, dove-coloured, some, ashy-brown, others. Their tails are stubbed with buttercup yellow; their flattened crests are rakish against the sky; their large, winy eyes are watching us—'keep out' eyes.

There is something kingly about them and the way they look at you; mysterious, too; wild, yet curiously trusting, like all northern things. They preen, swing upside down or slowly, deliberately turn their heads. Then one, keenly watching, tenser than the rest, lets out that rippling note again and . . . you are staring at an empty tree and a blur of receding wings.

At the bottom of the slope lies a silent, birdless pool. Yellow lilies are

poised on the black water which mirrors the forked lightning of an old red pine.

It is warm here—a place to stop and rest. All around, the silvery downsweep of the spruce, the easy wind and the long, deep silence. There is something eerie about the quiet, steady gazing of the forest. It is the quiet of sleep, yes, but also the calm watchfulness of death. The presence of this forest, its silent, silvery looking, leads you, insensibly but firmly to an eternal centre, an eternal standpoint which is the world as it exists without us.

Only one thing is moving here—a dragon-fly, milling gold in the sunbeams. It hooks and stitches its way along the rushes, veers across the pool, stiffly swift, hovers, dashes off, as if it were going to the other ends of the earth, only to come straight back again.

This rock, peppered with honey, black and sea-green lichen, is its favourite resting place. It returns time after time to exactly the same spot. Suddenly there, it lands, jerkily lowers its body and is still. The smoky brown wings, held stiffly, are riffled by the breeze. The dragonfly sits alone, hugely, achingly alone, sun-soaking in the silent, sorrowful forest.

The Muddus pines were already tall when Linnaeus passed this way on a pack-horse with his mosquito veil and precious vasculum. Many of them are fire-fanged, have been burnt several times, in fact, yet still they stand and grow.

Of course, now, in the cool light of high summer, this seems a liveable place, but in winter? Deep in the forest, and at dusk, you get an inkling of what it must be like—a black lid ever pressing down, that makes you bend your head and sink into yourself.

Just as you reach the darkest place, though—a place so dark that if, by chance, you found one spinner of sunlight there, you would grab it and slip it under your coat—there is something beside you, a flitting ghost. Now more of them appear. Shadowy and silent, they seem to be following you, and they keep looking at you with their sooty heads on one side.

The Lapps say that the Siberian jays are the spirits of their ancestors. Clowns and comics they certainly are, and it is always when the forest gloom and the dreary black-beard lichen begin to prey on your mind that they turn up. They yap and squeal, twitter and lisp and sometimes scornfully screech. Prettily they glide from tree to tree, stop, flirt their long tails, wait for you to catch up, and then fly off again, their orange wings like sudden spurts of flame to guide and cheer you through the darkness.

But a forest, no matter how dark and deep, must eventually be gladdened by a glimpse of sky, an opening out. Here the trees step back, and half a mile of duckboards stretch away across a swamp—hassocks of grass and glistening red beds of sundew.

You reach the sandy shore of a vast lake, shafted with quiet clouds of

fawn and blue.

Tall reeds lead one another down into the water. In the stiff breeze, they coolly keep their heads, but there is a madness in the spiky vibrant hash of their black reflections.

Out on the wide lake that smells cold and flows in silver loppings, among the lines of beckoning sedge, is a group of black-throated divers. As they swim off, cackle-grunting, they look back over their shoulders: the curve of their necks is the curve of the sedge and their moving makes flow-away rings of water.

Black and white, domino stippled; pure, with a terrible Arctic purity: you look at a diver and think of black ice and sheets of snow, of white water breaking on black rocks. Solitary and strange, the loon has always haunted the imagination of the northern peoples, and in the Finnish legend, he is virtually the creator of our world:

> In the beginning there was only God, the endless cold sea and on it one living thing—the loon. God wished to create the earth, but did not know how to go about it. The loon knew, though. He dived, dived again, dived a third time and came up with a little ball of clay which he gave to God. God breathed upon the clay, crumbled it, scattered it upon the waters and made land.

At the far end of the lake, where the land rises in long hooked hills, hangs a small fuzzy cloud. The cloud moves along a ridge and begins to come this way, climbing all the time. Now, against the steel blue sky, it becomes individual flakes of light flashing in unison—a flock of golden plover. Suddenly, from nowhere, a peregrine stoops, claws one bird from the cloud that shrinks, screams, criss-cross panics, reforms and wheels away.

The falcon has gone, the plovers too. Empty sky; empty water. Silence. The lake becomes a cool, breathing stony blue. The opposite shore is inky black, gusseted with one pure stretch of silver.

A sandpiper calls from a nearby rock. Its call hits the dark wall of the forest and echoes back, and this seems to be the signal for the never-tiring light to shut its eyes, just for a moment so that, just for a moment, you feel you are not being watched.

Turn back and walk along the duckboards towards the trees. Yes, the light is beginning to drowse and mist is rising. Grendel pines stalk across the elk swamp, keeping level with you, but at some distance, following you, to see you off, you, the intruder.

Last night we had a visit. The woodcock had just finished his roding round and there was a lamping of flesh-tinted light through muddy clouds, when we heard the clump of boots on the steps outside the hut, followed by the thud of rucksacks thankfully thrown down.

The wrought-iron handle of the door turned gently and a man of about forty came in. He was short, sturdy, and he had quiet brown eyes and wore a wide-brimmed hat. Behind him came a lanky blond giant with a sleepy face, shepherding a teenage girl—pebble glasses and straight,

flaxen hair—who never raised her eyes and never spoke.

They brought their baggage in and took off their boots. Little was said on either side for a long time. Knowing you are among shy people, you become shy yourself, and so there was nothing but nods, fleeting smiles, mumbled words in Swedish and English, a groping to communicate.

They moved about the hut, choosing a place to sleep and talking to one another in undertones—pasty, mealy words that sounded as though they were being squeezed out of a tube; a kind of fieldfare talk.

The oil lamp was lit and placed in the window—a coldness in the heart of its clear burning. They gathered round the stove and shook up the fire until the hut was like a furnace and the air thick with the smell of woollen socks and of hoosh being stirred in a pan.

Slowly, very slowly, the visitors thawed out. We shared some cake and learned their names. Sven, the leader, was a forester from Jokkmokk; Lars, the young giant, and Greta were students being shown round the virgin forest, or *urskogen* as they called it.

Sven told us about the autumn when the Lapps in their skirted coats come through with a thousand reindeer. They are free to go anywhere and to pick anything—there's no trespassing for Lapps. Some of the more uppish landowners don't like it, 'but the Lapps were here long before us, weren't they? Anyway, half the people hereabouts are of mixed blood. I probably am too.'

They spoke of the dreaded winter and of the long months when they have to keep the electric light on all day. 'And then,' said Lars, 'in the first weeks of May, the wind begins to blow damp and warm from the west; we hear the first birds returning and we feel like a flower that has just come out of the ground. Over two hundred days of frost—that's our winter—but in one month, the month of June, we have as much sunlight as you have in three!'

'Everything is grand here, and strong,' said Sven. 'It has to be to survive. The elks in Norrbotten are bigger than any in southern Sweden, and as to the pines—well, you've seen them—and the birches . . . such thick soft bark, like cork. . . .'

No trees are felled in Muddus. The wood we were burning had been brought to the hut a few weeks before by horse and cart 'along with a few nesting boxes for the Tengmalm's owls to use next spring.'

It was good to hear them talk about trees. Some people look at a pine and immediately consider how many bank-notes or chairs or how many miles of newspaper hate and lies can be got out of it; others see it as a horned god or a botanical specimen, and some, like Sven, do the most difficult thing of all: they simply see it as a tree.

We got on very well with our visitors in the end. You have to let Swedes take their time. They watch and wait and listen, and they notice everything, without appearing to do so. An inward, forest people.

Drowsiness eventually overcame us. Sven blew out the lamp and we all

lay down. They went to sleep at once and were soon snoring their heads off. In between the snorts and the turnings-over, I listened for the wind at the door, but there was no wind, only a cold, waiting silence. The weather was changing.

Early morning. Greta lay wakingly warm with her arms thrown up on the makeshift pillow. She looked fragile, almost beautiful, and her eyes, without those glasses, were of a startling cornflower blue, clear and very soft.

When I went out of the hut, the raven flew over and said 'I've seen you.' The willow tit sang his cold song. This morning, though, there was one yellow birch leaf on the steps.

After breakfast we said goodbye to Sven and the two young people and began to trek back towards Sarkavare.

It rained during the morning, the rain drifting in from Norway, with here and there a flap of blue. Swifts flared over and flocks of golden plover, already going south. The secret rites have been performed. The great festival of birth and growth is over. The birds are free. It will be a gay gathering, a long, joyous exodus, swollen with the young. The endless summer light is at last beginning to wane.

The wet smell of thick moss; ground mist rising and a woodpecker tapping nearby. The sun had come out and it was good to stop and douse our sweating faces with cold rain from a rock hollow.

We had reached the edge of the forest and in a way were glad to leave it, yet strangely apprehensive, too, like someone on his first day out of prison. And we couldn't help looking back once more at the pines, those black spears always raised, a Viking army storming the hills, and the clouds of sunshiny birches, trying to win through, but always halted by the wall of darkness.

We crossed a heath, stopped on a ridge and looked out over the peaceful, great-skied land. Close by, at the top of a dead pine, sat a hawk-owl, slowly see-sawing its long tail. It turned its high Tartar's face and looked fiercely down. For a long time its blazing yellow eyes were on us, then, with a bubbling, defiant screech, it took wing and floated off towards the forest.

[Bryn Gunnell, a lecturer at the British Institute in Paris, has taught in Spain and at a University in India. His published work includes *Calabrian Summer* (Rupert Hart-Davies and Rand McNally) and *The Cashew-Nut Girl and Other Stories* (Paul Elek and Vikas Publications, Delhi). He is a regular contributor to *London Magazine, Stand* and *Vole.*]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE BACKGROUND TO ZIMBABWE

Triumph or Tragedy?: Rhodesia to Zimbabwe. Miles Hudson. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.

Rhodesia becoming Zimbabwe: that is tragedy in the true sense of that overworked and misused word. The best—the evolution of a well ordered state with full maintenance of European standards—was perhaps the enemy of the good. The politicians in the drama, British, Rhodesian and South African, were indeed 'constrained by circumstances'.

The circumstances were unique in Africa and the Commonwealth. Britain held responsibility for a territory she neither administered nor garrisoned. Miles Hudson pays proper tribute to the tact and courage of the Commonwealth Monitoring Force, largely from the United Kingdom but with Australian, Fijian, Kenyan and New Zealand detachments, that assured the ceasefire of 1979. British troops had not served in the country since the rising of 1896. For their part, Rhodesians, black as well as white, had served the Empire magnificently in both world wars and in the Malaya emergency—their first encounter with Marxist guerrillas.

Like India and much of British North America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Rhodesia was inherited by the Crown from a chartered company. The flag followed trade. In the referendum of 1922, 8,774 white and 60 African electors—there was then a common roll—voted for Responsible Government. 5,989 preferred the incorporation of Southern Rhodesia into the Union of South Africa. So did Smuts and his friend, Churchill. Mr. Hudson makes the interesting observation that much the same sort of whites who voted for Responsible Government, farmers, small businessmen and artisans, also voted for UDI in 1965.

But for UDI Rhodesia might have proceeded more quietly to legal independence. On the other hand, London's demands seemed insatiable. Successive British governments were no more willing to trust Rhodesian settlers with the Africans than George III the American colonists with the American Indians. (The UDI of the USA, much of it built on Negro slavery, had the merit of succeeding!). If, however, the referendum of 1922 had gone the other way, the so very British Southern Rhodesia, as the fifth province of the Dominion over the Beit Bridge, might have shifted the balance of politics in the Union of South Africa and pointed Southern and Central Africa to a better way.

Another might-have-been was the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The author ponders whether it could have succeeded in the long run. He acknowledges its economic success and 'the elements of non-racialism in its structure'. That quotation is a specimen of bureaucratic phraseology which occasionally mars a pleasing prose. Mr. Hudson also recognises that there was 'nothing ignoble about the aim of the British.' What was ignoble was their lack of faith and the loss of will which Duncan Sandys remarked upon. The author concedes that the Federation might have worked and interposed a multi-racial Commonwealth nation between Black North and White South. R. A. (now Lord) Butler was urging investment in the Federation not long before Britain abandoned it. Independence was then granted to Nyasaland as Malawi and to Northern Rhodesia as Zambia. Full independence was with-

held from self-governing colony of Southern Rhodesia, despite its membership of Commonwealth Conferences and representation overseas.

Sir Roy Welensky was not the only Rhodesian statesman to resent the deception practiced, as he felt, by British gentlemen. The sense of betrayal was perhaps the keener since this fervent loyalist and royalist is the child of a Polish Jewish father and an Africaner mother. He has chosen to end his days in England. The last betrayal was that of Bishop Muzorewa whose Government of National Unity was founded on a one man one vote election pronounced by respected British observers to be both fair and as free as possible in the circumstances of brutal intimidation and guerrilla war. International, including Commonwealth. Opinion proved decisive in destroying the internal settlement. Mr. Hudson stresses the role of Presidents Nyerere and Kaunda. Their respective countries, Tanzania and Zambia, were well-nigh bankrupt.

The reader will enjoy the vivid sketches of leading actors in the tragedy. He is anything but mealy-mouthed about Dr. David Owen and Field-Marshal Lord Carver. 'He was soon sent packing'. Garfield Todd, the missionary, politician, is portrayed as a mixture. He was a ruthless, even repressive Prime Minister, but a liberal, zealous for African advancement. An admirer of the Lord Home he serves, Mr. Hudson also sympathises with those who acted to no purpose because they could do no other. He has no illusions but praises the Rhodesian achievement. Relations between races were good. There was no mass insurrection or 'peasants' revolt'. Nationalism spread from an élite. Such is the nature of revolution.

'At the time of writing the future of Zimbabwe is obscure'. Is Mr. Mugabe's solicitude for white agriculture and business to be compared with Lenin's New Economic Policy under which capitalism was permitted to rescue Communism? Or will there be 'a new country . . . in which its citizens, of whatever tribe and colour, can live in freedom and peace'? Let Lord Home have the last word: 'The only certainty in politics is that the unexpected will happen.'

SIR JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON, M.P

THE ORIGINS OF HISTORY

The Origins of History. Herbert Butterfield. Eyre Methuen. £12.50.

For any friend and admirer of Sir Herbert Butterfield it is sad to think that this is likely to be the last book we will ever have from him. He was a great historian, ranging from the *minutiae* of history, as in his *George III, Lord North and the People,* to the courage and penetration of his wider surveys, as in *Man on his Past* and *The Origins of Modern Science;* and he could occasionally show a sharp cutting edge, as in his answer to Namierism, in *George III and the Historians.* This last book was in draft form at his death, and it has been edited by his friend of many years, Adam Watson, who has contributed a moving tribute as introduction. The question he poses is: why, in one region after another, did men come to have any concept of the past, and how did they give it a shape and a meaning? It ranges from ancient Egypt, via Hittites and Jews, Greeks and Chinese, to the secularisation of the 18th Century, when 'God got out of the story.' Its completeness is all too evident: the bibliography is inadequate, and the chapter on Chinese historiography does not convey the mastery of those on the origins of Christian or of Hebrew historical writing. Sir Herbert was, of course, a dedicated Christian and an active

Methodist, and this gives to his assessment of the central place of the Exodus and of the Exile for Jewish historical awareness, and of the importance of the story of Christ, a depth that is missing elsewhere. Read at a sitting, one has a sense of these chapters as appendices to Sir Herbert's Gifford Lectures rather than as a volume able to stand on its own. If each nation acquires its sense of history from the myths and legends that surround its own special circumstances, inevitably one wants to know more: why was there a gap in the Greek story for the centuries before the seventh and sixth BC? Why did the Vikings develop a distinct historiography all their own? What of India? But to ask for more is a tribute to the nature of the fundamental questions Sir Herbert is posing here, questions he was occupied with through the last 20 years of his life.

In being grateful for the chapters that Adam Watson gives us in all their tantalising brevity, one is left conscious of the gap that was left when this wise moralist and teacher passed from us.

ESMOND WRIGHT

SHAFTESBURY: THE REFORMER

The Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. Geoffrey B. A. M. Finlayson. Eyre Methuen. £19.50.

The Victorian Age produced many men of stature and witnessed great achievements in social and legislative reforms; the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury was one of those outstanding personalities whose efforts at social improvement through legislation and state intervention were concentrated inter alia on such causes as factory reform, mines reform, the plight of chimney sweeps, public health, and lunacy. His lifetime (1801-1885) covers the greater part of the 19th century and coincides with periods of considerable disturbances in the country's affairs when the old order was being challenged by new forces.

Shaftesbury was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, obtaining a First in Classics in 1822. The following year he went on a tour of Europe. In 1826 he entered politics, a normal career for a young man of his social standing; at the General Election of 1826 he was elected for Woodstock, the family borough of his uncle, the Duke of Marlborough. Family influence was a powerful weapon to wield among the 160 freeman who had the vote there in the days of the unreformed parliament. In 1831 he was returned as the member for the county of Dorset and continued to represent it till 1846 when as a matter of principle he resigned, having abandoned protectionism; he was in agreement with Peel that the Corn Laws should be repealed. The year 1847 saw him back in the Commons, the member for Bath, and remained so till 1851 when on the death of his father he succeeded to the title and entered the House of Lords.

Shaftesbury married in June, 1830 the daughter of Lady Emily Cowper, also named Emily and thus called 'Minny' to distinguish her from her mother. Minny was descended through her mother from the Lamb family which had strong Whig leanings; her uncle was the future Whig prime minister, Lord Melbourne. Lady Cowper had quite a reputation, and the author goes so far as to say: 'For it is virtually certain that Minny's father was not Lord Cowper but Lord Palmerston.' After the death of Cowper Lord Palmerston married Lady Cowper, and the relationship between Shaftesbury and Palmerston became very close especially during Palmerston's premiership, 1855-1865.

Devout in his habits Shaftesbury believed that religion should be the basis

of all public life, and as early as the 1830s he had become an active member of the Evangelical Movement. The author has gone to great pains to explain this Movement in its various aspects—religious, moral, social, and political. One of the finest results of Evangelicalism was the growth of a more humane spirit in English life which led to the 19th century social reforms with which Shaftesbury became inextricably entangled. Evangelicals were also anxious to promote political stability, and their involvement in 'good works' such as factory reform was aimed at preventing political upheaval and so ensuring the survival of the old order. There were times when Shaftesbury doubted whether the old order would survive his lifetime, yet it did and remained intact. Many of its difficulties had been overcome partly by the political adjustments made by the Whigs in the 1830s and partly by Peel's economic measures, 1841-1846.

The author admits that it is impossible to measure precisely the effects of Shaftesbury's efforts but that they did contribute to the increasing awareness of the social problems and did suggest suitable remedies for them. Geoffrey Finlayson has written an absorbing biography covering a most momentous period of British history and replete with many intimate details of Shaftesbury's family life and of his contacts with the leading figures of the period.

S. F. WOOLLEY

LIVING WITH UNEMPLOYMENT

The Shattered Dream. Rod Allen, Anwer Bati, Jean-Claude Bragard. Arrow Books (with L.W.T.). £1.95.

This cannot have been an easy book to write. Published to accompany the recent London Weekend Television series on unemployment, the need to incorporate the very latest data and to discuss, as near as possible, current policy was essential and has lead inevitably to a hasty production. The haste shows in misprints, inadequate table headings and the impromptu relocation of Florida on the western seaboard of the U.S.A. On the other hand, the authors are able to discuss the government's National Mobility Scheme, introduced in April 1981, and other recent policy departures and this is an achievement in a book that was in the hands of the reviewer on 1st July.

The book is in four parts. The first attempts an analysis of the current problem and, involving careful examination of the official statistics, is perhaps the least digestible part of the work. Nonetheless, the important point is made that the published figures are extremely coarse and aggregative and suffer from being a snapshot of an apparently static situation when what is more important, from the policy point of view, is the rate and composition of the flow onto and off the register. Less successful are the sporadic attempts to distinguish Keynesian and monetarist positions on the causes of unemployment. The simplification here adopted encourages the view that monetarists regard the level of real wages as crucial while Keynesians regard it as irrelevant. This is unfair to the latter. The remaining three parts of the book look to the future and deal with: adapting to new technology, finding new sources of employment and living with extra leisure. The discussions are well informed about the latest activities of a wide variety of agencies. Information is drawn from a bewildering array of recent sources but it is a pity, since many of them could be of great practical assistance to readers, that these are not made readily accessible in a comprehensive bibliography. The message throughout these three sections is that a great deal has been found out and a great deal

done by private bodies while successive governments have been woefully ignorant and apparently unconcerned about the implications of, in particular, microelectronics.

Since the balance of the book is so heavily weighted toward visions of the future it is not surprising that it is at times overwhelmed by controversy between optimists and pessimists and, since the authors rightly attempt no definite prognosis of their own, reading the book leaves feelings of discomfort and frustration. Perhaps this is the right way to feel about the problem.

PETER HOWELLS

A SURVEY OF NORTH-EAST SCOTLAND

North-East Scotland. Sir Edward Peck, John Bartholomew. £8.95.

This book provides an admirable description of a truly fascinating area of Scotland stretching from the Forth to the Tay and onwards to include Aberdeen, Buchan and Moray. From his home in Tomintoul the author has travelled very extensively in the region and presents his readers with an authoritative wide-ranging sweep of Scottish history and geography.

The chapter on the landscape and its nature provides a wealth of information including details of land forms, climatic conditions together with flora and fauna. There follows an historical section reflecting the imprint of man on the area as a whole and tracing its evolution from the Stone Age to the Romans and from the Picts to Macbeth. The changes imposed on the region by the largely feudal Norman era receive attention as do its vicissitudes during the long drawn out struggle for independence between Scots and English. The saga of the Stuart kings including the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745 ending forever the quasi-independence of the Highlands, is reviewed and the author traces in some detail the development of agriculture and industry in the area during the last 200 years and culminating in the oil boom of the 1970s. It is recognised that the latter, which has brought a new prosperity to the North-East, may well be ephemeral but the author is firmly of the opinion that, as in the past, the people of the area will readily be able to adapt to a changing situation.

The gazetteer which forms the major part of the text provides a wealth of information essential for those wishing to explore this part of Scotland. Sir Edward's book is a notable contribution to this series and is to be thoroughly recommended.

JOHN A. LORAINE

LITERARY ALCOHOLICS

Those Drinking Days. Donald Newlove. Junction Books. £5.95.

The American (and for that matter the English) literary scene has always been littered with empty bottles and writers unable to focus reddened eyes on their typewriters. It is almost part of the heritage. Look what happened to them—Hart Crane jumped into the Caribbean, and was eaten by a shark. Malcolm Lowry, a bit of a hybrid, used to drink his friend's aftershave lotion, Raymond Chandler failed twice to commit suicide under a shower, and Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, Eugene O'Neill and countless others fought, some strongly and others in a lackadaisical fashion against drink.

Donald Newlove, in this sad and depressing tale, charts his own alcoholism. He started on cheap red wine and drank solidly for some twenty-five years.

During that time he wrote and managed to publish novels, articles, as well as holding down such jobs as manservant to a wealthy cripple. Even more surprising in view of his descriptions of himself '. . . losing my hair, given to cankers and bleeding gums, pissing so often I'd use the kitchen sink instead of the toilet, finding my teeth and nails loosening, a victim of boils . . .' he married twice.

As he admits he can never say he has been cured. It is a day-to-day cure. Sadly, many of his friends and other writers died from drink's ravages. John P. Marquand appears in the second half of the book, Newlove's only work of non-fiction as a benchmark. He was always just this side of controlling his habit although his wife died drunk in the bath and he would sack a secretary for not joining him in a lunchtime martini. Others whose illness Newlove charts in the second part of the book include John O'Hara who could be said to have won, Jack Kerouac, Tennessee Williams, and the Poet Robert Lowell, all of whom lost. Newlove's prose never slips into the sentimental, but it is always affecting and compassionate as one would expect from a man who finally faced up to his life when others of equal or greater talent failed to do so.

JAMES MORTON

DAPHNE DU MAURIER ON *REBECCA*

The Rebecca Notebook and Other Memories. Daphne du Maurier. Gollancz. £6.95.

Novelists rarely disclose the origins of their stories, but Miss du Maurier is explicit about her most successful, *Rebecca.* The idea sparked in 1937 when, homesick for Cornwall, she was with her husband, 'Boy' Browning, O.C. the 2nd Battalion, Grenadier Guards, stationed in Alexandria. It would be about a young wife and her slightly older husband in a beautiful Cornish house rather like Menabilly near Fowey that had been in the family for generations. Hadn't the Quiller-Couches told her that the owner had married, first, a very beautiful wife, then divorced her and married a much younger woman? Was the second jealous of the first? There would be a sea-wreck offshore as there had been at Fridmouth, for something terrible had to happen. But what? A few drafts in her Notebook, the first few chapters, then the thing was put aside pending the Battalion's return to Aldershot in a few months' time, a rented Tudor house at Fleet, where the book was completed in three or four months.

Miss du Maurier now publishes the detailed Notebook entire, so we see the story shaping, with spurts of dialogue, and the changes she made in tapping out the final script. It will fascinate devotees of book and film, comparing the concepts with the achievement, witnessing a complicated accouchement. She also includes the poignant Epilogue with the couple adrift on the Continent, all passion spent, after the emotional crisis; and describes her own 15-year love affair with derelict Menabilly.

At first she could not find the abandoned house in its tangled, overgrown wilderness. Later she did, and fell for its spell as the youth did for the house in Alain Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes.* 'Dust everywhere. The silence of death,' but it possessed her 'as a mistress holds her lover.' Hearing eventually that the contents were to be sold but not the house, which was entailed, she persuaded the owner to grant her a limited lease, moved in, spared neither pains nor money to restore it to life. Dry rot, no electricity or hot-water system, but . . . 'a fairy tale'. When her husband heard about it in Tunis he told his fellow officers 'I am afraid Daphne has gone mad.'

Among Other Memories are appreciations of her grandfather George du Maurier, *Punch* artist, author of *Trilby*, whose charm was 'never forced and never insincere'; and of her father Sir Gerald, matinée idol, exemplar of 'natural' acting, who died in 1934 at 61. The first article she ever wrote as a girl was about him, at my request as *Daily Chronicle* features editor. I expected stage glamour but got also wistful sidelights on off-stage peccadilloes and the roving eye: a blend still evident in this longer evaluation.

TREVOR ALLEN

MATHEMATICS AND DESIGN

Logic and Design. Krome Barratt. George Godwin Ltd. £14.95.

There is plenty of Logic in mathematics and the title of this book should have been 'Mathematics and Design' because there is a dearth of Logic when Mr. Krome attempts to connect the mathematical data with Art in general. His very first sentence in the introduction states baldly: 'Our knowledge of the physical universe has more than doubled during the last 25 years.' With the Constable of France we might ask 'Who hath measured the ground?' Because it doesn't suit his intentions he denies that the ticking of a clock is rhythmic, thus ignoring the metronome. On bifocal vision he says: 'Since most people have their eyes set side by side. . . . I have never seen a person with eyes otherwise placed, have you?' The commentaries are full of such irritating verbal illogicalites and poorly-reasoned arguments, very often expressed in abstruse jargon. The pattern-making possibilities intrinsic in this glorified text-book of higher mathematics would only be comprehensible to someone already highly trained, in which case he might be able to dispose of it.

CYRIL FRADAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Nagasaki 1945. (Quartet Books. £2.50 paperback). This is a graphic eyewitness account of the appalling devastation, deaths and suffering which resulted from the second atom bomb, exploded over Nagasaki on August 9, 1945, two days after the first atom bomb dropped over Hiroshima. Dr. Tatsuichiro Akizuki was then a young doctor in charge of a small hospital in an old Franciscan monastery on the outskirts of Nagasaki, about 1,600 metres from the bomb's epicentre. Miraculously, he and some of his colleagues escaped all injury; and in this book he tells of their wonderful and unremitting work in tending the sick and dying amid the ruins of the hospital without medical equipment or sufficient drugs. Indeed at that time, Dr. Akizuki had no idea that the 'new bomb' was atomic; and when this became known there was no knowledge of treatment for the effects of radiation. Dr. Akizuki still works in the hospital, now rebuilt, as its head. This account was first published in Japan in 1967. This English translation by Keiichi Nagata was first privately printed in Nagasaki in 1977. The current edition is edited with an Introduction by Gordon Honeycombe. At the end of each chapter, he includes a brief account of the political and war background until the Japanese surrender.

Bertolt Brecht: Poems 1913-1956 (Eyre Methuen. £4.95). This anthology of some 500 poems was first published, in translation into English, with great success in 1976. This new

paperback edition should be widely welcomed. The object of the Editors, John Willett and Ralph Manheim, 'has been to show for the first time in English the extent of Brecht's range, not only in subject-matter and approach but also where technique is concerned'. The translation 'must seek to render the form as well as the sense'. The poems are in general chronological order, and point to his political as well as his poetic development. The Editors have provided a very useful Introduction and also Notes on individual poems. The translations come from a variety of translators.

Disraeli The Novelist (George Allen & Unwin. £10). For many people Disraeli's often quoted comment that if he wanted to read a good novel he would write one, is his main contribution to thought on fiction. Thom Braun's deeply researched study, *Disraeli the Novelist*, puts the writer into perspective with the politician. The remarkable situation of a man in public life who was also determined to become a novelist is an aspect of Disraeli's career well worth considering. At the time of their publication the novels were by no means uniformly successful and often received devastating reviews. Yet they maintain their own interest and value today and perhaps as a result of reading *Disraeli the Novelist*, *Tancred* and *Sybil* (now issued in paper-back) other Disraeli novels will be taken down from the shelves.

Divination and Oracles. (George Allen & Unwin. £15.00). Michael Loewe and Carmen Blacker have edited a collection of essays on mantic beliefs and practices, which originated in a series of lectures delivered at Cambridge University in 1979. The areas covered are Tibet, China, Japan, the Classical World, the Germanic world, the Babylonians and Hittites, Ancient Egypt, Ancient Israel and Islam. The contributors draw on a variety of evidence, such as inscribed bones, painted vases, bardic runes, manuals of instruction or critical essays by sceptics like Cicero. Divinatory activities are shown to be universal and pervasive: in China, they gave rise to the earliest written records of a great civilisation, and in Tibet they are a normal and accepted part of its culture, right up to the present day. The multiplicity of methods, from the more familiar examination of the entrails of sacrificial victims, to the lamas' interpretations of the burning of a butter lamp, is a testimony to the restless ingenuity of man in his creative manipulation of the sticks and stones of his environment in his search for the numinous, and for answers.

Macmillan and Silk Cut Nautical Almanack, 1982 (Macmillan. £9.95). Nautical Books are responsible for this 1982 almanack edited by Commander R. L. Hewitt, RN and Rear-Admiral I. J. Lees-Spalding, with the assistance of other expert consultant editors. There are over 800 large double column pages with maps and tables. It is intended primarily for yachtsmen and is designed as a navigational publication to provide 'all the information that is needed to supplement what is shown on an up-to-date chart, plus what is available from official or commercial sailing directions—covering an area of the British Isles, and the coast of Europe from the Loire to the Elbe.' This 1982 edition incorporates additional information, and some revisions.

British Perspectives on Terrorism

Edited by Paul Wilkinson

Terrorism is today a problem of international concern. This volume, however, is the first to bring together some of the most thoughtful work by British academics and specialists studying the political violence and terrorism which have recently challenged Britain. Four major chapters consider the strategy and tactics of the IRA and the problems of the Northern Ireland conflict, which has inevitably been the predominant domestic terrorist problem for Britain during the past decade. Other articles demonstrate the wider interest of British specialists in the phenomena of international terrorism and the problems of international cooperation to fight this threat to innocent lives on a worldwide basis. This book will therefore be essential reading for all those concerned with the problem of political violence in the modern world

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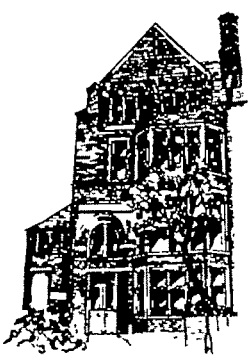

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OCTOBER 1981

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Sir John Biggs-Davison, M.P.

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SPANISH PAINTING AND BRITISH COLLECTORS
John Metford

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October 1981 Vol. 239 No. 1389

UNITED IRELAND? NO! UNITED ISLANDS? YES!

by Sir John Biggs-Davison, M.P.

IN Ireland, mythology is stronger than history. But history tells us that the only United Ireland that ever existed was the United Ireland of English, then British, domination.

In centuries of tribal rule there were several kingdoms and sometimes a High King. The English connection began as a Catholic enterprise. The Celtic Church in Ireland was not conforming to Rome. The English Pope, Hadrian IV, authorised Henry II of England to extend the Norman Conquest across the Irish Sea and to include Ireland in the feudal 'European Community' of the Angevins which stretched from Scotland to Spain. A dual Monarchy, then a dual Parliamentary Monarchy, was imposed until strategic necessity impelled Pitt the Younger in 1800 to bring about the Union of Ireland with Great Britain. Through the centuries, Irish separatists used to say that England's danger was Ireland's opportunity. Bonaparte said that he made a mistake in going to Egypt; he should have gone to Ireland.

Time and again in history, the enemies of England have menaced or struck at her from Ireland. First subvert Ireland, then destroy Britain. In seeking to manipulate Irish grievances or resentment Imperial Spain, revolutionary France and the Germany of both world wars were following an example set in medieval times. The Younger Pitt brought about the Parliamentary Union of Ireland with Great Britain in order to frustrate Napoleonic ambitions. The Hohenzollern Kaiser was content for German arms to be furnished to Irish nationalists and Ulster loyalists alike. If Britain were embroiled in civil war she could be written off as a power able significantly to influence affairs upon the continent of Europe. Karl Marx observed that 'the English are incapable of making a social revolution; therefore foreigners must make it for them.' Having accepted the patronage of Imperial Germany, revolutionary Ireland looked also to revolutionary Russia upon which the *Wilhelmstrasse* had let Lenin loose. Dr. Patrick McCartan, who in 1919 was styled Envoy of the Provisional Irish Government, welcomed aid from the Russian Socialist Federated Socialist Republic. The Bolsheviks regarded Ireland and Egypt as two chinks in the armour of the British Empire.

Then as now Irish revolutionaries squared, at least to their own satisfaction, Catholicism with Communism as their predecessors in revolt

had drawn help and inspiration from Jacobin France. What mattered was that these revolutionary and anti-Christian powers were enemies of England. One Cathal O'Shannon called for a Soviet Republic in Ireland and a combination of the Left in South Wales, Ireland, England and Scotland to fight what he called 'the white fever.' This was mostly froth. The Limerick 'Soviet' printed money but soon went under. Ireland was socially conservative.

Two world wars against Germany and its allies saw two battles of the Atlantic. The *Unterseebooten*, first of the Kaiser and then of Hitler, came close to starving Britain out. In the first Battle of the Atlantic the Royal Navy had free use of all ports in Ireland, then united under the British Crown as part of the United Kingdom. After the first war most of Ireland became an independent member of the Commonwealth styled the Irish Free State. In 1922 Winston Churchill, then Colonial and Dominions Secretary in the coalition headed by Lloyd George, was intimately concerned with the Irish Treaty and the inauguration of the Free State. Churchill became friendly with the brilliant guerrilla leader, Michael Collins. In the first volume of his Second World War memoirs, he recalls how he

> brought Admiral Beatty to the Colonial Office to explain to Michael Collins the importance of bringing supplies into Britain. Collins was immediately convinced. 'Of course you must have the ports,' he said. 'They are necessary for your life.'

The 'details' mentioned by Churchill included British care and maintenance parties for harbour defences and the retention of Admiralty rights and properties at Berehaven, Queenstown (Cobh) and Lough Swilly. These fell within the Irish Free State.

Collins honourably fulfilled the Treaty with Britain and in consequence was ambushed and killed by republicans not content with Dominion Status. Whereas he admitted Britain's need for the Irish ports, Neville Chamberlain, who surrendered much else besides, ceded to de Valera, who had already begun chipping away at the Crown and the Commonwealth connection, Britain's Treaty rights. Churchill alone and a handful of Ulster Unionist parliamentarians reckoned with the possibility of Southern Irish neutrality in the approaching war. 'It will be no use saying,' Churchill pointed out in the House of Commons on 5th May 1938, not much earlier than Munich, 'then we will retake the ports. You will have no right to do so.'

Fortunately, six Ulster counties had opted out of the Irish Free State. Bases in Northern Ireland remained British. Without them Hitler would have won the second Battle of the Atlantic and Britain, in Churchill's words, would have been 'confronted with slavery and death.' Eire was neutral to the end, even to offering official condolence, according to protocol, on the death of Hitler. Then and subsequently the resented partition of Ireland was used to justify the policy of neutrality, and since the large majority in the North clung to their allegiance with tenacious loyalty their abandonment could not be made the price of the entry into the war of a state that had already become in essence a republic in no

more than external association with the Commonwealth. To quote Churchill again:

> But for the loyalty of Northern Ireland and its devotion to what has now become the cause of thirty governments or nations, we should have been confronted with slavery and death, and the light which now shines so strongly throughout the world would have been quenched.

The partition of Ireland may be regretted and, contrary to the myths, was not desired by any British government. However, Northern Ireland provides a NATO power with a foothold in the island of Ireland and over-flying rights. It also affords some scope for dispersal in the event of a nuclear exchange. A Cabinet Paper of 1948, published for the Labour Government when Eire finally left the Commonwealth, noted:

> Now that Eire will shortly cease to owe any allegiance to the Crown it has become a matter of first-class strategic importance to this country that the North should continue to form part of His Majesty's dominions.
>
> So far as can be foreseen, it will never be to Great Britain's advantage that Northern Ireland should become part of a territory outside His Majesty's jurisdiction. Indeed, it seems unlikely that Great Britain would ever be able to agree to this even if the people of Northern Ireland desired it.

The war of 1914 did not, as expected, end quickly; that of 1939 did not begin with the bombardment of Britain. Another collision of great powers would not necessarily bring, in days, the end of the war or the end of the world. There could be another Battle of the Atlantic. A struggle of the trade routes cannot be ruled out.

Admiral Mahan, USN, the American exponent of sea power and its influence on history, has today his Russian equivalent, Admiral of the Fleet of the Soviet Union Sergei G. Gorshkov, who has held supreme naval command since 1956. It is his belief that:

> It may be necessary to conduct a persistent and sometimes also a rather prolonged struggle, employing various forces and equipment at sea, in the air, and in certain cases, also in coastal areas.

NATO, too, thinks in terms of 'prolonged struggle' and thus of ships, supplies and convoys.

In his White Paper, *The United Kingdom Defence Programme: The Way Forward*, presented to Parliament in June 1981, the Secretary of State for Defence, Mr. John Nott, acknowledges the necessity of 'Britain's maritime contribution . . . on a major scale' and the skills, experience and assets she brings to that role. The United Kingdom is 'NATO's major European maritime power, situated crucially close to the Soviet Navy's long exit route to the open Atlantic.' NATO perceives that the forward Soviet defence line stretches from Greenland to Ireland, with an inner line ranging from Greenland through Iceland to southern Norway. The island of Ireland is thus crucial to the command of the North-East Atlantic and the air space of the British Isles. Since the Republic of Ireland is essential, the integrity of Northern Ireland is of concern to NATO. The Soviet interest is clear enough. Marxists in the Irish Republican and Left Wing movements bent on social revolution throughout the island have taken Cuba as their model.

Anti-partitionists protest that to divide the island of Ireland is perverse. It is as perverse as partition of the Iberian Peninsula or as the sovereignty

of Liechtenstein. The Republican movement presents Northern Ireland as a Protestant intrusion and as Britain's last colony. In historical fact, the distinct identity of Ulster pre-dates not just the partition of the 1920s but the Protestant plantations of the 1600s. Ulster was the last of the ancient kingdoms to be forced into the union of the United Kingdom. Ulster is and was different. You can see Scotland from its North East coast. The traffic ran in both directions between Scotland and the North of Ireland which was cut off from the South by lakes, forests and swamps. Folklore told of battles between Ulster and the rest of Ireland.

Industrialism in the North brought Ulster closer to Great Britain than to the peasant South. Union with Britain was the key to wider markets. The economic threat presented by the Home Rule movement which the British Liberal Party espoused, welded on the eve of the First World War into one mass loyalist movement Liberal and Conservative in the North, and the overwhelming majority of the landed, the mercantile and the working class. Partition was never a British conspiracy. That myth is refuted by study of the records. The right of the loyal, distinct North East to opt out of the Free State was an exercise of democracy. The price of self-determination for the South was self-determination for the North. As in India, so far in Ireland, to quit was to split.

Doubtless, the frontier could have been drawn differently; but self-determination in the wake of abdication by the external power is bound to leave minorities under an uncongenial sovereignty. The Boundary Commission of 1924 tried, but failed to improve the demarcation. Thereafter Dublin accepted the Border as it was, and still is, in the Tripartite Agreement of 1925 which was solemnly deposited with the League of Nations in 1937. Even 'under the Treaty of 1921,' the former Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, Liam Cosgrave, told the Ulster journal, *Fortnight* (8th June 1973) '. . . the six north-eastern counties have opted out and we cannot expect them to come back into an all-Ireland parliament without their agreement.'

There was injustice in the North. It was not always one way. In 1951 the Nationalist-dominated Strabane Municipality allocated 112 of its houses to 102 Roman Catholic and 10 Protestants. There was gerrymandering, most notoriously in Londonderry, but only in local government. Devolution could be blamed: the Imperial Parliament by convention did not meddle. Today there are equal civil rights throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

The increased representation to be given to Northern Ireland in the House of Commons should bring to Westminster more Members from both political and cultural traditions. Mrs. Thatcher should invite the Queen's attention to the insufficiency of the province's component in the House of Lords. It is a paradox but true that Parliamentary union is a stronger protection of non-Unionists' rights and opportunities than the apparatus of human rights agencies, more extensive in Northern Ireland than in Great Britain.

When Ireland was partitioned, most Northern Unionists wanted no

local parliament. They wished to continue to send Members to Westminster only, as under the Act of Union. A Northern Parliament was imposed because, contrary to the mythology, the British Government in reality hoped to merge it with the Southern Parliament in a reunited Ireland with the agency of a Council of Ireland which was legislated for but to which Dublin failed to send members.

According to the MORI poll published in the *Sunday Times* of the 26th June 1981, the form of government most acceptable to Northern Ireland people is full integration with the United Kingdom. This was by far the favourite option of Protestants, 91 per cent of whom described it as acceptable; as for the Catholics, 39 per cent declared it acceptable while a bare majority, 51 per cent, rejected it. Sixty-two per cent of Catholics backed the Union with Great Britain but wanted a Northern Ireland 'assembly with guarantees for Catholics,' in other words, 'power sharing.' On the other hand, an opinion poll which was taken at Queen's University, Belfast, in 1978 showed that no less than 76 per cent of Protestants and 92 per cent of Catholics in the North favoured United Kingdom legislation being applied to Northern Ireland as uniformly as possible.

Sinn Féin and its military wing, Official IRA, are Moscow-Marxist. Provisional *Sinn Féin*/IRA broke away in 1969 to make war. The Official line was to resort to political activity. So it is the Provos who are doing the fighting together with the Irish National Liberation Army, military wing of the Irish Republican Socialist Party. (The INLA boasts of having murdered Airey Neave.) Like ETA in Spain, like PLQ in Quebec, like the PLO with whom IRA men have trained, like the rest of the multi-national corporation of terror and subversion, Marxist aims—the Irish 'Cuba'—are pursued in older nationalist guise calculated to appeal to liberal opinion. The Official Wing of the IRA is completely Marxist—in good standing with Moscow. The Provos are more traditionally 'green' nationalists with a 'fascist' flavour that recalls wartime links with Nazi Germany. They are increasingly anti-clerical, if not anti-Catholic, and have been infiltrated by the newer Left. They make no secret of their determination to destroy the existing Irish Republic as well as to prise Northern Ireland from the United Kingdom. They recognise the legitimacy of no government in Ireland save that which was proclaimed at the General Post Office in Dublin during the Easter Rising of 1916!

Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. Haughey proclaimed the 'unique relationship' between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic. It is a relationship closer than the former Commonwealth association. Whatever future constitutional arrangements are made within Northern Ireland, a United Ireland through *Anschluss* with the Republic is ruled out. A United Ireland can only be realised through united British islands—that is to say, islands united whether as a federation of the two sovereign powers (who are already partners in the European Community) or as a special European grouping, analogous, perhaps, to Benelux or to the Nordic Council.

ISRAELI POLITICS IN TRANSITION

by David B. Capitanchik

THE Israel General Election of 1981 has attracted more international attention than any of the previous nine elections in that country's history. The reason for this attention requires little explanation. The Middle East is a focus of international crises and tensions seemingly exacerbated by the perennial conflict between Israel and her neighbours. The fact that the region contains so much that is vital to the Western democracies in respect of both their energy and strategic requirements is enough to explain the constant preoccupation with its affairs. At the same time, however, it is apparent that relatively little is known about the domestic politics of the states in the area and this, strangely enough, is particularly so in the case of Israel.

Israel is heir to a long tradition of Jewish political activity in the countries which played host to the Jews throughout the centuries. With the rise of the Zionist Movement in the last decades of the 19th century, a whole structure of democratic institutions emerged in the diaspora which spread rapidly to the then not independent Jewish community (the Yishuv) in Palestine. Thus, from the beginning of the modern Jewish renaissance in Israel, the political life of the growing community flourished with a broad variety of political parties competing for power, each with its own ideology and many with affiliated parties among the Jews abroad.

Most of the parties soon became involved in functions not usually associated with political activity. They founded their own schools and economic enterprises, developed housing projects, published daily newspapers and even provided health services for their members. Elections were held regularly to determine the composition of the governing bodies of the community. It followed that the established political traditions and institutions of the pre-State parties made the transition to an orderly and democratic parliamentary system relatively smooth with the founding of the State in 1948.

Israel, then, is a parliamentary democracy and supreme authority is vested in the Knesset, a single chamber legislature of 120 members. These are elected for a term of four years by universal suffrage under a system of proportional representation. Under this system the entire country may be seen as a single constituency. Electors vote for national lists of candidates selected by the political parties and designated by letters representing the names of the parties, rather than for individual representatives. Seats are allocated in proportion to the number of votes cast nationally for each party. Parties which receive less than one per cent of the votes cast, however, are unable to participate in the share-out of seats and the votes cast for them are lost. The proportional system of elections, as most political scientists would readily agree, can lead to a proliferation of political parties, particularly when the population is as heterogeneous as

that of Israel. Usually, more than 20 lists have competed for parliamentary seats and as many as 31 lists entered for the 1981 elections. Paradoxically, however, political life in Israel was, until recently, marked by relative stability and the necessity for compromise between the differing elements for the purpose of forming a governing coalition.

From the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948 and down to the ninth general election in 1977, the dominant political force in the country was the Labour movement which ruled according to the secular ideals and socialist principles which they brought with them to Palestine from Eastern and Central Europe at the beginning of this century. Labour's defeat in 1977 was a clear sign of major change taking place in the political arena which the apparent stability of political life until then had failed to reflect. This was mainly due to changes which had taken place in Israeli society during the three decades which had elapsed since the State was founded, a period during which the population increased fivefold, swollen by massive and rapid immigration. At first the bulk of the immigrants came from Europe but, subsequently and overwhelmingly, they came from the Moslem countries of North Africa and the Middle East. The effect of this immigration on Israeli political life was eventually to become decisive. When the first elections were held in 1949, there were about 500,000 voters consisting mainly of immigrants from Europe. In the recent election this June, the electorate numbered over 2,250,000, about a third of whom were born in Israel. Moslem and Christian Arabs make up about 10 per cent of the electorate, but of the 90 per cent who are Jewish some 54 per cent are immigrants from Asian and African countries and their Israeli-born offspring.

This demographic change was one of the most important factors underlying the dramatic victory of the erstwhile opposition Likud Bloc in 1977. Although the Labour Alignment had emerged from all the previous elections with the largest number of seats, there was a slow but steady trend, evident from the early 1960s, away from Labour culminating in its defeat in that year. Demographic change was not the sole cause of this trend—events and a shift to the right in public opinion also played their part. But 1977 saw the emergence of a degree of class politics in Israel as the voters divided more along class lines in their support for the major parties than at any previous time in the country's history.

Israel's Labour Party had traditionally found its support among all sections of the electorate, but especially among those who lived through or identified with the period leading up to the country's independence. The majority of those who immigrated before or immediately after the establishment of the State tend for the most part to support the Labour Alignment. Among those who settled in Israel after 1955, however, and among those born in the country, support for Labour has shown a marked decline. Surveys conducted by the Israel Institute for Applied Social Research show that there is a direct relationship between age and support for Labour and an inverse relationship between age and support for Mr. Begin's Likud Bloc.

Moreover, there has been a steady trend in the Likud's favour among the youngest voting group, i.e. those under 24 years of age, rising from 36 per cent in 1969 to 44 per cent in 1973 and to 51 per cent in 1977. Labour, on the other hand, lost more than half its support among this age group between the 1973 and 1977 elections. Labour, all the evidence suggests, is increasingly becoming the party of the older, more conservative voter, while the Likud is more clearly the choice of the young.

A similar trend is discernible when voting is related to the ethnic composition of the electorate. There has been a marked shift of support away from Labour towards Mr. Begin's Likud by second generation voters of Asian-African descent. The significance of this phenomenon assumes greater importance when it is realised that among voters in the Asian-African groups, the birthrate is noticeably higher than among Jews of European and American background. There is just one important qualification to be made in this regard. The tendency for Israelis of Asian-African background to vote for the Likud decreases as their level of education rises.

Before the 1977 election the phenomenon of class voting was noticeably absent in Israeli elections. During the period of Labour dominance that party attracted voters from all social strata in roughly equal proportions. In 1977, however, low income was related to Likud voting to a significant extent. It was true that the presence of the Liberal Party in the Likud Bloc meant that it also attracted votes from the middle class and business community. But, on the whole there was a discernible pattern of voting which saw low income voters supporting the Likud and middle and high income voters supporting Labour and a new reformist party, now defunct, called the Democratic Movement for Change.

Mr. Begin's rise to power is thus no mere 'flash in the pan'. He has a solid electoral base which has increased in each successive election. The closeness of the recent election results with only one seat dividing Labour from its Likud opponent, has concealed the true extent of Mr. Begin's victory. His party increased its vote by 19 per cent, confirming the clear and steady trend in its favour. Labour on the other hand, while increasing its vote by a massive 39 per cent over 1977, has merely restored its position to that which it held in 1973.

Various factors account for Mr. Begin's success, not least the demographic transformation of Israeli society described above. Those who make up the majority of Israel's population today came from societies and cultures remote from those of the original pioneers who settled the country and created the State. They are for one thing more religious and adhere to traditions more appropriate to the less developed societies from which they came. They know little of classical Zionism and even less of the socialist ideals which inspired the founding fathers. They are fiercely nationalistic and in general rather more hostile and suspicious of Israel's Arab neighbours who they feel persecuted them in their countries of origin. They are numbered among the poorer, less skilled, less educated of Israel's citizens and although great efforts have been made to deal with

the many problems confronting them they are nonetheless resentful of the older, established European Israelis who are better able to take advantage of the benefits of an advanced industrial society. For many of Israel's new majority Mr. Begin, so long in opposition, so long kept out of power by the dominant Labour movement, represents for them an alternative to the establishment. He appears sympathetic to their religious and national aspirations and although he himself is of European origin, he does not appear to them to share the European's secular, anti-religious ideas. He is contemptuous of his opponents' liberalism, of their concern with what the world thinks of Israel and its politics. His supporters, who feel that they have been pushed about and discriminated against at home, are even more resentful at being pushed about and discriminated against by foreigners. For these reasons Mr. Begin's attacks on such world figures as Helmut Schmidt or Lord Carrington, his apparent disregard of even American sentiments, makes him only more of a hero in their eyes. In short, Mr. Begin is the charismatic leader par excellence, fully in tune with his followers.

At the beginning of August, after three weeks of intensive bargaining, Mr. Begin was able to form a new Cabinet with a narrow majority of two votes in the Knesset. Mr. Begin's difficulties in forming a new government stemmed from the closeness of the election results which put a handful of small parties, the largest being the National Religious Party with only 4.92 per cent of the popular vote, in a position to determine the fate of the two major parties which between them obtained over 74 per cent of the votes cast. There was never more than the shadow of a possibility that the Labour Party under Mr. Shimon Peres would be able to attract enough support from the smaller parties to be able to regain power. However, although Mr. Begin was virtually certain to head the next administration, he had to make unprecedented concessions to the religious parties in order to do so. This does not cause particular dismay to most of his supporters but it does offend an important minority in his own party, namely the middle-class businessmen of the Liberal faction, and it is utterly rejected by those who voted for the Labour opposition. Between them, the three religious parties who secured major concessions won only 11 per cent of the popular vote, but they have gained from Mr. Begin in return for their parliamentary support, enforced observance of Judaism in State enterprises, exemption from National Service for new categories of observant Jews and major allocations of funds for religious enterprises and purposes. All this could foreshadow considerable domestic unrest within Israel as the advantages gained by such small unrepresentative groups could come to be resented by the majority. More seriously, it could cause a serious rift with the majority of Jews in the diaspora and especially the growing Reform and Conservative movements in the United States who may well find that not only is their brand of Judaism rejected by the orthodox, but that in the State of Israel they are not recognised as Jews at all.

Mr. Begin's new government might well give rise to more domestic problems than it can hope to manage or resolve. He will also have to deal

with the urgent problems of the economy and do something to control the rate of inflation currently running at around 130 per cent per annum. Abroad, the crisis in the Lebanon, the possibility of conflict with Syria, the after effects of the raid on Baghdad are secondary to the more fundamental problem of the crisis in Israel's relations with the United States, a crisis made more serious by these events, but not caused by them. The cause lies in the different perceptions of the next stage in the Camp David peace process held by all three of the participants, Egypt as well as the United States and Israel. Mr. Begin's attitude towards the future status of the West Bank and the fate of the Palestinians is not only rejected by Israel's enemies, but by her friends as well including much of diaspora Jewry. It would be most difficult for Israel to find anybody, least of all the inhabitants of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, to engage in a discussion of Palestinian autonomy if it is Mr. Begin's intention to annex the territories after the five-year transition period.

All the same, Israel's domestic problems are basically not of Mr Begin's making and the problems associated with making peace with the Arabs would exist whoever was in power. Try as it will the EEC's Middle East initiative does not seem to be getting off the ground and not only because of Mr. Begin's intransigence. The Palestinians, too, need to respond more positively if any progress is to be made. For his part, Mr. Begin did respond to and then successfully negotiated the peace treaty with Egypt. He made important and significant concessions in order to further the peace process, not least of which was the return to Egypt of oil wells largely developed by the Israelis and crucial to their economic and military well-being. All this in addition to his agreement to withdraw by next April from all Egyptian territories including land settled by Israelis during the period of occupation. Paradoxically, the peace treaty has also been one of the causes of Israel's high rate of inflation. The withdrawal from Sinai has meant the removal of the bulk of Israel's military forces which were stationed there and their redeployment to newly-constructed bases within Israel proper. The new construction work necessary for this has involved the pumping of some three billion US dollars into Israel's already overheated economy. So far, however, Israelis have been cushioned from the worst effects of this inflation by a complex and far-reaching system of index-linked wages, pensions and welfare benefits so that they do not feel materially worse off than they did before Mr. Begin came to power. Surprisingly, a major factor in Mr. Begin's June election success was the widespread feeling many people had that they were better off.

Mr. Begin's period in office over the last four and a half years, has shown him to be a highly competent politician, a curious mixture of rhetorician, demagogue and realist. Yet many people fear that his new government will not be able to restrain his worst excesses as the previous one is supposed to have done. They point to the Baghdad raid on the nuclear reactor and the massive overkill of the raid against the PLO Headquarters in Beirut as evidence of this. But so far, in relation to the Administered Territories, the new Israeli government's actions seem to

belie their words. Apart from Mr. Begin, the minister with the most hawkish reputation in the Cabinet is former General Arik Sharon who, as Minister of Agriculture in the previous government, was responsible for the settlement policy in the Occupied Territories. His new appointment as Defence Minister has caused more consternation than almost anything else Mr. Begin has done since 1977. In this capacity he is the man responsible for the Territories which remain, as they have been since 1967, under military rule. However, against all expectations, General Sharon has begun his incumbency by indicating a greater degree of relaxation of Israeli control over these territories than has been the case under any previous administration. Although there can be little hope that the inhabitants will respond positively, he is nevertheless attempting to woo them over to the idea of autonomy by relaxing the Israeli military presence and encouraging more Palestinian self-administration. Whatever the motives and merits of the current Israeli policies, at least initially they indicate their willingness to attempt to seek political rather than military solutions to the question of Israel's relations with the Arabs. No doubt they will continue to employ military means whenever they deem it necessary, but so have all previous Israeli governments.

Israel is a less idealistic place and more materialistic than had been hoped and expected by its founding fathers. But apart from Mr. Begin, they are all gone and a new generation has to cope with new, contemporary problems. Not only does Mr. Begin represent the aspirations of the majority of Israel's population today, he represents them also in a more fundamental way. Like them he is a survivor. He has survived persecution by the Germans, imprisonment by the Russians, a long period of underground fighting against the British and 29 years in the political wilderness after the State of Israel was established. In more recent years he has survived serious illness and in the end, of all his opponents, it is ill-health that is most likely to defeat him.

But it would be wrong to assume that Israeli attitudes and policies will change with his passing. Among the majority of Israelis, there is considerable support for what he stands for and this, more than anything else, is likely to determine who succeeds him.

All figures have been taken from Guide to the *Israel General Election—1981* by David B. Capitanchik, published by the Academic Study Group on Israel and the Middle East.

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THE NORTH/SOUTH DIALOGUE: DONOR POLICIES UNDER SCRUTINY

by J. G. Farley

AID to underdeveloped countries is something which governments of all developed countries favour. There are those in developed countries who look askance at the whole idea and just a few, mainly in academic circles, who argue that aid has created more problems for the developing world than it has solved. But governments have not denigrated aid in general terms; on the contrary, the developed North has professed its profound concern for the socio-economic lot of the under-developed South. But how far is that concern genuinely reflected in the aid policy of the North's major donors? The North will give, but it will count the cost as well. However anxious the developed countries may be to alleviate poverty, disease and ignorance, they are equally anxious to ensure that tangible benefits come their way in the process. Politically, too, recipient countries must be in the right camp to enjoy the full extent of a donor's largesse. An examination of the politics of the major donor powers may serve to illustrate this.

Britain has, since shedding her empire, concentrated on maintaining and strengthening her ties with the Commonwealth. In the political field, this has been evidenced by the regular conferences of Commonwealth Prime Ministers; in the professional field, by the establishment of such bodies as the Commonwealth Medical Foundation and the Association of Commonwealth Universities. In the field of economic aid, the vast proportion has gone to Commonwealth countries. In 1978, Britain gave £541 million on bilateral terms, of which £400 million went to the Commonwealth: Kenya, as one of the most pro-Western countries in Africa as well as one of the most influential, received the lion's share, while Malawi and Zambia, though much poorer, received only half Kenya's figure. In 1978, too, only about a third of Britain's bilateral aid was given unconditionally: for the rest, there was a stipulation that the monies loaned or granted should be spent on the purchase of British goods or even, in some instances, on goods from a particular British firm. Aid given in this way can act as a very useful prop to British industry but can hardly be described as an unmixed blessing for the recipient country, which might well consider German or Japanese goods of a particular type more suitable for its needs than British.

Britain's concern for the maintenance of the Commonwealth connection can also be seen in the extent to which she provides experts for technical assistance projects overseas. Most of these are highly competent and requests for renewal of their contracts are frequent. Commonwealth countries are thus likely to become inured to British methods, British ways of thinking—and British goods: this Whitehall appreciates very well, hence its willingness to encourage these projects and also, in many cases, to

'top up' expatriate salaries paid by the recipient country with grants for the British Ministry of Overseas Development.

France's pre-occupation with the maintenance of her former 'imperium' has been even more intense. Though her links with SE Asia have ceased to be significant, those with Africa have been continually strengthened ever since independence in the late 50s/early 60s. France has always been concerned that countries inside her sphere of influence should not be allowed to slip out, refusing to sign the Treaty of Rome in 1957 unless special aid/trade arrangement were made for her African colonies. She took Guinea's wish for independence (expressed by plebiscite in 1958) particularly badly, refusing her all economic or technical aid thereafter and, most notably of all, fought for seven years to keep Algeria French. Though these old wounds have largely healed, France remains anxious to preserve, albeit discreetly, her influence inside her former empire. The number of French personnel in technical assistance positions and even in administrative posts in such countries as Senegal and the Ivory Coast is considerable, and the contribution they make to the running of these countries crucial. At the political level, France relinquished power on independence into the hands of small, highly Frenchified elites, granting them the facility of calling on France for military help to guard against internal subversion. This accounts for the general lack of criticism which France, by comparison with Britain, receives from her former colonies and explains also the continuing vitality of France's *mission civilisatrice* under the administrations of such African rulers as Leopold Senghor or Felix Houphouet-Boigny.

What predominantly interests France today is access to Africa's raw materials. The Ivory Coast, in which French financial involvement has been extensive, possesses a wide variety of useful products from cocoa to fine quality hardwood. More significantly, Gabon possesses a lot of oil for a small country and is the world's twelfth largest exporter. More significant still, and much publicised last year, has been France's relationship with the Central African Empire of Emperor Bokassa. To many it must have been surprising that France was prepared to lavish support on so brutal, incompetent and corrupt a ruler. To the more aware such support was unsurprising in view of the amount of strategic raw material such as uranium and manganese known to exist within the Empire. France was determined to maintain access to these materials for herself or at least deny them to an unfriendly power, and to this end supported for some twelve years the conservative and anti-Marxist Bokassa, despite the shortcomings of his rule. However, once he showed signs of losing his grip on the country, France not merely withdrew her support but gave him a helping push. France's involvement in 1977 and 1978 in support of President Mobutu of Zaire must be seen in the same light: she did not want the wealthy province of Shaba, still less Zaire itself, to come under the control of the Marxist government of Angola, from whose territory the invasion of Shaba was being mounted. In sum, France's attitude to aid and to the developing world is strongly influenced by perceptions of her strategic and economic interests. Bilateral links with her former dependencies have

been nurtured: *la mission civilisatrice* remains strong, though few contacts exist with Afro-Asian countries which have never known French rule.

The United States, ever since the early 1950s, has tended to see overseas aid in terms yet more political than either the British or the French. During the Eisenhower/Dulles Administration (1952-60) there was a preoccupation with containing the expansionism of the 'World Communist Movement'. Large and indiscriminate aid was given to countries which appeared to the US as bulwarks against Communism—such as Taiwan and South Korea. Even after John Kennedy's accession to the presidency in 1961, this tendency continued: Vice-President L. B. Johnson, returning from a fact-finding mission to South Vietnam in that same year, declared that that increasingly beleaguered country under its Churchillian leader, Ngo Dinh Diem, should be granted massive assistance to combat the Chinese-inspired military intrusions from North Vietnam. That assistance was given with what results we know. Dollars poured from America's coffers into countries which could produce unimpeachable anti-Communist credentials and faced a real or imaginary Communist threat. Thailand thus received much aid during the late 60s and early 70s—partly because it was first in the 'line of dominoes' and partly because it was of central strategic significance for the US in its air offensive against North Vietnam. The Philippines (with its traditionally strong anti-Marxist governments) and Indonesia (after the overthrow of President Sukarno) both received sizeable allocations of US aid, Sukarno's close relationship with the People's Republic of China precluding any US aid during the last years of his rule.

If the Far East has been the main locus of American aid, Africa has by comparison been neglected, the US being happy to leave it as the virtual preserve of the former colonial powers. There were, however, exceptions: in 1953, an Anglo-American Defence Agreement was negotiated with the recently independent Libya, whereby, in return for a peppercorn rent, both countries received extensive military facilities in a strategic part of the Mediterranean. The American air-base at Wheelus Field near Tripoli became, by the end of the 1960s, the largest outside the US and proved exceedingly useful for monitoring the movements of the Soviet navy in the Eastern Mediterranean. In addition, the discovery of oil in the Gulf of Sirte and its subsequent massive exploitation during the 1960s prompted the US to take more than a passing interest in Libya's affairs and a close economic and commercial relationship with King Idris was cultivated which endured until his overthrow in 1969.

The Zaire of President Mobutu has been viewed by the US since the mid-60s in a light very similar to that of the Libya of King Idris. It is a country rich in minerals, vast in area and strategically situated at the heart of the African continent, abutting nine other states. Should it come under a government hostile to the West, the political consequence could be far-reaching. Thus the US, like France, has seen fit to support a regime which, though anti-Marxist in complexion, is incompetent, edgy, and occasionally vicious. Zaire bears an enormous burden of foreign debt, its elite

lives off the fat of the land while the mass of the people have to cope with a rate of inflation not experienced for years anywhere in Europe. The US appears reluctant to use the leverage it undoubtedly possesses to encourage President Mobutu to put his own house in order and find some place for basic human rights within it, but it may regret this failure if Mobutu should eventually come to share the fate of the late Shah of Iran. Or that of the late President Somoza of Nicaragua.

What of the EEC's attitude to the developing world? During the EEC's early days, the relationship was governed by the Yaounde Conventions of 1963 and 1969, which concerned mainly France's former colonies in Africa and gave them special aid and trade facilities with the Six. Following Britain's accession to the EEC and after the jolt administered to it by the oil price rises of 1973/74, a new relationship was negotiated and formalised in the Lomé Treaty of February 1975. This had a much wider application than the old Yaounde Conventions and included many countries in Africa, the Caribbean and the Pacific which had formerly been British dependencies in addition to the original French ones. Basically, Lomé did three things: it established an aid fund, the European Development Fund, of 3.5 billion dollars, gave access duty free to EEC markets for 99% of signatories agricultural exports and 85% of their manufactured exports and set up a fund known as Stabex to stabilise signatories' export earnings. The scene seemed set for a new and more equitable relationship between the EEC and these 46 signatory states in Africa, the Caribbean and the Pacific.

In the event, this first Lomé Treaty fell short of expectations. The complicated conditions under which Stabex operated meant that some countries, despite their need, just did not get the financial assistance which the spirit, as distinct from the letter, of the Treaty prescribed. Furthermore, Stabex applied only to agricultural products, not to mineral exportation, and therefore did nothing to compensate Zambia or Zaire for the steep fall in the price of copper which occurred after 1974. There was mutual recrimination over the working of the EDF: developing countries complained that the Brussels bureaucracy was so meticulous in its scrutiny and so tardy in approving proposals that vital projects were constantly delayed. Brussels complained that the delays arose in the finance and planning ministries in the developing countries rather than at Berlaymont. Food exports coming from the signatory states were subject to strict quotas whenever a product covered by the CAP was involved. Thus Jamaica's sugar and Botswana's beef exports were adversely affected and, Lomé notwithstanding, no relief was available to them.

These are some of the reasons why the second Lomé Treaty was concluded in 1979 in the atmosphere of rather less euphoria than Lomé I: it is perhaps surprising that it was concluded at all. Lomé II remains a rather narrowly based treaty as far as the Third World is concerned. There is a reluctance on the part of the EEC to widen the signatories and include countries in South and South-East Asia, a reluctance stemming from the fear that such countries as South Korea, Taiwan, Pakistan and India might

compete all too successfully with Europe in the field of manufactured exports.

In respect to the USSR and the People's Republic of China, considerations arise which are yet more problematical. The ideological struggle between East and West (which superpower detente has done nothing to mitigate) means that it is most unlikely that either Communist power would co-operate in any kind of concerted Northern aid strategy, despite Brandt's exhortations. As already indicated, international aid has become too political a business and in no case is this more true than in that of the USSR. Firstly, a great deal of her aid, perhaps 75% of it, is military in nature: she has endeavoured to build up her influence in a number of countries in the developing world by supplying large quantities of arms on relatively easy terms. Vietnam, Uganda, Somalia, Ethiopia and, most notably, Angola have all been beneficiaries of Soviet military largesse and it would be idle to deny that the USSR has gained no political advantage thereby, however precarious in the long term this may be. Nearer to her own borders, the USSR's generosity becomes even more noteworthy, as her arms supplies to Libya, Iraq and Syria bear witness, she being anxious to re-establish in these countries the political and strategic hold she once possessed in the United Arab Republic but which the USA now holds. Secondly, the USSR have maintained, ever since Khruschev's overthrow in 1964, the doctrine of 'comparative advantage' in its civil aid to the developing world. This means that the USSR will weigh the potential benefits to its own economy before making grants or loans to a developing country. For example, it provided, in the early 1970s, finance for a phosphate refinery complex in Morocco and for a similar complex for bauxite in Guinea but in return secured those countries' agreement to supply large quantities of these commodities on terms significantly lower than the world market price. In the case of the bauxite installation in Guinea, the first twelve years' production of this material was earmarked to repay Soviet credits. In India, the USSR financed, on similar terms, the establishment of a shoe-factory, but gained the concession of an annual import quota of shoes at a fixed, under the odds price, thereby enabling its citizens to benefit from the low cost of Indian labour.

The aid policies of the People's Republic of China are sometimes pointed to as being much more genuinely moulded in the recipient's interest than those of other donor powers. This comment is not altogether without foundation: the Chinese charge very low rates of interest (indeed sometimes dispense with them altogether) and are generous with the length of the repayment term. They give very little military aid and concentrate mainly on civil labour intensive projects (of which the Tanzam Railway completed in 1976 is the best known). But they are as anxious as the Soviet Union to gain access to strategic raw materials and would have been unlikely to cast as benevolent an eye on the Tanzam project if Zambia had not been rich in copper (a commodity which China significantly lacks) and agreeable to supplying it on favourable terms. Tanzania and Zambia also agreed to take a proportion of Chinese light engineering manufacturers in con-

sideration of the Tanzam Railway loan, though later discovered to their annoyance that the Chinese bicycles and other goods purchased were far less satisfactory than those of their former British suppliers.

If international aid is really to bear fruit, it is vital that the major donor powers abandon these various nationalistic attitudes. It means that Britain should place less importance on her ties with the Commonwealth and adopt more strictly economic criteria for her allocations of aid, favouring the poor rather than the influential. It means that France should drop her emphasis on maintaining her imperial position in Africa, which is as much cultural and educational as economic and strategic. She should learn that access to raw materials is not necessarily preserved indefinitely by propping up governments which, all too often, maintain themselves in power by terror; but this is something which President Mitterrand is more likely to take to heart than his immediate predecessor. Likewise, the United States should look more dispassionately on the actual nature (and record) of governments, irrespective of their political tag, and relate its overseas aid to its sober appraisal of the former rather than blind adherence to the latter. The EEC must refrain from hedging its agreements with the developing world with clauses which impede its ability genuinely to compete in those export fields where it has a reasonable chance of doing so—and widen its horizons beyond Africa, the Caribbean and the Pacific. The Soviet Union must stop both its opportunistic emphasis on military aid and the hard bargains it so often drives in its grants of civil aid. Whether, however, the North can put aside its present political shibboleths and adopt towards the South aid policies which are both more open-handed and more supranational in nature, must remain a matter of considerable conjecture.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the various 'development' summits scheduled to be discussed in Cancun during October 1981, and subsequently in New York City, Paris and Nairobi, which owe their inspiration to the Brandt Commission Report of February 1980, will make a genuine start on resolving some of the serious problems which exist in North/South relations over such matters as energy, import quotas and export price stabilisation. Whilst success may not be achieved without cost, the price of failure will ultimately be higher.

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WESTERN SAHARA: WILL MOROCCO CRACK?

by Stanley Orobator

THE *Provincia del Sahara Espanol* (Spanish Sahara) now known as Western Sahara or the Sahrawi Arab Democratic Republic (SADR) became a Spanish colony in 1934 although annexation of the territory dated back to 1884. The 105,448 square mile territory with a population of 76,425 (as of December 1970) is dominated by a most inhospitable climate and blessed with the world's largest known deposits of phosphates.[1] The territory, peopled largely by nomadic Moslems, has been the object of irredentist ambitions of Morocco, Mauritania and Algeria. The phosphate deposits discovered only in 1963 by American oil experts greatly enhanced the importance of one of the hitherto neglected territories of the then Spanish colonial empire.

The scramble for Western Sahara which followed involved both external and internal contestants. The external contestants remained Spain, the colonial power, and the territory's neighbours, Morocco, Mauritania and Algeria. During the 1960s, the battle for Western Sahara was fought mainly between Spain on the one hand, and Morocco, Mauritania and Algeria on the other. Spain was unwilling or reluctant to grant independence to the territory, and in her desire to preserve her colonialist role in the country, she had created a council of tribal representatives (Djemma) in 1963. The Djemma, with an initial membership of 29 (later increased to 190), was a collection of citizens loyal to Spanish imperialism and a tool with which Madrid expected to fulfil her plans to upgrade Western Sahara from the status of a simple colony to that of a 'respectable' overseas province of Spain.

The policies of the Spanish Government in Western Sahara aroused the hostility of the other contestants. Morocco and Mauritania claimed that the territory was theirs before the advent of Spanish colonialism and demanded its return to them. The two countries had agreed in the partition of Western Sahara as soon as Spain departed from the territory.[2] But between them there were problems. The Mauritanian authorities remained suspicious of Morocco's overall intentions, especially as the latter had had irredentist aims against a number of sudanic states including Mauritania.[3] Similarly, Algeria was uncomfortable about teaming-up with Morocco to achieve this goal, having also been a target of that country's territorial claims in the Magreb.[4] Moreover, there had never been a cordial relationship between conservative Morocco and radical Algeria. But all these nations had one objective in common—the desire to push Spain out of the Sahara and to assume control over the territory's mineral wealth.

Within Western Sahara itself, there were and are factions contesting for power and leadership either with a partial or limited freedom or for the total independence of the country from Spain. The most prominent of these include the *Partido para la Unidad Nacional de Sahara* (PUNS);

a moderate political organisation which initially supported Sahara's post-independence affiliation with Spain, but whose leaders switched their allegiance to Morocco in May 1975, having found that Spain was losing ground in her politics of retention. Another Saharan liberation movement enjoying the support and understanding of Morocco is the *Frente de Libertad e Unidad* (FLU) which now includes the *Mouvement de Resistance des Hommes Bleus* (MoREHoB) and several other smaller factions. Each of these liberation organisations wanted independence from Spain and political relationship with Morocco, albeit in the form of a partial freedom or autonomy.

But by far the most important of the liberation movements of Western Sahara is the *Frente por la Liberacion de Saguia El Hamra y de Rio de Oro* (POLISARIO). The acronym POLISARIO refers to the only two zones of Western Sahara—The Saguia El Hamra in the north and Rio de Oro in the South. The POLISARIO, whose founders were Moroccans, enjoyed the initial support of both Morocco and Mauritania. By 1974, when it became clear that the movement which had existed for two years was for complete and unconditional independence from Spain and had no intention of entertaining the irredentist policies of Sahara's neighbours, Morocco and Mauritania withdrew their backing. The POLISARIO went underground only to reappear in 1975 with the blessing of Algeria's Houari Boumedienne. POLISARIO fell out of favour with Morocco and Mauritania because of its radicalism and unmitigated nationalism, the very reasons which had helped it to secure the goodwill of Algeria. Moreover, Algeria saw in the POLISARIO a force not only capable of putting an end to Spanish rule, but also able to challenge the Sultan's expansionist designs in the Magreb. By 1975, the movement had become by far the largest and most effective liberation organisation in Sahara. POLISARIO became the rallying point for all with radical political views and who desired 'genuine' independence for the territory. Large sections of the population, especially the Reguibat 'tribes' accounting for about 80 per cent of the country's population, are known to have strong POLISARIO sympathies.[8] Over half of Western Sahara's indigenous population defected to Algeria to enlist in the POLISARIO. The movement's recruits represent all classes and shades of the Saharan nation. An important personality such as Khatri Ould Said Joumani, the ex-president of the Djemma and later a deputy speaker of the Moroccan parliament, has three of his sons in POLISARIO.

During 1975, the attitude of Western Sahara's neighbours to the territory's independence struggle had become clear. Morocco and Mauritania maintained their policies of irredentism, annexation and partition, while Algeria altered positions demanding self-determination for the territory.

Algeria's change of policy was influenced in the main by three reasons. The first was the apparently irreconcilable ideological differences of the Alaouite monarchy and the Algerian revolution. The second was the lurking recollection of past Moroccan pretensions to the Tindouf district of Algeria (which had caused war between the two nations in 1963),

making the latter decide to assist POLISARIO into putting a final end to the Sultan's territorial claims in the area. It was a question of settling the unfinished business of the past with the Moroccan leader. Thirdly, President Boumedienne realised that Algeria needed an outlet to the Atlantic to facilitate the exportation of oil, iron ore and other minerals mined in the south of the country. He knew it would be easier to deal with the radical government of the POLISARIO (if it won the war) than the conservative and less friendly Kingdom of Morocco. Aiding POLISARIO to victory was therefore considered a worthwhile investment by the Algerian authorities.

On the other hand, having seen the fruitlessness of her struggle against the several parties interested in the Sahara, Spain decided to quit for good, but not without having participated in an international conspiracy now christened 'Madrid Deal.' The Deal was a tripartite agreement between Spain, Morocco and Mauritania by which in November 1975 the government of Juan Carlos agreed that Western Sahara should be partitioned between Morocco and Mauritania. The Agreement was opposed by Algeria, declaring it null and void since the consent of the Saharan population had not been sought. Consequently, President Boumedienne increased his assistance to the POLISARIO, and so, with the withdrawal of Spain, the conflict was between Morocco, Mauritania and the moderate liberation movements sympathetic with their aims of on the one hand Algeria and POLISARIO on the other. Moreover, the Madrid Conspiracy was condemned by the majority of Saharans, driving them into the fold of POLISARIO. At the same time as the Madrid Agreement came into being, the Sultan organised what has been described as the 'Green March' of 350,000 unarmed men over a distance of 50 miles to El Aaoiun, the Saharan capital, in support of his claim to the territory. The march was also organised to provide jobs for the large number of unemployed in Morocco, many of whom eventually found places in the civil service of Western Sahara.[7] In fact, the episode was part of a grand design to divert the attention of the Moroccan masses from the increasing hardship at home towards grandiose and prestigious ideas of past greatness and future economic recovery. Yet the problems of Western Sahara were beyond solution by either a 'Green March' or 'Madrid Deal', or a combination of both.

The attention of the United Nations Organisation was drawn to the question of Western Sahara in the 1960s, during various deliberations of the General Assembly on Decolonisation. In the various resolutions taken, the colonial powers were advised to provide the basis necessary for the independence of their territories. Among these were the UN Resolutions 2072 of December 16 1965 and 2229 of December 20 1966, urging Spain to prepare her colonies for freedom. Other Resolutions included 2354 of December 1967; 2428 of December 18 1968; 2591 of December 16 1969 and 2711 of December 14 1970.[8]

During the 1970s, more UN Resolutions favourable to Western Sahara were passed by the General Assembly, including those of 1972 and 1973

which again called upon Spain to treat as a matter of urgency the question of 'self-determination' and 'independence' for the territory. While the United Nations argued in favour of Western Sahara, Morocco and Mauritania (particularly the former), continued to press their claims to the territory, using the General Assembly as a platform.

Following the relentless claim of Morocco to Western Sahara and her increasing pressure on the UN to decide the fate of the territory in her favour, the General Assembly, on December 13 1974, passed Resolution 3292 (with Spain abstaining) requesting the International Court of Justice at The Hague to inquire into the history of Western Sahara in order to determine whether the territory had been *res nullius*, (territory without master) before the advent of Spanish colonialism, and whether there were legal links between the kingdom of Morocco and the 'entity' of Mauritania. At the end of the investigations the International Court concluded that 'at the time of colonisation, Western Sahara was inhabited by populations which, although nomadic, were organised socially and politically into tribes and under the authority of chiefs competent to represent them.' The report added that Spain did not act as a state which was establishing its sovereignty over a *res nullius*, and that the territory was taken under 'protection' on the basis of the agreements negotiated with chiefs of the local tribes. It was observed that Morocco had no document to support her claim to the territory. The Court was therefore obliged to conclude that Morocco had no 'territorial sovereignty over Western Sahara,' admitting however that it was possible for the Sultan to have exercised some 'authority with regard to certain tribes in the territory."[10]

The International Court of Justice report was rather vague, for it did not actually clarify the issue of past allegiance upon which Morocco had based her claim to Western Sahara. Exploiting the weak point in the report, Morocco argued that the Court had not convincingly proved that there were no 'legal links'. Mauritania held a similar view. The two countries therefore went on to conclude with Spain the Madrid Agreement of November 1975. It was negotiated and signed without consultation with the indigenous populations of Western Sahara.

Also contributory to the continued Morocco-Mauritania claim to Western Sahara was the attitude of the UN itself to the tripartite agreement.

> The Committee on Trusts and Non Self-Governing Territories voted in Resolution 3485 (A) by 84—3 with 42 abstentions, to reaffirm the UN commitment to self-determination. At the same time, the General Assembly approved in Resolution 3458 (B) the Madrid pact between Spain, Morocco and Mauritania by 48 to 32 with 52 abstentions.[11]

This contradictory posture of the UN encouraged the contestants, particularly Morocco, to persist in her claim to Western Sahara, arguing that the UN Resolution 3458 (B) of December, 1975 fully justified their claim, since it favoured the Madrid Agreement. This was in fact the case.

Having thus exhibited inconsistency in the crucial decision of 1975, the UN ceased to play a vital role in the Saharan conflict. If Morocco

and Mauritania still believed in the credibility of the Organisation, Algeria and POLISARIO felt unable to rely any longer on the world body to provide an acceptable solution to the crisis. It was no longer a crisis to be settled by resolution or negotiation, as was pointed out in an interview with the Algerian President, Boumedienne. The confrontation in Sahara, he declared, had 'reached the point of no return' and that 'nothing but arms were left to settle the matter'.[12]

NOTES

1. Marks, T. A. 'Spanish Sahara—Background to Conflict' *African Affairs* Vol. 75 No. 298, January, 1976, p.3. The territory is also known to possess reasonable quantities of iron ore and crude oil. *West Africa*, No. 2316 March 5, 1979, p.382.
2. *West Africa* No. 3036, September 1, 1975 p.1017. The partition agreement was the result of a secret accord reached between Morocco and Mauritania in September, 1974.
3. *Ibid.* No. 3191 September 11, 1978, p.1782. Morocco's claim to Mauritania (as part of Grand Maroc) was maintained throughout the 1960s and was dropped only in 1970 following a formal agreement between the two countries. *Ibid.* No. 3159 January 30, 1978, p.181.
4. *Ibid.* No. 3060, February 23, 1976, p.231.
5. *African Confidential* Vol. 16. No. 11, June 6, 1975, pp. 2-3.
6. *Ibid.* Vol. 19. No. 24, December 1, 1978, p.5.
7. *Ibid.*
8. See *'Spanish Sahara,'* Working Paper by the Secretariat of the Special Committee on the Situation with Regard to the Implementation of the Declaration on the Granting of Independence to colonial Countries and Peoples, of the United Nations General Assembly. August 12, 1974; Original English. Cited also in Marks, T. A. op. cit. pp. 7-8.
9. *West Africa* No. 3216, March 5, 1979, p.383.
10. *Ibid.*
11. *West Africa* December 15, 1975, p.1552; *Africa Confidential* Vol. 19. No. 6, March 17, 1978, p.8.
12. *Ibid.* No. 3060, February 23, 1976, p.231.

[Dr. S. E. Orobator will be writing in a later issue of *Contemporary Review* about the crisis situation between Mauritania and Morocco.]

THE IDEOLOGY OF MONETARISM

by Peter Howells

WHEN the Conservative government came to office in May 1979 its economic objectives were twofold. On the one hand, it promised to reduce the rate of inflation by strict control of the money supply and by the progressive reduction of its own borrowing needs. At the same time, it proposed to lift the economy from its chronic stagnation, increasing incentives to private sector production by reducing taxation and the real value of selected social security benefits. A reduction in government borrowing was relevant here as well in so far as high levels of borrowing were held to place the government in direct competition for funds with the private sector, forcing up interest rates to the point where the private sector would be 'crowded-out'. The instruments by which both objectives were to be achieved were said to be those recommended by the latest (and presumably best) economic wisdom, the contributors to which were later labelled conveniently, if not always accurately, 'monetarists.'

As a tradition within economic thought monetarism is an interesting phenomenon. As all labels do, it simplifies and suggests a uniformity of view amongst economists who in practice differ on a number of significant issues. In a recent book[1] Thomas Mayer produced a list of propositions to which he claimed most monetarists would assent and this included: changes in the money stock as the dominant determinant of changes in money income, the inherent stability of the private sector, a relatively greater concern about inflation than about unemployment and a dislike of government intervention.

To his list Mayer could also have added a methodological statement of no small significance, again generally endorsed by monetarists but most frequently emphasised by Friedman. This is that economics is a positive science, dedicated to producing an accurate analysis of how things work as a matter of fact and at this moment, leaving to politicians and others the question of how things ought to be for the improvement of mankind in the future. This last proposition is convenient in purging the others of any taint of ideological or political bias. Thus those who advance a critical view of government intervention and emphasise the importance of monetary factors justify these findings as consequences of empirical investigation. We may like or dislike the findings but that, fortunately or unfortunately, is how the economy works.

This view of the objectivity of economics was endorsed by Peter Jay last year in a lengthy review of Friedman's 'Free to Choose' television series.[2] The effects of changes in the money supply, of attempts to 'fine-tune' the economy and the existence of a natural rate of unemployment were the proper concern of economists, to be kept quite separate from the recognisably political statement that free enterprise capitalism with maximum competition is the best system of political economy known to man. No

mention was made of the greater force with which the last could be pressed if only the answers to the earlier questions came out right.

The vehemence with which the need to divorce normative judgment from objective fact as asserted by monetarists is matched only by its implausibility as a way of conducting economic research. The economist who builds a career on the investigation of the causes of inflation is making a judgment about the importance, to himself at least, of inflation as an economic problem and this is not a judgment which can be defended by appeal to fact. Inflation and unemployment affect different groups in different ways. The victims of inflation are traditionally the rentier class; of unemployment, the workers. The decision to study one rather than the other is an expression of very basic preference. A retreat to the argument that inflation is a more serious problem because it is itself the *cause* of unemployment does no more than compound the felony of deception that is taking place here. Assuming it is a testable proposition, it is certainly not a tested one and a little knowledge of the 1930s, when unemployment on a scale similar to today's was accompanied by *falling* prices, does not encourage confidence. And yet the paramount need to 'squeeze inflation out of the system' as a pre-condition of economic recovery is the justification which is daily offered to those unreasonable enough to bewail the rapid rundown of Britain's manufacturing industry. Ritual incantation has more to do with witchcraft than with positive economics.

To those without the disadvantage of an economics training, the claimed divorce between fact and judgment must seem even more implausible. If the role of the economist is to 'tell it like it is', there will be those, as in any walk of life, who are more skilful than others and these, in a world with any degree of fairness, we should expect to rise to the top of their profession, to have paths beaten to their study doors by ministers of the crown in search of truth and objective advice. Why, if this is the case, are new advisers appointed with each change of government? The really interesting feature of the monetarists' self-proclaimed commitment to positivism, however, is the extent to which this fiction has been maintained at the same time that their prescriptions are being ruthlessly pursued by a government committed to ending the consensus political tradition and restoring the capitalist ideology to a position it has not enjoyed in British politics since the days of the post-war Labour government.

Since taking office the present government has had little success in its management of the economy. The rate of inflation, the reduction of which was held to justify any costs that might be involved in the operation of government policy, is now running at 11 per cent compared with nine per cent in May 1979 and has been higher still for much of the intervening period. Gross domestic product has fallen by seven per cent while industrial output, most of it produced by a private sector which has significantly failed to respond to the government's incentives, has fallen by 13 per cent. The best that a recent Treasury report could find to say about this state of affairs was that the future rate of decline was likely to be slower than in recent months. This is a judgment which the Treasury admits to borrowing

from a recent CBI survey. Again in spite of incentives to work and produce, unemployment has risen from under 1.5m. to over 2.5m. and this, the price it was acknowledged would have to be paid for curing inflation, has become tragically the price to be paid for no cure at all. The growth of sterling M3, the key to the government's strategy, has proved dramatically uncontrollable, running for most of this government's life at twice the target rate and demonstrating its irrelevance to the rate of inflation which in turn has proved far more responsive to changes in costs such as VAT rates and road fuel duties.

What is left? Predictably, faced with results like these, government statements have become reticent on money supply figures and upon the role of money supply in the inflationary process. This is nowhere more clearly seen than in the attack upon the public sector and the attempt to reduce government borrowing which, as the last survivor of the election programme, has moved centre-stage. Because a large government borrowing requirement threatens to push up interest rates to levels at which the private sector borrowers are squeezed out, it was argued, such borrowing needs are a standing invitation to governments to find the money by other means, effectively increasing the money supply for their own expenditure purposes and simultaneously adding to the inflationary pressure of an augmented money stock. A comparison of the 1979, 1980 and 1981 budget statements, however, suggests that the former is now seen as much the stronger reason for lower government spending. References to the PSBR in this year's budget are almost entirely confined to its effect upon interest rates and, indeed, the correction of an imbalance between the public and private sectors is elevated to the status of a central objective.

The interesting question emerging from all this is why the reduction of the PSBR has managed to retain its position in government strategy when so much else, incentives and control of the money supply for example, have faded into the background. One reason is quite simply that an attack upon the public sector and redressing of the public-private balance is believed to be politically popular and there is some evidence at least that such a judgment may be correct. Both government and opposition at various times have ascribed the Conservative victory in May 1979 to a reaction against the 'winter of discontent' when, it will be recalled, public sector unions featured prominently in strikes in sensitive areas of the public services. More recently, the civil service unions have attracted a good deal of unfriendly comment from the media in their dispute with the government and it is noticeable that they are frequently portrayed as defending a privileged position in terms of pay and index-linked pensions. This requires an almost wilful ignorance of the Scott Report which showed no special privilege to exist.

The second reason is that such an attack still claims support from the 'new' economic wisdom. The argument that large-scale borrowing is necessarily inflationary, as we noted earlier, has been dropped; wisely, since most of the borrowing can be shown to have been covered by the conventional

sales of gilt-edged stock supplemented by more aggressive marketing of National Savings schemes. This still leaves, however, the objection to government borrowing that it crowds-out private sector spending and it is here that economic science and ideology at last hold hands in public. If we treat the existence of crowding-out as entirely a question of fact and dismiss as factually incorrect all those views of crowding out that it is less than total, we are left with the stark proposition that every £1 borrowed by the government crowds out an exactly equal quantity of private sector expenditure. This is bad news to Keynesian economists and to all who favour discretionary changes in government expenditure as a means of varying *net* total expenditure. Conversely, it is encouraging to those who favour reductions in public spending to know that it can be done at no net cost to aggregate demand. It does not and cannot support an argument in favour of one level of public expenditure rather than another, for this requires some independent assessment of the merits of publicly produced goods against those of privately produced goods. And it is difficult to see how such an assessment could ever be reduced to questions of fact.

In his theory of social balance[3], Galbraith argues for the need for public services to be provided on a scale in keeping with the production of private goods in order to ensure a safe and aesthetically acceptable environment. This implies an irreduceable, and presumably large, role for the public sector but wisely he stops short of suggesting any definite proportion of GNP as appropriate and, again, it is difficult to see how any such figure could be defended as correct in a factual sense. This is not to advance the view that an optimum size for the public sector can *never* be arrived at by appeal to fact, only that it is not to be found in the apparent fact of crowding out.

A second area in which the science of monetarism and the ideology of the Thatcher government stand noticeably close concerns the competitive nature of the economic system. Textbook economics delights in the image of the consumer as a democratic voter. Decisions to buy represent the casting of pound or dollar votes in favour of some goods and at the expense of others. The producer is effectively controlled. If he produces what the public does not want he will go out of business. This cosy analogy ignores the fact that the votes in the electoral system are woefully maldistributed, though this is not a criticism that need detain us here.

Whatever the distribution of income may be, there is plainly something reassuring in a system which encourages individuals to express their own preferences, freely arrived at, in order that others may compete, freely again, to satisfy them. Hence the monetarist 'dislike of government intervention' (Mayer) and belief 'that free enterprise capitalism with maximum competition is the best system of political economy known to man' (Jay). Expressed in no matter what words, however, this looks a curiously normative statement for a methodology so committed to the observation of what is. Nonetheless, it might be defended, albeit imperfectly, if one were in fact observing an economic system characterised by competition and individual choice. In a system where a few large corpora-

tions spend vast sums persuading people of needs they never knew they had, not even this defence is available. What we are observing is a voting system with much bribery in it.

With the discovery that free competition amongst firms subject to consumer control is not what we are looking at, the last defence is gone. Instead of a seemly and embarrassed silence, however, the shameless retort of those who only describe what is, is that it ought to be, and this, combined with the concept of a 'natural rate' of unemployment determined in part by the level of real wages and imperfections in the labour market, has proved an invaluable gift to a government bent on increasing the power of captital over labour.

In a recent speech at the City University Sir Geoffrey Howe emphasised the importance of structural reform of the labour market as a means of reducing unemployment. The reforms were not specified but it seems reasonable to see the provisions of Mr. Prior's Employment Act (1980) as one step along a road, which, if recent press speculation about secret meetings at No. 10 to draft tougher trade union legislation has any substance to it, is likely to be long and hard if not dark and cold as well. Similarly, as has been argued in quite respectable academic journals, reducing the real value of unemployment and other social security benefits will reduce the natural rate of unemployment by increasing competition for jobs, cutting the search time people are prepared to endure and lowering the real wage rate at which work will seem profitable.

As with democracy, there are no doubt some things good about competitive capitalism, but the partisan view that its benefits are absent only in the labour market is a pernicious falsehood which all consumers, sellers of their own labour or not, know only too well. With so much evidence of flagging product markets boosted by advertising and served by few independent suppliers, the question is forcefully pressed as to how a body of economics with such strong professions of empiricism can have ignored the obvious. The answer is disarmingly simple and it is that monetarism has its roots in late nineteenth century neo-classical economics and has in practice very little of an empirical flavour about it. On the contrary it begins with a very limited number of assumptions about human nature: that men and women are consistently rational satisfaction maximisers, that they possess the information necessary to make rational choices, that they make their decisions as individuals and pursue their satisfactions in a competitive manner. This is a timeless, acultural model of man that makes no allowance for institutional change. Thus the large corporation, because its shareholders are bent on profit maximisation and possess the knowledge to ensure their wishes are carried out, responds as readily to changes in consumer taste as did the nineteenth century entrepreneur. Since wants originate within the the individual, advertising cannot possibly be creating demands but is supplying information to facilitate rational choice.

In two important respects therefore, and in spite of its professions to positivism and the analysis of what is, economic science is currently lending its support to a government with very outspoken preferences for change.

The possibility that some government expenditure may be at the expense of some private expenditure is taken to support the need for a smaller public sector; monetarist models which start with the assumption of a high degree of an individualism and competition are embraced to prove that such conditions should be actively promoted, and in predictably selected markets. Economics, since it deals with human behaviour in relation to the acquisition and distribution of scarce resources must frequently touch upon questions of power and justice. Since economists themselves are members of society in which such questions arise, it is foolish to suppose that they have no personal interest in the answers that they find. The discoveries they make about the economic system have ideological implications just as the search that leads to the discoveries has ideological origins. To suggest otherwise does no lasting good to the science of economics or the art of politics.

NOTES

1. Thomas Mayer, *The Structure of Monetarism* (Norton, 1978).
2. Peter Jay, 'Who Really Are the British Monetarists,' *The Listener*, 1st May, 1980.
3. J. K. Galbraith, *The Affluent Society* (Penguin, 1962).

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The November issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *The Decolonisation of Belize* by Milivoje Zagajac, *Gun Laws in the USA* by S. H. Wilkinson, *The Labour Party Conference* by Austin Mitchell, M.P. and *The Long Dark Tunnel: Impressions of Rampton* by Patrick Wakeling.

A FAMILY AFFAIR ON THE DANUBE

by Paul Rose

R. W. SETON-WATSON played a remarkable role as historian, propagandist, adviser and Government Official. His energy and enthusiasm were prodigious and his travels before the age of planes and fast cars helped to shape the map of Eastern Europe. His sons, Hugh and Christopher, are distinguished academics, the former a Professor in Slavonic and East European Studies; the latter a Fellow of Oriel and a lecturer in politics. Their prologue on their Father's family background is perhaps of more interest to them than to the reader.

Their title, *The Making of a New Europe,** is misleading but salutary. Europe has become shorthand for the EEC and it is timely to remember that it does not stop at the Berlin Wall. Indeed we slip back into the thinking of Neville Chamberlain all too easily when referring to Prague or Belgrade. The real nub of the story is a love affair with the South Slavs which culminated in the creation of Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia out of the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Looking at history through the eyes of one man has its disadvantages. Concern for the Slovaks or Serbs creates a feeling that Seton-Watson was insensitive to the aspirations of the Magyars. They were the heroes of Liberal opinion in the Mid-Nineteenth Century as they tried to shake off the Austrian Yoke. They earned themselves a special place in the Dual Monarchy which left the 'Nationalities' around them in an underprivileged position. Indeed, they oppressed the Slovenes and Ruthenians.

If there is a modern analogy, and no analogies are really accurate, it may be with the Ibos of Nigeria, an artificial entity carved out of Africa by us. In attempting to assert Biafran nationhood they took over the territory of two smaller tribes, but no one would deny that they were the most advanced nation in the Federation, even if Europeans prefer the word tribe for a people that outnumber very many nation states. The argument used against them was the need to prevent the Balkanisation of Africa. The paradox is that the romantic liberal tradition which Seton-Watson espoused, based on linguistic and cultural nationalism, appears to apply only where our National interest finds it convenient. Even Lloyd George would have betrayed the small nations had he deemed it expedient. Unlike the Welsh statesman, the Scots Seton-Watson passionately pleaded for his Slovaks, using the pen where Byron had used the word and Lawrence was to use his daring. It is a noble tradition and one which I confess to embracing. However, I fear that Realpolitik carries more weight in shaping maps than idealism.

At the end of the day one also begins to wonder whether multi-national units with the motto *Civis Romanus Sum* are not preferable to the modern nation state. After all, language does not have to be coterminous with borders as the Swiss have shown. Culture may be diverse, as it is in the United Kingdom or to a much greater degree in India or the Soviet

Union. Federalism, whether in the U.S.A. or Germany, is a concept that must be extended if we are to solve the competing claims of domination and disintegration.

In the context of Austro-Hungary, Seton-Watson viewed tribalism with favour so as to put the South Slavs on a par with the German and Magyar peoples. Later, it became apparent that the nation states were the only practical solution. Half a century later 'Titoist Revisionists' were being executed in Hungary and Czechoslovakia because the big Slav brother in the East feared a Danubian Federation that would have challenged their power. However, both Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia do still exist and the latter is its own master.

The real problem posed by the struggle for the small nations is that their very creation may result in injustice and sow the seeds of future conflict. I have seen Hungarians weep at the Rumanian Border, knowing that their birthplace in Transylvania now forms part of Roumania. It is difficult to justify the fact that 1.2 million Magyars were taken over and a similar number annexed by the emerging Slav states whose cause Seton-Watson espoused. He is fair in admitting that in one area 50,000 Jugoslavs took over 150,000 Magyars with similar injustices in the East, and a Magyar Danubian Island went to the Slovenes. He was rightly impressed at the fighting spirit of the Serbs, displayed once more in the shape of the Partisans a generation later. Their alliance with Croats and Slovenes created the new state. However, even as I write Albanians within their borders are rioting and Greece is claiming that Macedonia was historically Hellenic in spite of Bulgarian counterclaims.

Seton-Watson points out that at the formation of this new Europe 80 to 90 per cent of Hungarians were linguistic Magyars as against 54.5% in 1910. It is a strong argument but contains a fallacy. It also ignores the amazing muddle of nationalities on the periphery where Magyars were the largest single group. A translation of the post-1919 Hungary described in Magyar is *Crippled Hungary*. Today, Stalin has ensured that it is yet more crippled and has rolled the whole map of modern central Europe westward.

I cannot but feel that whereas Seton-Watson recognised as friends two of the most enlightened Magyars, Jaszi and Count Karolyi, he was rightly outraged at the semi-feudal rule of Esterhazys and their chauvinist approach to their neighbours. The reaction in the shape of Bela Kuns' Communist revolt was equally abhorrent to a Liberal, and the result was that he had an unconscious prejudice against the Magyars as a people which they did not deserve. Nor did he analyse the way in which assimilated Jews were used to provide a cushion for the Counts much as we used Asians in East Africa. It was precisely these people who took the lead in the abortive attempt to set up a Soviet State in Central Europe.

That Seton-Watson could be wrong, even with his knowledge, is shown by his assertion that 'The Bolshevik day of power will be short.' The acceptance of Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia were great and good achievements. However, the manner in which the Empire was broken

up antagonised, among others, a certain gentleman called Mussolini. It left two or three million Germans in Czechoslovakia. Initially inclined to social democracy, their neglect made them an easy prey for Nazi propaganda and a pretext for Hitler's march into Czechoslovakia. Thus, the very achievement of Benés and Thomas Masaryk, the greatest man Seton-Watson ever met, and the division between Italy and Croatia were part of a scenario that pushed Italy into the arms of the Germans and the latter into the arms of the Nazis.

To disentangle this Eastern monument to the Holy Roman Empire with its eleven major languages was probably impossible without injustice. An exchange of populations on the Greek Turkish pattern may have been one heartbreaking method The ruthless expulsion of the Sudetenland Germans by the Russians was to occur after the next great upheaval. One still wonders whether federalism might have supplied an answer or whether some problems just have to solve themselves. After all, France and Germany are never going to spill blood over Alsace-Lorraine and Mexico is hardly likely to seek to annexe California.

Seton-Watson's initial and overriding concern was for his Slovaks and meetings with diverse personalities are described. Initially bored, I became increasingly fascinated as he voiced his ideas through *The Spectator, Contemporary Review,* his own *New Europe* and all the influential papers of his day, quite apart from his own prodigious output. The period 1904 to 1919 is too often neglected. The Balkans are too often forgotten in the modern world and yet both the period and the area are of immense interest that grows with each chapter. While Seton-Watson was helping to design the architecture of a new Europe, giving small nations their rights in the East, a war was fought ostensibly to defend the small nation of Belgium in the West.

Meanwhile in another small nation a group of men were executed for a futile uprising in a Dublin Post Office. 'Britannia bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free' runs the line of a patriotic Irish song. And so we partitioned Ireland, leaving the equivalent of 500,000 Magyars among a million Slavs and today they are busy with the bomb and the gun. Basques kill Spanish police, Israelis clash with Arabs; West Irian fights on against Indonesia and Somalis and Eritreans clash with Ethiopia. Wherever we look on the globe, the fire of nationalism has spread. The liberal ideals associated with the Nationalism of Mazzini or the exploits of Garibaldi gave way to the Roman Fasces and the Aryan Swastika. Freedom Fighters the world over kill for freedom but often the slain are themselves fighting for freedom. Perhaps our vision of nineteenth century liberal nationalism has become a nightmare of insensitive chauvinism.

That is why the 'European' idea is an advance, even if it stops short of the 'New Europe', and why liberals mistrust nationalism even when it is manifestly just because of discrimination. I remain a romantic nationalist like Seton-Watson but within an international framework which distinguishes the cultural and linguistic variety

from chauvinism, and sees federalism as a next step away from the disastrous nationalism which afflicts too many states.

Having read this difficult book with immense satisfaction, I cannot recommend it to a broad readership. It is for those concerned with Central Europe and history or fascinated by the national question. It is not for those who do not want to have existing notions challenged, for it provokes thought and conflict as complex as the constituent groups of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

I confess to a complete lack of understanding of Masaryk and Seton-Watson's objections to placing Magyars at the Council Table, and to a conference of the six new nations born from the collapse of the Empire as proposed by Béla Kun. At this stage therefore I must right the balance of my criticism by a confession. I am married to a Magyar and while I share Seton-Watson's admiration for the Czechs and Serbs, and his abhorrence of Esterhazy and affection for Karolyi, it is a pity he failed to see in Magyar Culture what he undoubtedly admired in his favoured Slovaks. The pity of it all was that they were divided and conquered and that the real enemy was on the throne in Vienna.

I must also confess to believing that liberals at home have swept our own national problem under the carpet. It has emerged in such forms as the Welsh Language Society, the Scottish Nationalists and the I.R.A. It is quite astonishing that in the year Seton-Watson started his real work (1904), Arthur Griffith, to be First President of the Dail, wrote a pamphlet which is one of my prize possessions—*The Ressurection of Hungary—A Parallel for Ireland.* He advocated a dual monarchy for England and Ireland. That would have made the Protestants of Ulster the Slovaks of the U.K. But a federal U.K. recognising the four provinces and the Welsh and Scots as well as regional areas of England might have been the long term solution. It might just have worked on the Danube, but liberals were still uncautious where national aspirations were concerned and failed to recognise that both sides may have a case that is equally strong. It is a far cry from the Danube to the Boyne but if history teaches nothing then it is a futile exercise and Seton-Watson's work was far from futile.

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* *The Making of a New Europe.* Hugh and Christopher Seton-Watson. Methuen. £25.

SPANISH PAINTING AND BRITISH COLLECTORS

by John Metford

THE Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens may not be the most admired of London monuments but it is a valuable document for the cultural history of the mid-nineteenth century. Around the pedestal are sculptural groups of Great Men, scientists, philosophers and artists, whom the Victorians prized as having contributed most to the wellbeing of mankind. Included among the figures of outstanding painters are Velázquez and Murillo, the two Spanish artists who were then considered of sufficient stature to be ranked alongside other European masters, particularly the Italians who were the outstanding favourites of that time. The inclusion of these two names is significant because it represents the culmination of a period of collecting which resulted in the acquisition by British collectors of Spanish paintings which are now among the finest masterpieces to be seen in British public galleries, private houses and stately homes administered by the National Trust.

How these paintings came to this country is a fascinating chapter in the history of taste. Although the great period for the formation of collections of Spanish works was the nineteenth century, when the British possessed the wealth which enabled them to outbid their continental rivals, principally the French, interest in the acquisition of Spanish art dates at least from the early seventeenth century. Purchases were sporadic and in many cases incidental to the principal interest, Italian and Dutch paintings; many inferior works of doubtful attribution were bought; but the excellence of much that was acquired, often as part of a job lot, is now apparent in the current exhibition in the National Gallery, London, a unique opportunity to appreciate the surprising genius of Spanish art.

At the beginning of Lent 1623, the Prince of Wales, later to be the ill-fated Charles I, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, defied protocol and astonished the Court of Madrid by appearing incognito to plead for the hand of the Infanta María, sister of Philip IV, whose portrait by Velázquez in brown and silver may now be seen in the National Gallery, London. While negotiations for the match dragged on, Charles, already a connoisseur, inspired by the Venetian works which he had seen in London, spent much of his time buying paintings, much to the annoyance of his Spanish hosts. 'No painting or drawing was safe from him', complained a Spanish writer. 'He spared no money in acquiring what he wanted'. Many of these works were later lost to England when they were auctioned by the Commonwealth in 1649, after the unfortunate Charles was beheaded. They included paintings by Spanish artists then employed in Madrid whom Charles encountered before he returned home without his intended bride. Velázquez's master and father-in-law, Pacheco, proudly stated that his son-in-law had drawn Charles *de camino,* a phrase which means 'in travelling-costume'. This was presumably a sketch, now

lost, for a full-length portrait, but the words have been misunderstood by many art historians and have given rise to the legend that Velázquez accompanied Charles on his way to the frontier when he left Madrid.

The diarist John Evelyn, although barely four years old at the time, was aware of 'the greate talke and stirr' which the proposed marriage had caused in the rival Protestant and Catholic factions. When he grew to manhood, he too developed a taste for painting and recorded his attendance in 1693 at 'a greate Auction of Pictures in the Banqueting House, Whitehall', instigated by Lord Melford's creditors. He noted that Lord Godolphin 'bought the boyes of Morella the Spaniard for 80 ginnies', and added 'deare enough'. This picture was probably one of Murillo's sentimental depictions of curly-haired ragamuffins like the two now in the Dulwich Gallery, London.

For many years after Evelyn's day, Spanish painting was neglected. Wars, the Pyrenees and the fact that Italy was the objective of the Grand Tour, effectively isolated Spain from England until the latter part of the eighteenth century. James Boswell, perhaps to our regret, did not act on Dr. Johnson's advice to 'perambulate' Spain, but there were others who were prepared to risk bad roads and flea-ridden inns. Richard Twiss in 1772-3 visited Seville and went in search of works by Murillo, Velázquez and Juan de Valdés, whom he styled 'three of the best Spanish painters'. He was soon followed by Henry Swinburne who, in his *Travels through Spain in the years 1775 and 1776* recounted his visit to Seville where he saw the works of Murillo in the *Hospital de la Caridad.* He was rather put out because 'the characters of his figures are often mean, and copied from models in the lowest class of citizens', but despite his snobbish approach he was obliged to admit that, 'there is such expression, such truth of colouring, and intelligence in the composition of his groups that a trifling defect of that kind is easily overlooked'.

Swinburne also recorded his impressions of the pictures which he had seen in private and royal collections in Madrid and the Monastery of El Escorial. In the Duke of Alba's palace he was impressed by 'a charming Venus by Velázquez, lying half-reclined with her back to the spectator and her face reflected in a mirror she holds in her hand'. (His memory was at fault because it is Cupid who holds the mirror.) This is the beautiful Rokeby Venus, purchased by the National Gallery in 1905 from H. E. Morritt of Rokeby, Yorkshire and later partly defaced by a protesting Suffragette.

Unfortunately would-be collectors in the latter part of the eighteenth century were fed much misinformation by the dramatist Richard Cumberland. He had not received compensation for his expenses when he went to Spain on his 'secret mission', connected with the War of American Independence. To restore his fortunes and to avoid going to prison for debt, he published in 1782, using Horace Walpole as his model, *Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain.* He made some interesting personal observations but his text was in essence a redoing of the biographical work of Antonio Palomino, the Spanish of which Cumberland fre-

quently misunderstood. To Cumberland's two small volumes may be traced many of the strange spellings and unreliable data which infiltrated later English works on Spanish painting. It may also have helped to stimulate visits to Spain by foreign collectors whose earlier depredations were so considerable that Charles III had been obliged to issue an order forbidding the export of works of art. It had little effect and many pictures were smuggled across the frontier.

The French Revolution was responsible for the dispersal of many fine collections, including Spanish paintings, assembled by the nobility. Those who avoided the guillotine, contrived to escape to foreign countries taking with them their pictures which they were obliged to sell in order to exist. The most important collection which turned up in London was that of Charles Alexandre de Calonne, who was described in the frontispiece to the magnificent catalogue as 'Late Prime Minister of France'. His 'noble and superlatively capital assemblage of valuable pictures . . . selected with equal taste, judgement and liberality' was exhibited for six months in Spring Gardens in 1795 and then auctioned. From the sale, many Spanish paintings came into private hands, including the famous *Gypsy Girl,* now in the Dulwich Gallery, attributed to Murillo, but probably not by him.

About the same time, Sir William Hamilton, now, alas, remembered popularly as the *mari-complaisant* of Horatio Nelson's Lady Hamilton, formed in Naples a fine collection of paintings which included a Velázquez described as 'Portrait of a Moorish Slave that was in his service and became a great painter'. Actually Velázquez never had a slave. The subject was his apprentice, Juan de Pareja. This work was sold for 39 guineas in 1801 and eventually came into the possession of the Earls of Radnor. The family was later obliged to put the picture on the market to meet death duties. To our collective national shame, we allowed it to go to the U.S.A. in 1971 for $5,544,000, or £2,310,000 at the then prevailing rate of exchange, at that time the highest price ever paid in London for a picture in an auction.

The dawn of the nineteenth century saw the decline in the fortunes of Charles IV and the Spanish Royal family. Napoleon's duplicity resulted in their preventive detention in Valençay and the French invasion of Spain in 1808. Napoleon's brother, Joseph, was installed in Madrid as the 'intruder king'. Many 'enlightened' and progressive Spanish intellectuals accepted him as a much better proposition for Spain than the effete Bourbons, but the more traditional and xenophobic mass of the people rose in revolt. Thus began the brutal struggle which Spaniards call the War of Independence and the British, the Peninsular War. The French invaders pillaged the royal palaces and convents, sending back to Paris for Napoleon's projected grand gallery the finest pictures that they could lay their hands on. Some, like Marshal Soult, when he was in Andalusia, sequestrated the most valuable items for his private collection.

The chaotic state of Spain between 1808 and 1812 encouraged foreign picture dealers to roam all over the country in search of treasures. 'In

troubled waters are the best fish', wrote one Mr. Wallis, to his master the Scottish lawyer and dealer William Buchanan, whose *Memoirs of Painting* 1824 is a mine of information about paintings, not only by renowned Spanish artists but also by Rubens, Snyders and other masters whose works were brought to England at this period.

Undoubtedly the greatest catch of the day was made by chance. After the Battle of Vitoria in 1813, a lieutenant of the Tenth Hussars stopped a carriage which was being driven towards the frontier. When he opened one door, a man jumped out of the other side and galloped away on the horse of one of his escorts. This was the unfortunate Joseph Bonaparte, escaping from the battlefield. In his carriage the lieutenant discovered 165 rolled up canvases which had been cut from their frames and stretchers in the Spanish Royal collections. As spoils of war, they eventually reached the Duke of Wellington, who, after the restoration of Ferdinand VII to the Spanish throne, offered to return them to Spain. Ferdinand would not hear of it. 'His Majesty', wrote Count Fernán Núñez, the Spanish Ambassador in London, 'touched by your delicacy, does not wish to deprive you of that which has come into your possession by means as just as they are honourable'.

Spaniards still resent this act of kingly generosity and from time to time clamour for the return of the pictures. To our great good fortune these demands have been resisted. Many of these paintings are still on display in Apsley House, Number One, London, the Duke's residence at Hyde Park Corner, now the magnificent Wellington Museum.

During the next decades of the nineteenth century, two catastrophes in Spain led to yet another dispersal of Spanish masterpieces. The first Carlist war which began in 1833, and the suppression of many convents and monasteries, again provided foreign dealers with unhoped-for opportunities to obtain at bargain prices works which had been looted, stolen or sold by dispossessed and needy religious communities.

Unfortunately, dealers and cataloguers, either through ignorance or through intent to deceive, were not over-scrupulous in their attributions, especially when the vogue for things Spanish was at its height. Sir Edmund Head (1805-68), who wrote a history of Spanish painting, recounted an experience at one London sale. The catalogue said Velázquez but the canvas was signed Zuccarro. Head expressed some surprise to the dealer. 'Yes, Sir', said he, 'Zuccarro or Velázquez. The fact is the picture came from Spain, and as Zuccarro is not a Spanish master, we called it a Velázquez!' This incident illustrates why much study has been devoted in our time to correcting attributions and why some families were distressed to discover for example that they possessed not a priceless Zurbarán but an inferior copy.

Spain, still in the early nineteenth century the country of Western Europe least known to the traveller, was made more attractive to British tourists by the writings of two men: Richard Ford and George Borrow. The former had gone to live in Andalusia in 1830 in the hope of ameliorating his first wife's health in a warm climate. He spent only three

years there and in Portugal but traversed hundreds of difficult and often dangerous miles on horseback, visiting most places of historic and artistic interest. At the suggestion of John Murray, one of the first publishers of good guide-books based on personal experience and observation, he wrote his renowned *Hand-Book for Travellers in Spain.* The first edition (1844) was suppressed because it contained criticisms of Lord Palmerston's policy towards Spain, but the revised version (1845) was the original of the many editions which were published during and after Ford's lifetime. The *Hand-Book* was written after the author had settled at Heavitree House, with its Spanish-style gardens, on the outskirts of Exeter, now lost amid a hideous modern housing estate. There he had assembled a fine collection of Spanish art. Those examples, his previously written *Life of Velázquez* (1836) and his reviews in the *Quarterly,* did much to promote interest in Spain and Spanish art.

Ford advised Murray to publish *The Bible in Spain* (1842), the much-read work of George Borrow who, in the intervals between acting as agent for the *British and Foreign Bible Society* and hobnobbing with gypsies, contrived to see many fine Spanish paintings and thus foment interest in Spanish art.

In Seville, Borrow had encountered the mysterious Baron Taylor, whom he suspected of being a 'scion of royalty'. (It was he, it will be remembered, who was responsible for bringing to Paris the Obelisk of Luxor which now stands in the Place de la Concorde). The Frenchman explained his presence in Andalusia by saying that it was the part of Spain which had 'produced the noblest monuments of artistic excellence and inspiration', adding that he was 'incapable of imagining a more exalted enjoyment than to gaze in adoration on a noble picture'. Actually, as well as indulging in a little polite spying, Taylor was in Spain to acquire by purchase, and often by duplicity, on behalf of Louis-Philippe, paintings which were becoming available following the suppression of convents and monasteries by the Liberal governments of 1833-35. In all he managed to send to France crates of paintings among which were some four hundred works by Spanish artists. These were exhibited in the Louvre in 1838 in the *Musée Espagnol* and caused a literary and artistic stir, serving to establish hitherto unappreciated artists, Zurbarán and Ribera especially, in popular favour. It is somewhat ironic that the collection was augmented in 1841 by a munificent gift from an Englishman, Frank Hall Standish.

When Louis-Philippe lost his throne after the Revolution of 1848, and went into exile, he successfully claimed the *Musée Espagnol* as his personal property, although it had been assumed that it had been assembled on behalf of the nation. The whole was auctioned at Christie's in May, 1853 and many Spanish works were acquired by private British collectors at bargain prices. One of these was an *Immaculate Conception,* attributed to Murillo and now in the National Gallery, London. Another, a much finer painting, Francisco de Zurbarán's *St. Francis in Meditation,* was bought by the National Gallery at the same sale.

Chance and historical circumstances had thus combined to build up a magnificent collection of Spanish paintings in the United Kingdom but even more significant was the work of two nineteenth century collectors whose enthusiasm for art resulted in the formation of two of the finest private galleries, both of which are now open to the public.

The first was Sir William Stirling (1818-1878) who changed his name to Stirling-Maxwell on becoming a baronet in 1865. In the midst of a busy life devoted to the breeding of shorthorn cattle and Clydesdale horses, he found time to visit Spain, to write on Spanish history and to publish his carefully researched *Annals of the Artists of Spain (1848).* He also contributed many articles on Spanish painting to *Fraser's Magazine* and saw through the press excerpts from his great work in separate volumes. He derived much of his information from the Spanish art historian Ceán Bermúdez but he added a great deal from his own wide reading and his personal appreciation of the Spanish paintings which he had either seen during his travels or purchased for his own collection at Pollock House near Glasgow. This is indeed one good reason for braving the industrial horrors of Clydeside. Now administered by Glasgow City Art Gallery, Pollock House is not only set in a beautiful park but also possesses some of the finest paintings of many schools in addition to the works of Spanish painters.

The other great collector was John Bowes, who began acquiring paintings in 1830 and continued with redoubled enthusiasm after his marriage in 1854 to a French lady. Together they amassed some one thousand paintings, to house which they endowed a museum, the Bowes Museum, near Barnard Castle. Bowes's Spanish paintings were mainly purchased in 1862 when the collection of the Conde de Quinto was dispersed. Later research has shown that many works were wrongly attributed to artists of the first rank but even these are of considerable historical interest. Among pictures by good, but not outstanding artists of the time of Velázquez are *Tobias restoring his father's sight,* by Antonio de Pereda (*c.* 1608-69) and *The Agony in the Garden* by José Antoliñez (1635-75). An example of the finest works in the collection is Francisco de Goya's portrait of the poet Meléndez Valdés, painted in 1797.

It is perhaps unfortunate that, at a time when there was a taste for Spanish painting, enthusiasm for collecting, and surplus wealth available to indulge any rich man's whim, opportunities to acquire works by major artists other than Velázquez and Murillo were neglected. So much which would have graced our galleries is thus now to be seen in France, Germany and the U.S.A. One reason for this was that these two artists were regarded as being the only truly great craftsmen that Spain had produced. A critic in the *Quarterly* reviewing the exhibition of Louis-Philippe's pictures in 1834 conceded that Murillo and Velázquez were 'indubitably great masters' but added, 'with them, we humbly venture to think, the glories of the Spanish school pretty well begin and end'. Another was the subject-matter of the paintings, because of the patronage of the Church and the Orders, almost exclusively religious. Richard

Ford, writing anonymously in the *Quarterly* quoted with approval the complaint of the seventeenth century traveller, Thomas Coryate, that in Spain painting displayed 'no amorous conceits, no lascivious toyes of dame Venus or wanton Cupid; all tending to mortification, all to devotion'. Ford went on to recount the reaction of an acquaintance who arrived to visit him at Heavitree and awaited the return of his host in the Spanish picture gallery: 'Thank heaven! You are here at last, for I felt quite uncomfortable in such grim-looking company'. It is possible that one of the pictures which upset the visitor was Francisco Ribalta's *The Vision of Father Simón,* now in the National Gallery, London. At that time it was dark and grimy, overpainting obscuring much detail and the principal figures. Now that it has been cleaned, it can be appreciated as a fine and dramatic representation of the favour bestowed by Christ on one of Valencia's most loved sons who was regarded locally as a saint.

El Greco, the supremely religious artist, was out of favour and disregarded. Even in Spain, where he spent his most productive years, many of the churches and convents in and around Toledo which had originally commissioned his work either consigned his pictures to obscure corners in their buildings or replaced them by paintings more in accord with late Baroque taste. In England, in an age which preferred sentimentalism or Caravaggio-style realism, El Greco's writhing, elongated, spiritualized figures had scant appeal. In Fuseli's revision of Pilkington's *Dictionary of Artists,* published in 1810, he merited no more than a footnote. In contrast, George Borrow saw in Toledo in the Church of Santo Tomé the so-called *Burial of the Count of Orgaz* which he characterized as a 'most remarkable picture, the masterpiece of Domenico, the Greek, a most extraordinary genius . . .', adding, 'Could it be purchased, I should say it would be cheap at five thousand pounds'. Fortunately, this did not excite cupidity and the work may still be seen *in situ.*

The El Greco paintings which were appreciated in Britain in the nineteenth century were mostly in his earlier manner, revealing the influence of Titian and the Venetians, which accorded with the taste of the time. A fine example, based on the Counter-Reformation theme of penance is in the Bowes Museum: St. Peter in tears as he bewails his thrice-repeated denial of his Lord. To the Stirling-Maxwell collection was added the beautiful *Lady With A Fur,* thought to be either El Greco's daughter or possibly his common-law wife, the artist's emotional involvement with his subject being evident in every brush stroke. In 1955, the National Gallery, London was enabled to purchase from the descendants of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell *The Adoration of the Name of Jesus* (for too long misnamed *The Dream of Philip II),* a complex picture, probably a replica of the larger painting in the Monastery of El Escorial, near Madrid.

Fortunately, Francisco de Goya was becoming as well known in England as he was in France. The Duke of Wellington sat for him when he was in Madrid in 1812. One result was the equestrian portrait in Apsley House, another the bust portrait stolen some years ago from the National

Gallery but mercifully later found unharmed in a left-luggage locker. Goya's visit to Paris and self-imposed exile in Bordeaux in the last years of his life brought him to the attention of French artists, among them Delacroix, who purchased four of his lithographs and made copies of some of the *Caprichos.* British collectors were in frequent contact with their French counterparts and their endorsement of Goya's genius enhanced his prestige among them. *The Prisoners,* bought by John Bowes, almost a visual rendering of the prison scene in Beethoven's *Fidelio,* was indicative of his accomplishments. The long-term consequence was the acquisition by the National Gallery at the end of the nineteenth century and in the early years of the twentieth of some fine Goyas, particularly *A Picnic,* a sketch for a tapestry cartoon in which the jealous lover covers his ears so as not to hear the nonsense which pours from the lips of his more successful rival, intent on impressing a handsome *maja.* There is also the sensuous portrait of the aristocratic *Doña Isabel de Porcel,* dressed as a *maja,* a triumphant expression of female sexuality; and an equally successful silver-tone rendering of the gilder and painter *Don Andrés del Peral,* disliked by his contemporaries for his superior attitude, a suggestion of which emerges from the supercilious curve of his lip. In the National Gallery, Edinburgh, is a whimsical scene entitled *The Doctor.* It shows a red-coated quack trying to warm himself over a brazier as he awaits his customers. A young boy steals up to him to whisper a secret request. Is it for a love-philtre or an abortifacient? The boy's malicious grin suggests that something underhand is taking place.

It is hoped that this brief account of some of the ways in which priceless Spanish masterpieces have become part of our heritage will whet the appetite for repeated visits to the National Gallery exhibition and emphasize how important it is, even in these hard times, to prevent the dispersal not only of Spanish but also of all our national treasures. Once lost to us, they can never be replaced or regained. The happy chance which brought Velázquez's portrait of *A Lady With a Fan* into the Wallace Collection, for example, is unlikely to be repeated.

[John Metford, formerly Head of the Department of Hispanic and Latin American Studies, University of Bristol, is now Emeritus Professor of Spanish. He is at present engaged on an iconographical study of Spanish religious painting in the seventeenth century.]

El Greco to Goya: the Taste for Spanish Paintings in Britain and Ireland will be open at the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, London W.C.2, from September 16th to November 29th, 1981. Admission free (Monday to Saturday 10.00-18.00, Sunday 14.00-18.00).

WRITING FOR CHILDREN

by Benno Pludra

WHEN I came to Berlin in the spring of 1949, the *Kinderbuchverlag* did not yet exist. It was founded at the beginning of that summer, and its first home was on a square named after a castle Monbijou —my jewel. But the castle had been destroyed and the square looked sad, as did half of the town, while a few streets away the black-marketeers were playing cards in the sun. Who could think about children's books at such a time?

The company began publishing, but attracted little attention. People could have made predictions about me, too, in those days, but not that I would soon be writing children's books or that I would persevere up to the present day. What made me do it?

Writing for children does not require any great talent, unlike writing for adults. You just have to remember that children are children and therefore different from us. They are unprejudiced, but not critical enough, and are therefore relatively defenceless against everything they come up against, including bad literature. The author of children's books has to come to terms with this, but without ignoring the real need of his readers for stimulation. He mustn't dispense altogether with adventure, or ignore the longing for fantasy, fun and humour, wishes and dreams.

The kind of society we have in the GDR is friendly to children in all respects. But it is of course made up of many different types of people, some of whom are good and others not so good, who determine what everyday life shall be like for the children and who are very fond of saying that everything's all for the best! Often, the children do not share this view. The result is conflict, which deserves to be written about.

This does not mean always working along the same lines. There must be a foundation which allows the reader's imagination to run freely. Every book—whoever it's for—should have more happening in it than is actually written down. People often accuse children's books of being too harmless, too friendly, too unproblematic. I think this sort of literature really ought to be friendly, but not in a false way, where problems are glossed over, and which strive to achieve a dubious kind of cheerfulness. Although children love stories where everything works out well, because they are easier to handle and meet their own desire for harmony, we must try to write stories which make the young reader think for himself and which arouse his sense of protest. Good is good.

Evil is evil. Good overcomes evil: but life is usually more complicated than that, and literature ought to help the children to find the right criterion for assessing their environment and by so doing to promote all of the good ways they have of thinking and acting.

We want our children to be happy. Literature can have an enormous influence, and that is why I shall always continue to write for children.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN AUSTIN NOT FOR THE EUROPEAN MARKET

Dear Editor,

Austin Mitchell, M.P. (*Contemporary Review*, Vol. 238, No. 1382), in his critical response to my article in the January issue of this journal ('The British Labour Party: Nationalism and the EEC', Vol 238, No. 1380), very ably puts forward the anti-market case supported by most left-wing members of the Parliamentary Labour Party. However, I would defend myself by making the following points:

(i) He states that the description I put forward 'of Gaitskell's attitude to nationalism and the EEC is a travesty of the facts'. I think we would both agree that my reference here was brief, and also that it did not represent the main thrust of my discussion, but I would cite in my support the comments made by various writers: Linton Robins in *The Reluctant Party: Labour and the EEC, 1960-75* (1979); George Brown in his autobiography *In My Way*, (1971), p218; Stephen Haseler in *The Gaitskellites* (1969), p235.

To elaborate further, I would suggest that my comments were not a 'travesty' when Gaistkell's own speeches on the EEC are recalled. Take, for example, his speech to the 1962 Labour Party Conference: 'So far it is hard to be convinced', he said. 'For although, of course Europe has had a great and glorious civilisation, although Europe can claim Goethe and Leonardo, Voltaire and Picasso, there have been evil features in European history too —Hitler and Mussolini and today the attitude of some Europeans to the Congo problem . . . You cannot say what this Europe will be: it has two faces, and we do not know as yet which is the one which will dominate'. And if Britain was to join the EEC, 'it means the end of a thousand years of history'. . .

In my article I gave a summary of the various influences upon him, and I did not ascribe any simplistic label of 'nationalism' to him. My point here, however, is that his rhetoric was not devoid of such sentiment, just as it is discernible in the speeches of many Labour leaders, past and present.

(ii) I also note that Austin Mitchell described me as a high-minded idealist, with the implication that my comments were inappropri ate to the needs of a future Labour government. However, debates over policy have their roots in ideological principles and, in this context, in the interpretation of socialism. By contrast, I note that the approach suggested by Austin Mitchell, one which he presumably regards as 'pragmatic', would find favour with the jingoists of the far Right—there would be little in his article with which Enoch Powell would disagree, for example. Indeed, there seemed to be little distinctively 'socialist' in his comments. If that is the alternative, I would prefer to be labelled an idealist. What label distinguishes Austin Mitchell?

(iii) Austin Mitchell also questions what he sees as my confidence that Labour will not bring Britain out of the EEC. My comments were made, of course, at a time when great efforts were being made to keep the 'Gang of Four' and their supporters within the party. Indeed, in the very same debate at the 1980 Blackpool Conference that ended with a vote in favour of UK withdrawal, Peter Shore as Labour's Foreign Affairs spokesman directly referred to the importance of keeping pro-marketeers in the party. My comments were based on the idea that they would compromise on the EEC and hold another referendum. Whilst the Right of the party has suffered a serious set-back with the Social Democrats' exit, the blow has not been sufficient for me to cast aside all such thoughts of a referendum. Moreover, I would suggest that there is reason to to question the 'Socialism' of UK withdrawal. As the comments I make below make clear, it might well be thought that the appropriate response of the Left ought to be to work for a Socialist supranational alliance.

(iv) Finally, his policy, he argues, would strike 'a blow at the new nationalism posing as supra-nationalism' within the EEC. But I repeat the comment I made in my original article about the nationalist orientation at the heart of Labour's own thinking: 'the party tradition has been to see the British nation-state as the natural unit of socialist planning. Whatever the party's socialist projections for the future, they are at root based on the belief that a British government can achieve its objectives independent of outside help.' That is, I do not deny that the present EEC is based on a capitalist insularity, but from the recognition of one form of nationalism Mitchell withdraws to another, north of Dover. Capitalism, he seems to acknowledge, is multinational and even supra-national, but his 'socialist' response is to reaffirm the viability of the nation-state. I would recommend that he considers the argument put forward by Tom Nairn (*The Left Against Europe?*, 1973):

> . . . The Common Market represents a new phase in the development of bourgeois society in Europe. To vote in favour of that regime 'in a revolutionary sense alone' does not imply surrender to or alliance with the Left's enemies. It means exactly the opposite. It implies a stronger and more direct opposition to them, because it is an opposition unfettered by the archaic delusions of Europe's *anciens régimes*. (p.156).

Similarly, I would cite the comments made to me by one of his Labour colleagues in the Commons, who asked: 'Where do the conditions for democratic socialists—parliamentary democracy, a strong and organised industrial proletariat, and a diverse and secular press exist, except in Western Europe? Democratic Socialists must work through the European Community.'

Although we are bound to differ, I thank Austin Mitchell for expressing his disagreement.

Yours sincerely,

KEVIN FEATHERSTONE

THEIR TRADE IS TREACHERY

Dear Madam,

In your July issue Mr. Esmond Wright, reviewing my book *Their Trade is Treachery*, alleges that I have made a mistake over the identity of a Russian spy with the code-name 'Elli'. This is definitely not so and as the identity of 'Elli', the Soviet spy in MI5, is crucial to the case against Hollis developed by MI5 itself I must request space to correct Mr. Wright's error.

When Igor Gouzenko was debriefed after he defected in Ottawa in 1945 he named two spies each with the code-name 'Elli' but who were in different rings. One, Kathleen Willsher, was in the British High Commission in Ottawa, the other in MI5 headquarters in London. In conversations within the last month Gouzenko has confirmed this to me. He has also confirmed that it is common practice for different spy-masters to allot the same code-name to different spies. In the secret radio traffic they are distinguished by differing prefixes so there is no danger of confusion. Certainly nobody in Moscow would confuse a woman sitting in Ottawa with a man in MI5 headquarters in England. Published literature like Deakin and Storry's *The Case of Richard Sorge* fully confirms the practice.

Further, the documentary records of both MI5 and MI6 show the name 'Elli' as referring to the suspected spy in MI5. The name as applied to Kathleen Willsher was published by the Royal Commission on the Canadian spy ring in 1946. I dealt with it at the time, consulted it again while writing my book, so I have always been aware of it.

Yours faithfully,

CHAPMAN PINCHER

Professor Esmond Wright writes:

In my review of Chapman Pincher's book I likened it to a Le Carré thriller. If Soviet spy-masters used the same name 'Elli'—not the most common of names—for different people in different spy-rings, they must believe that confusion is also an aid to treachery. And if 'Elli' was someone in MI5 headquarters in London, that that someone was Sir Roger Hollis seems to be no nearer proof. The Prime Minister has called for a review of all public service procedures. It is needed. She has also called for an investigation into the contacts that Mr. Pincher tapped to produce his story. It would seem to be needed too.

ESMOND WRIGHT,
Institute of U.S. Studies,
London W.C.1.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Dames. Elizabeth North. Cape. £6.95. *The Magic Glass.* Anne Smith. Michael Joseph. £6.50. *A Company of Women.* Mary Gordon. Cape. £6.50. *The Long Day at Shiloh.* Don Bannister. Routledge & Kegan Paul. £6.95. *Loitering with Intent.* Muriel Spark. The Bodley Head. £6.50. *Neighbouring Lives.* Thomas M. Disch and Charles Naylor. Hutchinson. £7.95. *A Night at the Odeon.* Robert Rubens. Bachman and Turner. £5.95.

There was a time when the school-story proliferated. Clemence Dane set the fashion with *Regiment of Women:* later, came Lillian Hellman's brilliant study with lesbian understones, *The Children's Hour.* There was *Mädchen in Uniform,* a chilling tale of institutional life which did much to alert public concern over 'closed' educational establishments, while the claustrophobic effect of the segregation of adolescents was explored by Alec Waugh in *The Loom of Youth.* And then the fashion faded. The problems of boarding school life no longer seemed relevant. Other, more pressing matters, demanded the novelist's attention, so that it comes as something of a surprise to note that several of the late summer fiction publications are concerned with school and college life. The most important of these is *Dames* by Elizabeth North. The title is a double play on the word, for Dames is the name of a three-hundred-strong private boarding establishment for girls. In line with contemporary frankness, psychological and physical problems are dealt with uncompromisingly. Girls menstruating from the age of twelve, enduring 'pashes' for mistresses or other girls, even, in one case, experiment with a hetero-sexual relationship, followed by anxiety over lost virginity and possible pregnancy—these and similar problems confront a staff as varied and uneven in temperament as the girls themselves. True, some teachers are women of purpose and integrity and there are among the pupils a number who adhere to the high principles laid down in the early twenties by the founder of Dames.

She had been a practical, broadminded woman and for many years after her death her influence remained active. Her successor, Irene Bedford, has an eye on the past while struggling to keep up-to-date with the more sophisticated if belligerent of her pupils. She herself, while well into middle-age, drifts into a half-hearted love affair—her first—which comes to a sad, negative end. This episode takes place in Ethiopia, where Dames is parent to a mission school at Debre Taku, staffed and visited by Dames' pupils and teachers. It is from the vantage point of Debre Taku that Elizabeth North charts a course through the complexities of a very large number of sharply differentiated characters, presenting them at school and in adult life through telescopic flashbacks and forward comments which never seem false or obtrusive. Inevitably, some claim a larger share of the narrative. Erica, who ran away to keep an assignation with her first young man, and Irene Bedford are not only protagonists, they are dominating figures in the novel. The end is tragedy, yet so quietly presented that it in no way shadows the mosaic of the girls and their mentors in a changing social climate.

A very different school-story is Anne Smith's *The Magic Glass.* Here are

no well equipped dormitories or leisure opportunities but stark poverty of a degree many people have forgotten. In a small Scottish coast town, the community lives virtually on the bread-line. Handed-down clothes, and a total absence of all the fun and fantasy usual in most childhoods make a grim background for the pre-teenage years. Stella, the central character of the story, is born in a primitive dwelling without 'conveniences.' Her arrival into the family of two daughters is inauspicious but Bess, her mother, is not yet defeated by the procession of progeny which is to follow and emerges from her labour triumphant as the centre of attention. Stella is randomly named after the milkman's horse, thanks to the paucity of her father's imagination. She becomes that rare phenomenon, a talented, literary-orientated child somehow managing to thrive on barren ground. Her grand-mother, sadly to die while comparatively young, provides some refinements of living. Otherwise, it is an unyielding situation of privation and prejudice, where boys fight girls and a paper round is the open sesame to better things; even if one depraved customer demands 'knickers down' as a return for extra pocket money.

Bess, the vivid, maternal figure of the early chapters, fades from the forefront of the narrative to become a rather pale portrayal of a woman hopelessly overburdened by problems she has no means of solving, scarcely aware that her third daughter is a lost soul in a predominantly female household where sex holds no mystery and the onset of puberty is just another disadvantage in the overcrowded 'cot.' It is a bustling, even bizarre scene which Anne Smith presents in laconic, thrustful prose, laced with strong Scots dialect so idiomatic as to be hard to follow at times. It could be dreary, yet Anne Smith's splendid energy and confidence in her subject make *The Magic Glass* one of the most promising novels of the season.

In *A Company of Women* by Mary Gordon, women are ekeing out their lives as satellites to an elderly Roman Catholic priest, Father Cyprian. With only a single child among them and very little that is remarkable about any of them, this could have been a recipe for tedium. In fact, the basic situation comes over as interesting and unusual. Several of the women had first contacted Father Cyprian during 'retreats' before World War II and remained faithfully within his orbit. The bright star, Felicitas, daughter of Charlotte Taylor, has for her god-parents the group of female friends and the predictable tensions and frustrations ensue. And for good measure, Father Cyprian regards her as his own special hostage to fortune.

With such a claustrophic background it would not have been surprising for Felicitas to have grown up a confirmed neurotic. Instead, she is wise enough to organise her own further education. Predictably, once enrolled in college and freed from the dominating influence of her mother, she becomes a changed being and quickly responds to the advances of her tutor, Professor Cavendish. Soon, she is ready to trade her undervalued virginity for a bed in his flat. There, things do not turn out according to plan. Robert Cavendish, married though living apart from his family, provides house-room for a strange assortment of drop-outs, dogs and one child. He has no intention of committing himself to the raw student and quickly tires of her naivete, whereupon she slips easily into an affair with one of her fellow lodgers. Surprisingly, in this sophisticated menage, she permits herself to become pregnant and after rejecting a backstreet abortion in quite one of the best passages in the novel she settles for the status of a one-parent family, loyally supported by the now ageing women and their priest.

The new life might well have been swamped by the protective kindness of

the clan, but history does not repeat itself. At the close of the novel, Felicitas is about to be married to a sane if undistinguished young man, providing her with a safe harbourage if not an exciting partner. The reader has not been led to expect much else. There is such a pervasive low-key tone throughout *A Company of Women* that a sensational ending would have been out of place. That is perhaps what finally robs the novel of any real compulsion, despite some excellent scenes of the unglamorous side of American life, the theological debates and good character analysis. The device at the end, in which each of the main characters is allowed a kind of retrospective testament in the form of a monologue, seems unnecessarily portentous.

Moving out of these predominantly feminine worlds into an exclusively male preserve, cannot be described as re-assuring. *The Long Day at Shiloh*, as the title suggests, is concerned with a single day in a decisive battle in the American civil war. The sordid problems of 'ground' combat confirm that modern arms are not necessarily more horrific that the crude management of fighting without nuclear war-heads and radio controlled tanks. The brutality, fear and almost total absence of any relieving feature is brilliantly conveyed by Don Bannister. Often, the sorting out of the superfluity of meaningless obscenities makes the reader long for a passage free of them. *The Long Day at Shiloh* is a novel horrible to read, yet too truthful and important to be laid aside.

Over the years, Muriel Spark's novels have often seemed to convey a sense of other-worldliness. This has usually been effective, though sometimes confusing because many of her witty, caustic comments about events and people are tempting to assume as real. In *Loitering With Intent* the story-line is by no means incredible. At work on a first novel is Fleur Talbot, a gifted and singular young woman bravely adapting to life in a cramped bed-sitter during a fifties period of semi-austerity. She also has a job, working for eccentric Sir Quentin Oliver, who is editing the autobiographies of a number of elderly people, not to be published until after their deaths. Meanwhile, Fleur completes her novel yet fails through inexperience to take a carbon copy. 'Breaking and entering' are necessary to regain possession of the only copy in existence, and after many vicissitudes the novel, *Warrender Chase*, gets published: which all sounds straightforward enough, if considered without Muriel Spark's remarkable economy of style and acute observation of not always endearing human characteristics. Lady Edwina, Sir Quentin's invalid mother, must surely rank as one of the great comic geriatrics in fiction.

It is always difficult to present famous or distinguished real-life characters in a novel. For some reason not easy to define they are diminished when displayed against a background of domesticity or day-to-day trivia, emerging as petty and insignificant individuals hard to equate with their professional importance. At the same time, there is much to recommend the attempt made by two American writers, Thomas M. Disch and Charles Naylor, to explore a situation in which, at the beginning of the last century, Swinburne, Rossetti, Leigh Hunt, the Carlyles and others took up residence in unfashionable Chelsea. In *Neighbouring Lives* we see how and why the Carlyles moved into their now famous house, the problem of getting and keeping staff and the Master's dietary peculiarities and forbidding moods. Jane Carlyle emerges as a very human person, not least in her frustration at failure to consummate her marriage. Even Chopin calls, and insights are given to the burning of Carlyle's MS and the delightfully spontaneous inspiration for Leigh Hunt's much anthologised poem, 'Jenny Kissed Me.' Yet granting all that and more, some

doubts remain. The authors are often betrayed into making prophesies and seem at times over-awed by their distinguished subjects. Sometimes, they relapse into cliches. Yet, in moments, the novel attains a real stature, as in the poignant description of Jane Carlyle's death. The overall impression is one of sadness at the leavening influence of time, when things which once seemed so important have little significance a century later.

But to end on a more cheerful note: in *A Night at the Odeon* Robert Rubens demonstrates once again in this, his third novel, a remarkable talent for unabashed comedy which only occasionally spills over onto farce. The theme is light-hearted. Philip Mason, a likeable person and a writer of considerable ability, is in difficulties with the rejection of his novel and the uneven course of emotional involvements; although stifled passion for his Editor, Barbara Babington, diminishes when he falls in love with a night-club singer, Tony Rokoff. In his pursuit of first one woman and then the other, to say nothing of his quest for fame and fortune, Philip Mason slips in and out of various predicaments and quite one of the most hilarious of these is a course of visits to a vengeful though dedicated female psychiatrist. It is in his dealings with this kind of woefully eccentric person that Robert Rubens excels, as with the various London coteries which Philip Mason enters so uneasily. Though never malicious, his penetration is acute, as is his observation of places and people. The nonegarian Mrs. Poland deserves a place in the gallery of elderly autocrats alongside Muriel Spark's Lady Edwina.

Also Received:

Whale. Jeremy Lucas. Jonathan Cape. £5.50.

At a time when the campaign for protecting the whale species is at its height this unusual study of individual whales is timely and informative. Written by a scientist and so based on fact *Whale* is not in every sense a novel, although the whale characters are given names and individual characteristics. Few people, apart from those who wish to make money from whale products, are immune from concern for these strangely 'human' mammals of the deep ocean and Jeremy Lucas writes with impressive understanding and objectivity. Altogether, *Whale* is in the best tradition of animal stories.

A Perfect Match. Patricia Veryan. Souvenir Press. £7.95.

Described by the publishers as 'vivacious period entertainment', *A Perfect Match* is certainly racy and colloquial and reveals Patricia Ryan's very genuine interest in the Regency period. At the same time, it is likely to satisfy only the most tolerant and undemanding readers.

The Chaleur Network. Richard Stern. Sidgwick and Jackson and Second Chance Press. £6.95.

It is a useful project on the part of Second Chance Press to re-issue important novels which have been overlooked by the critics and allowed to go out of print. In *The Chaleur Network* Richard Stern explores the difficult situation of a father-and-son relationship. The novel also presents a deeper issue—the father's determination to exonerate his dead son's name. Originally published as *In Any Case* by McGraw Hill in America, *The Chaleur Network* was perhaps ahead of its time as a spy or suspense novel treated seriously rather than as light or escapist fiction.

The Issa Valley. Czellaw Milosz. Sidgwick and Jackson. £8.95.

Curiously, even the most talented writers, particularly those from behind

the Iron Curtain, tend to become static in style and somewhat unreal in their manner of presentation when recalling their childhood days. Unfortunately, the Nobel Prize Winner, Czellaw Milosz, is no exception. His early years, spent in Lithuania, should have much to reveal, yet in the description of simple, youthful enjoyment and awakening powers of observation one has the feeling of having read it all before. At the same time, it stands as a useful record of what went on in this small, largely forgotten country during the early part of the present century. The author's autobiography, *Native Realm* (Sidgwick and Jackson, £6.95), is really much more satisfying and the two books should be read consecutively to obtain the full impact of Czellaw's message.

84 Charing Cross Road. Helene Hanff. Futura Publications. £1.25.

Admirers of the successful and talented American writer, Helen Hanff, will be glad to find the famous *84 Charing Cross Road* still available in paperback. The exchange of letters between the young author, written from her New York apartment and dedicated to the pursuit of acquiring second-hand copies of English classics, and the staid, conscientious staff of a London antiquarian book-seller sounds a straight-forward and not very exciting device. Yet almost immediately the subtleties of the exchange become apparent, opening out into two totally different worlds, brought together through the simple means of correspondence. Now brilliantly adapted for the stage by James Roose-Evans into a play recently produced at Salisbury Playhouse, it will have an even wider appeal.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

A NEW STUDY OF ANTHONY EDEN

Anthony Eden. David Carlton. Allen Lane. £20.

Mr. Carlton tells us that he has devoted ten years of his life to the study of Anthony Eden. The outcome is a long and thoroughly researched volume which will be of permanent value to all who studied British Foreign Policy during the 'thirties, 'forties and 'fifties. Mr. Carlton never falls below academic standards, but whenever he has a choice he takes the less favourable view of Anthony Eden.

From the beginning he underestimates Eden's mental ability, omitting, for example, the fact of his taking a First Class Degree at Oxford. On the last page of his long book he refers to his 'sturdy patriotism' but up until then the impression created is of a vain man, basically weak when the chips were down and capable, as over the return of the Russian prisoners, of callousness towards human suffering. If Eden had been no more than that he could not have been one of the two or three most admired men in the country for over twenty years genuinely respected on all sides in Parliament.

Eden is referred to on one occasion here by his doctor, Sir Horace Evans, as a highly strung thoroughbred—an apposite phrase. He was easily angered, though capable of concealing his annoyance. But on the other hand he was unusually sensitive to the moods of others, hence his mastery of the House of Commons. His style was admittedly clichéfied, but it was well adapted to his purpose.

His health, as this book makes clear, was variable but he endured with much

distinction four years in the trenches in the First War and enormous responsibilities in later years with a buoyancy that always came to his rescue until his collapse at the time of Suez. It is easy for his detractors to read into his calamitous failure on that occasion a character weakness which they would claim was all along present. I would offer the alternative opinion that by the time he became Prime Minister his health had become so weakened that disaster was inevitable.

By a curious chance he fainted twice—once into my arms when we were speaking together at a United Nations meeting in 1950. We had sat bareheaded for two hours under a blazing sun. On the second occasion he rose, murmuring sorry to be such a bore, and attempted to continue but was dissuaded. After tea he set off to make another speech elsewhere and next day, a Sunday, he fulfilled yet more public engagements. I said to myself at the time this is a man whose courage may one day exceed his endurance.

Mr. Carlton leaves the impression that Anthony Eden's attachment to the League of Nations in the 'thirties was in reality less than he liked the public to suppose. If that is his opinion I am sure that he is wrong. Eden's popularity in those early days admittedly owed not a little to his striking looks and personal style. But his total image was much more soundly based. It was that of a young front line soldier with 'a passion for peace', admired equally by Conservatives and internationalists. I remember the tremendous demonstration and support for him at a Labour Party meeting in Oxford which Attlee happened to be addressing the day that Eden resigned. There was nothing fictitious about the reputation he had acquired by that time. When, long after he had resigned from the Premiership, he spoke occasionally in the House of Lords, there was still something not only distinguished but elevating. Mr. Carlton has written a fascinating book but as it stands it is a very incomplete assessment. We must now await the other side of the story.

FRANK LONGFORD

ENGLISH PUBLIC SERVANT

Experiences of an Optimist. John Redcliffe-Maud. Hamish Hamilton. £10.95.

Nobody reading the recital of John Maud's impeccable up-bringing and distinguished career written on the fly-leaf of this elegant book would have any doubt that the author has had a successful career. But it is more difficult to appraise and measure this success in terms of achievement. We see him moving from scholarship to scholarship from Eton to New College and Harvard; from poorly paid lecturer to Dean and finally Master of University College, Oxford; from post to post in the Civil Service being finally Permanent Secretary, first to the Ministry of Education and then of Power; from chairing governmental committees to the grand climax as chairman of the Royal Commission on Local Government and then the inevitable Life Peerage.

Apart from the fact that he was and is a practising Christian and has been happily married with a loving family, we rarely get a glimpse of the man, John Maud. Perhaps it would have been better if an outsider had written this life and called it a genuine biography. The author prefers *memoirs* to *autobiography* and then adds: 'I am only the peg on which are hung the few bits of contemporary history that I know at first-hand and can remember.' What a revealing sentence.

John Maud has lived a sheltered life, whether in Oxford or in Whitehall.

One chapter is headed *Wartime Whitehall 1939-45.* No war, owing to ill health; no knowledge of trade or commerce; no political partisanship—with two exceptions. As an undergraduate he admits: 'like most of my friends I was quite ignorant of contemporary politics and unaware of the real issues at stake. I joined the strike-breakers without a qualm' and later, when a by-election took place at Oxford in 1938 he opposed the sitting member Quintin Hogg but found canvassing landladies humiliating and distasteful', though he had been a politics don for nine years.

So far this review might be regarded as critical of the whole book. Let me, therefore, commend one passage in which he pays tribute to a certain Mr. Bernard Shore, who had been before World War I a distinguished pianist and viola player in the B.B.C. orchestra. I happened to meet this gentleman last week in a private box at Lord's cricket ground. He was appointed a member of the Inspectorate of the Board of Education with chief responsibility for music and performed miracles. His two passions were, apparently, music and cricket. However, the real story of Mr. Bernard Shore is that he lost fingers in the first World War and was only too happy to find a place in the Inspectorate.

In my opinion, Maud was a born teacher and there is every evidence that he took much trouble with undergraduates; he was also a preacher like his Bishop father. He prints one sermon which was the University Sermon at St. Mary's Church, Oxford. What some of us could not take were his sermons on UNESCO, which I think he consistently misunderstood and misinterpreted.

These memoirs do scant justice to the man or his career; he was, and is, a good colleague and a highly civilised human being. He presents himself, probably unknowingly, as a super-establishment man. I enjoy his bonhomie optimism, but wish he would occasionally do something wrong or ask an awkward question. The real trouble is that, even when he is at the centre of policy-making, we learn nothing new. There is almost a fatal fluency and fulsome appreciation of the right people at the right time. Others may learn from his two chapters on *Chairmanship* and *The Spoken Word;* I found them at best trite and, in fact, a trifle conceited. It matters so much more what you say than how you wrap up your contrived impromptus.

Finally, he throws no light on the real problems of the Civil Service and bureaucracy. What an opportunity missed! He was, after all, an interloper in several Departments of State and the author of important Reports on Local Government. The most he can say about the controversial Royal Commission Report is: 'I was and still am convinced that our report was almost right.' Nobody doubts John Maud's ability, talents and industriousness nor, indeed, his generous approach to people. I know personally most of the people praised or mentioned in this book from Archbishop Temple and Professor Zimmern and Professor Goodhart to Howard Marshall and A. D. Peters; they are not merely names to me. In this book they do not come alive except in the excellent Memorial Addresses, which exemplify John Maud the Preacher.

Finally, it must be said that Lord Redcliffe-Maud endeared himself to all those who met him, whether in the Civil Service, at the Royal College of Music, or in South Africa. He was usually on the side of the angels, witness his agreement on the Bill of Rights in the House of Lords and his support for Electoral Reform. All in all, he has rendered great service to his country.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE HEALING ENERGY

In Search of the Healing Energy. Mary Coddington. Excalibur Books.

Modern medicine is in ferment. Never before have so many people been obsessed with the pursuit of health; never before have diagnostic and therapeutic measures been exposed to such scrutiny; never before has the balance between curative and preventative medicine been the focus of such attention.

Given this situation it is not unreasonable that the quest should be re-opened for that age-old subtle and arcane factor known as the healing energy. In this stimulating and provocative book, Mary Coddington argues cogently for the existence of the force, carefully reviewing the evidence from the dawn of history.

The chapter on Pythagoras and Hippocrates is of special interest to doctors of today. Both were exponents of what has come to be known as holistic medicine: both were firm believers in the healing power of nature, although Hippocrates may well have been the first to lead medicine into its present mechanistic mould. The radical views of Paracelsus, the introducer of so-called magnetic healing, receive due attention as do those of the founder of homeopathy, Samuel Hahnemann, and of D. D. Palmer, generally credited as the first chiropractic.

The acknowledged success of acupuncture is presented as the most persuasive argument for the healing energy theory in the late 20th century. The efficiency of another Chinese discipline of *T'ai Chi*, which consists of slowly ordered exercises and is said to keep the body's energies in balance, is lauded. The final chapter of the book insists that the medicine of the future will be preventive and holistic, building health rather than combating disease and considering the patient not as a machine but as a 'trilogy of body, mind and spirit.'

This book has a certain amount in common with the writings of Ivan Illich. It is unlikely to find favour with contemporary practitioners who will find the views promulgated outlandish, bizarre and even repellent. This may well be a correct interpretation but it must be left to history to reach the final verdict.

JOHN A. LORAINE

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

Matthew Arnold: a Life. Park Honan. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £9.95.

In his study of Matthew Arnold, Park Honan has presented the most complete account yet produced of the poet's life, having read sources previously inaccessible to biographers. Letters and 'desk-notes' have yielded information about Arnold's thirty-five years from 1851, of arduous, unrewarding toil as an H.M.I. at the Education Office, then in its infancy: about his tenure of the Oxford Chair of Poetry, when the major terms of his criticism were developed in a way that places all later critics in his debt, chiefly for his insistence on comparing the literature of other countries with our own: and on matters previously little understood, except by inference, in much of his poetry. Notably, Dr. Honan has discovered beyond doubt the identity of 'Marguerite', Arnold's early love, whose influence pervades and informs much of his best lyrical verse and even of his critical writing. He has shown convincingly the long-lasting effects of this personal encounter, brief and insignificant though it was in the ordinary sense.

Mary Claude was a 'pale exile with blue eyes', of mixed German and French

Protestant descent, whose family lived at Ambleside. She had two claims to Arnold's interest, one being her evident youth and beauty, the other her connection with the wider world of continental culture which Arnold, throughout his life, believed could be an antidote to and a civilising influence on England's insular, materially-oriented society. To class the discovery of her identity as mere information does little justice to its significance. In a perceptive and sustained chapter, Dr. Honan has shown the progress and failure of their relationship in terms of what is revealed in the *Switzerland* lyrics which, together with the later poem, *To Marguerite,* are amongst his most successful poems. Briefly, in 1848, Mary Claude had failed to keep a tryst at the Hotel Bellevue in Thun, where Arnold had planned, amongst other things, to tell her much of the progress of his thinking about the creative impulse in literature. For, as a devotee in her own story-writing of the German sentimentalist poet Richter, she favoured Goethe's view of the creative process rather than Kant's, —'feeling' was all. Analytic thought had little to commend it and, besides, it was 'hard', she affirmed. Matthew Arnold already had severe doubts about her view and, in Dr. Honan's words, was wondering 'if the reflective passion requires that one shall learn about the self and the world by impugning analytic thought and detaching oneself from society, then from what source is the joy needed for creativity to come?'. And 'he was to approach that problem among others in *Empedocles on Etna*'. Mary's almost total unawareness of the meaning for him of the unfulfilled encounter and his constant reference to it have perhaps as much to do with his assumption that theirs had been a meeting of minds as with her admittedly delightful person. For he seems to have regarded the failure as in some sense a turning point in his quest for immediacy in human contacts and for release from the eternal uncertainty attending communication between people, whether in everyday life or in poetry. In the importance and at the same time triviality of such an episode is seen the difficulty of assuming a one-to-one correspondence between life and art. 'The first value of Mary and the sentimentalists to him, as a poet, was that they helped him to concentrate large, important spans of his emotional life in brief lyrics,' says the author, thus confirming the truth of Kathleen Tillotson's insight that Arnold's image, in *To Marguerite,* of 'the unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea' shows that 'the inevitability of estrangement was preying on Arnold's mind from more than one direction'. (His favourite sister Jane's marriage was one.)

In this book is the most systematic account we have of Arnold's thirty-five years' work for elementary education. Indeed, the only book-length biography so far has been E. K. Chambers's brief 'Life', where a mere summary appears. It is, then, particularly enlightening to see how forcibly Arnold was struck by the inadequacy and poverty of school provision in his enormous 'parish' which consisted of the entire industrial North and much of Wales. In his Reports there is evidence of ready concern for teachers and children working against impossible odds. 'Unlike Holland and France, Prussia and Massachusetts, the British Government,' says Dr. Honan, 'had no plan, idea or scheme, no national or local system of education whatever. In England the State merely allocated a small sum of money each year to schools run by churches and charities—and employed a few clergymen, dons and philosophers to see how it was spent. These were the H.M.I.s'. If, in *Culture and Anarchy* and *Essays in Criticism,* Arnold's views on the need for an emergent middle class seem, to later sociologists, to be arrogant, remote from the working life of the populace, it should be remembered that his vision of a better lot for the labouring poor entailed their enlightenment in ways that would not allow supremacy to the

profit motive in human affairs. The greatest disservice, in his mind, was done to people when they were regarded as factory fodder; and this he perceived to be the case when the 'three R.s' led only to clerking; plain sewing and crafts only to employment in subservient and production-line occupations. Have we yet devised a solution or a new, less insular society?

As Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 'within a decade Arnold had become the leading critic of his age whilst practising a Comparative principle . . . Narrowness of mind, as he came to realise, is lethal in a scientific age. Criticism must be international, and may be of use against Philistine insularity'. For the unpromising study of techniques and 'system' in poetry, Arnold substituted a series of 'touchstones'. These were examples of great poetic utterances which, he thought, could be unfailingly recognised, since they were self-evidently perfect examples of the poet's art. Regardless of the flexible, sensitive understanding of the creative mind which Arnold possessed, this concept of excellence came to be thought of as the hallmark of Arnold's critical pronouncements—as, in the terms of his own argument, they were bound to do. Dr. Honan does a great service to the reader in redressing the balance by his method of interspersing chronological information with penetrating observation of the poet's intentions at various times. Arnold's apparently high moral pronouncements are seen to cover a persistent, unremitting quest for the truth about art and life. Our debt to his thought about what criticism *is* begins with his *Last Words,* written in the autumn following the death of his friend, Arthur Clough. His view of the need for international comprehension of the link between literature and social life; of the surfacing in poetry of 'buried' individual emotion and its apprehensions of that corporate life, are some of Arnold's chief contributions to our understanding of the elusive nature of aesthetic awareness. Dr. Honan does much to explain why, as Tillotson has previously remarked, his poetry has always been in print, always read, even when his critical reputation suffered eclipse.

BETTY ABEL

GORDON CHILDE'S ACHIEVEMENT

Prehistorian: A Biography of V. Gordon Childe. Sally Green. Moonraker Press. £8.95.

Vere Gordon Childe (1892-1957) was without question, in the words of Sally Green, 'the most eminent and influential scholar of European prehistory in the twentieth century.' Her book, supplementing with detailed biographical information Professor Bruce Trigger's *Gordon Childe: Revolutions in Archaeology,* which, published last year, was essentially an intellectual biography, concerning itself rather with Professor Childe's work and theoretical constructs, completes a useful and fascinating portrait in the round of the somewhat odd figure who dominated the field of prehistory throughout the middle years of this century.

In the decades which have passed since Childe's death—suicide?—in the Blue Mountains of his native Australia, our knowledge of European prehistory has considerably advanced and many of his concepts have fallen out of fashion, but it behoves us to remember how important a pioneering rôle he played against the background of his time. When he first came from classical studies and philology to prehistoric archaeology, Childe found the long struggle to establish the para-biblical antiquity of man resolved, but prehistorians were now obsessed with the material culture of past societies, losing sight in their studies of minutiae of cultural origins and innovations of the more important overall issue of the changing structure of the societies themselves.

As Sally Green rightly emphasises, it was Childe's unique achievement to synthetise a general and coherent picture out of the immense but isolated archaeological materials which had been, and were being, collected all over Europe. He put together the jigsaw pieces of the past, and in so doing defined a methodology. In such works as *The Dawn of European Civilisation* and *The Danube in Prehistory*, the fruits of Childe's travels all over Europe, his visits to museums and excavations, his interminable correspondence with fellow-prehistorians abroad, his ability to read scientific papers in most European languages, as well as Russian, were interpretatively presented.

Following the publication of *The Dawn*, Childe was offered, and accepted, the Abercromby Professorship at Edinburgh, where he remained for close on two decades before taking up the directorship of the Institute of Archaeology in London. Sally Green discusses in illuminating detail the ideas and the publications which occupied him during the Edinburgh and London years. She treats, too, the vexed, and vexing, subject of Childe's wilful Marxism. He had early in life rejected the austere Christianity of his father, a High Anglican clergyman, and rebelled against the traditional Conservatism of his family. He was converted, via Hegel, Marx and Engels, to a strong left-wing position, to which, theoretically at any rate, he clung tenaciously throughout a blamelessly bourgeois life. His *practical* Socialism amounted to little more than ordering a copy of the *Daily Worker* to be delivered to his comfortable room in the best hotel, although as a young man he had been deeply involved with the Australian Labour Party, and had served briefly as private secretary to the Labour premier of New South Wales.

Sally Green's book succeeds not only in bringing Childe to life as the eccentric human being he was, but, more importantly, she presents with clarity the situations from which his analyses and historic reconstructions derived. We see the man make himself. Childe was never a great excavator, although he did splendid work in the field at the Neolithic village of Skara Brae, in the Orkneys. His real strength lay in his ability to make systematic sense of the 'finds' turned up in other people's digs. It was his purpose, abandoning the old view of 'artefacts as fossils', to see such objects as evidence of life, rather than as mere relics of the dead. He strove to make of them touchstones, by means of which he could track the course of the social evolution—through material inventions rather than governments and states—which would enable him to produce the first kindlings of that light which, he believed, could ultimately bring prehistory up to the level of history.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Cornish Ghost Stories (William Kimber. £5.75). Following *Haunted Cornwall*, in this further collection of highly atmospheric short stories, the editor, Denys Val Baker, has taken us back again to the country of Tintagel, St. Mawr, Lyonesse and A. L. Rowse's boyhood. Let Dr. Rowse, in his chosen story, set the scene: 'In the lowlands of Cornwall there was a green Christmas. But in these uplands the rime made a myriad patterns upon branch and twig, upon the anatomies of the trees, the spires of the grass. It was—and is—a cold parish; but that afternoon the fire leaped cheerfully in the dining-room of the vicarage.' The contemporary writer of fiction does not approach the awesome aspect of moor and cliff with the bravura of Hardy or Stevenson. When he strives

for the supernatural, he is often at his most effective when he sets up a tension between the ancient and the modern. Thus, in Hammond Innes' story, a blasé woman journalist who explores the depths of an abandoned tin mine (traditionally the haunt of tapping fairy miners) is driven to wonder, 'Suppose there is an underground race and they are coming to the surface to conquer us?' Rosalind Wade describes a poltergeistic infestation in the most clinical terms, relating it to a girl at puberty, and yet at the core of the story there is a delicious uneasiness: there are Cornish giants abroad. (M.T.)

From the Frontier and **Growing Points in the Quaker Tradition** (Richard Allen, 12 Boston Court, Christchurch Park, Sutton, Surrey). These two small booklets offer a thoughtful re-appraisal of the current situation of the Quaker Movement. In *Growing Points in the Quaker Tradition*, Richard Allen is forthright in his analysis of the underlying causes of the decline both in influence and numbers of Quakers in general. As a dedicated exponent of the faith he also offers suggestions and solutions. *From the Frontier* is a collection of formerly published essays and articles in which Lorna Marsden ranges over a number of topics important to members of the Religious Society of Friends. She has a vigorous, enquiring approach and, like Richard Allen, seeks to find satisfactory answers to her own queries as well as writing cogently on such titles as 'Fox's Word of Life' and 'The "Christ" We Seek.' *From the Frontier* is one of a series issued by the Open Letter Movement, an informally structured group which operates within the Religious Society of Friends.

The Diary of Virginia Woolf, Volume 2 (Penguin Books. £2.95). The posthumous publication of Virginia Woolf's Diaries, 1915-1941, consisted of five volumes. Volume 2 covered the years 1920-24 and was first published in 1978 by the Hogarth Press. It is now reprinted by Penguin as a paperback. The volume is edited with a Preface by Anne Olivier Bell, assisted by Andrew McNellie. It is intended as 'a complete and definitive publication of the diary', covering five very important and creative years in her literary life and disclosing the intellectual world in which she and Leonard Woolf lived and worked.

Bloomsbury, a House of Lions (Penguin Books. £2.50). Leonard and Virginia Woolf play a considerable part in Professor Leon Edel's study of the Bloomsbury Group, first published by the Hogarth Press in 1979 and now reprinted as a paperback by Penguin Books. Seven other characters in the Group dealt with are Maynard Keynes, Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, Roger Fry, Vanessa Bell, Desmond McCarthy and Duncan Grant. Instead of writing nine essays, 'I resolved to seek my truths in both an episodic structure and a psychological interpretation of Bloomsbury's past. My episodes are strung together as one strings beads—and when the string is complete and harmonious, each bead has a relation to the other beads on the string.' His study has attracted widespread appreciation and approval and this reissue will be welcomed.

Titus Alone (Penguin Books. £1.95). Mervyn Peake's visionary satire was first published in 1959. A new edition was published in a revised form by Langdon Jones in 1970. This has now been usefully reprinted as a King Penguin paperback. It forms part of the Gormenghast trilogy in which Titus the 77th Earl of Groan wanders in a fantasy world, strange and hilarious and often frightening. In this art form it is a penetrating commentary upon modern society in the widest sense, at home and abroad.

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THE GAMBIA AT THE CROSSROADS

by Arnold Hughes

IN the early hours of 30th July, 1981, while the President was attending the Royal Wedding in London, a group of self-styled Marxist civilian conspirators and a large number of defectors from the police, including the para-military Field Force, mounted a coup against the government of The Gambia—mainland Africa's smallest state. For two days the rebels controlled much of the capital, Banjul, and surrounding townships. During this time they abolished all political institutions and replaced them with their own National Revolutionary Council. They also proclaimed a 'Marxist-Leninist proletarian state' and appealed for assistance to several socialist countries.

Unlike other African leaders toppled from power, the Gambian head-of-state, Sir Dawda Jawara, refused to accept defeat. Instead, he chartered an aircraft to fly him to Senegal, The Gambia's immediate neighbour. There, he invoked the 1965 defence agreement with that country (it had been invoked before in October 1980, to forestall an earlier rebellion), and directed the recapture of the Gambian capital by a force of some 2,800 Senegalese troops aided by loyal police units. Within a week of its outbreak the rebellion was crushed and the rebel forces killed, captured or driven into hiding. The coup leader and several others turned up in nearby Guinea Bissau, from where the Gambian government is seeking their extradition.

Brief though it was, the failed coup was unusual in several respects in relation to other African putschs and of momentous significance in the political history of The Gambia. Most African coups have been organised and led by soldiers, and usually for limited objectives. Even where radical soldiers seize power, the civilian populace has tended to remain on the side-lines, and only after a take-over have non-military elements been co-opted into the government. In The Gambia, however, the coup seems to have been planned and partly executed by civilian plotters. It is true that the coup's initial successes could not have been achieved without the participation of police mutineers; but it was a political organisation, the Gambia Socialist Revolutionary Party, previously banned in October 1980 for suspected sedition, that claimed the credit for the insurrection. Nine of the twelve members of the National Revolutionary Council were civilians, as was Kukoi Samba Sanyang, the coup leader and failed politician. The stridently Marxist rhetoric of the putschists suggested a

civilian rather than a military ideological direction.

The coup was also unusual in the amount of popular participation it generated, at least in the urban areas. The available information suggests that support for it was muted in the countryside, but in Banjul and the poorer parts of nearby towns such as Brikama, Fajara and Bakau, where the Field Force barracks are situated, many people initially welcomed the change of government. These were established centres of opposition to the ruling People's Progressive Party and many of the politically alienated and economically dissatisfied youths, attracted by Marxist and Fanonist beliefs, however vulgarised, openly joined the rebels. Together with convicts set free from the local prison, they were given captured arms by the insurgents, and both groups engaged in a crude form of social redistribution involving looting of stores, robbery and murder. Their excesses cost the original insurgents support among the urban population at large and probably helped account for the extraordinarily high casualties that accompanied the coup. Estimates of deaths range from 600 to 2,000 with remarkably few losses recorded among pro-government forces or even the mutinous police. Many people appeared to have been victims of the lawlessness unleashed by the coup. The sheer extent of the killings, and their high civilian component, again distinguishes the Gambian coup from others in Africa.

Finally, the coup was singular in that it was put down by the armed forces of a neighbouring state. While intervention by non-African forces are not uncommon, there are few examples of adjacent states providing such large-scale military assistance to their neighbours. Indeed, without this help from the Senegalese army, it is doubtful if the loyalist forces could have held out. Waverers among the civilian population undoubtedly rallied to the government once President Jawara disclosed his intentions on Senegalese radio and Senegalese forces crossed the common border. The rebels unsuccessfully appealed to the latter not to advance and went so far as to threaten the lives of hostages if they did. Without this intervention the conflict would have been more widespread and prolonged, with every likelihood of greater casualties. A much smaller and unclear role was played by the British. Reports appeared of Special Air Services personnel rescuing one of the President's wives; more important was the presence of a British officer and three N.C.Os at the Field Force base up-country. It seems that they were able to rally the men there to the government side and link up with the Senegalese army.

More difficult to ascertain is the involvement of outside powers on the rebel side. Early reports of a consignment of Lada cars stuffed with Russian small arms are now discounted. Soviet-made weapons were more likely to have been stolen from the police armoury. Interference by African states is yet to be proved as well, though some startling facts may be produced at the trial of the captured insurgents. During the disturbance of October 1980 the Libyan embassy in Banjul was closed down following allegations of contacts between its staff and local dissidents, and, interestingly, during the recent coup, Sayang is reported to have tried

to get in touch with Colonel Gaddafy. It is the intervention of the Senegalese which has proved the most decisive. The presence of their soldiers on Gambian soil, and the total dependence of the Gambian authorities, for the foreseeable future, on the political and military backing of Senegal poses questions about an eventual return to normality in the domestic political life of The Gambia, as well as about its survival as a sovereign state.

The domestic consequences of the July coup are far-reaching if not entirely clear. Doubts about the country's ability to turn the clock back to a more felicitous political era must exist, particularly if the experience of other African states is taken into consideration. For nearly two decades The Gambia has enjoyed a well-earned reputation for tranquillity and tolerance under a political leader of genuinely democratic persuasion, albeit tinged with a streak of benign paternalism. Communal violence, military insurrection, political detainees: these were unknown in The Gambia until a short while ago. Now it is likely that the country will carry out its first political executions and have its first political prisoners. Civilians have for the first time taken up arms against the state and the loyalty of the security forces is now suspect. Elsewhere in Africa, once such departures occur, they have a way of re-appearing. Certainly The Gambia's seemingly charmed political existence is now at an end. Providence keeps no special watch over this small land: instead its government must work hard to re-establish order and also to restore its authority among the people.

An immediate problem is that of the country's security forces. An estimated half of the 400 strong Field Force mutinied, and there were large defections from the civil police as well. Law and order for the time being depends heavily on Senegalese army units stationed in the Banjul area. Presumably the civil police will be purged and retained in their present form, but the future of the para-military force is more problematic. The government has agreed to the integration of this unit with the armed forces of Senegal and work has begun to bring this about. What shape the integrated force will take is not clear. Will the Field Force be actually dissolved or will its command structure be subordinated to that of Senegal? Will it involve a permanent Senegalese participation in The Gambia's domestic as well as external security? Other African states, notably Sierra Leone and Uganda, have had troops from friendly neighbouring states stationed on their soil to help resolve a limited crisis, but the changes proposed for The Gambia are more radical and permanent.

What will be the effect of a permanent military underwriting of Gambian security by Senegal on domestic politics? Will it reduce the need for conciliation and encourage tougher policies towards opposition elements? President Jawara has re-iterated on numerous occasions his abhorrence of personal dictatorship and his objections to an imposed one-party state. To his credit, he has repeated these views after the abortive coup. But with the future so uncertain and insecure and Gambian society

polarised by the coup and its aftermath, can the President resist pressure to restrict political freedom? It may well be argued that his leniency towards the dissidents detained after the events of October 1980, encouraged rather than appeased the extremist opposition. Can revolutionary literature still be allowed to circulate freely and radical groups, even if constitutionally-minded, tolerated?

It is not just extremist political organisations which face extinction. The official opposition, the National Convention Party, is also in grave difficulties. A number of its members, including the leader and a member of parliament, have been detained in connection with the coup. If found guilty, then the party could well collapse. With its leaders branded as traitors, the NCP rank-and-file might well consider it more prudent to return to the ruling party or give up active politics. The present State of Emergency greatly increases the executive power of the government, and this, together with state patronage, are powerful weapons in the hands of President Jawara and the ruling People's Progressive Party. Already, they hold 30 of the 35 directly elected seats in parliament. The next general elections are due in the spring of 1982. If held, it is likely that the NCP will lose all its seats and in such circumstances would a landslide government victory be interpreted as a popular mandate for a one-party state? It is true that since independence the PPP has won every election with a large majority but at the same time at least a third of the electorate has consistently opposed it. The figure could be higher if an allowance is made for uncontested seats returning government candidates. With a turbulent, if temporarily cowed, youthful opposition in the towns and a silent one in the rural constituencies near to the capital, a move towards a single-party regime could make the task of national reconciliation more difficult and damage the President's international reputation.

The President has a deserved reputation as a shrewd politician and as a statesman capable of creating unity out of the diverse ethnic groups that make up the population of The Gambia. In the past he succeeded in uniting the major national groups behind his leadership. Today he must bridge different gulfs in Gambian society: the economic gap between the have-nots and those with power and wealth, and the complementary one between what is now a somewhat complacent and middle-aged ruling party and a new generation of politically restless and economically ambitious young people. Some of the criticisms levelled against the government by the insurgents are voiced by society at large, and may even be heard within the ruling party itself. While the rebel charges of tyranny are grotesque, their condemnation of mis-government and corruption in high places is more reasoned. Corruption and incompetence have eroded the standing of the government and the periodic purges of venal ministers, without putting them on trial and divesting them of their ill-gotten gains, are insufficient to satisfy the public. Attempts to give younger people a greater say in party and government have resulted in some beneficial changes, but too many young people remain alienated from constitutionalism, as well as the PPP. While their excesses must be curbed,

for the sake of orderly government, their needs must be understood and some constructive role found for them. The countryside may complain about aspects of government policy but it is in the fast-growing slums of the Banjul district that protest will turn to violence and crime.

The future of over 900 detainees will also test the government. Many of these are likely to be let off or be given minor punishments, but a hard core of rebels face more serious charges, including capital offences. Exemplary puishment is unavoidable in some cases, otherwise the government will lose all credibility among its own supporters. The decision to invite foreign judges to try some of the accused is a wise one, as it will give a more impartial quality to the hearings. Until the trials are over the country cannot begin to return to normal, but the proceedings could last many months.

Political reforms unaccompanied by economical improvements are unlikely to achieve much. If the rising political generation is to be kept on the path of parliamentary government, then the system must be seen to work economically as well. The attractions of revolutionary socialism are its perceived speedy solutions to the despairing problems of underdevelopment. The Gambian government's more orthodox approach to development is by no means unsuccessful and it has avoided the grandiose failures of other new states. Leaving apart human shortcomings, the country faces severe economic constraints. Its population is only 600,000 and its land area barely 4,000 square miles. It has no exploitable mineral resources or indigenous fuels, apart from rapidly depleting forests; its current estimated revenues are only £25,000,000; and even before the coup its foreign exchange deficit exceeded £56,000,000. The economy depends almost entirely on agriculture, and over 80 per cent of exports and foreign exchange earnings derive from the sale of groundnuts. Owing mainly to a deterioration in climatic conditions groundnut purchases have slumped from 150,000 tonnes to 40,000 tonnes in the past five years. A tough budget was introduced in the summer to cut spending and raise additional revenue so as to provide a small surplus. The coup will have upset all these calculations. Destruction of property, dislocation of economic activity, loss of business confidence, the financial costs of putting down the rebellion and mounting the trials of the hundreds of accused; all these things will put an intolerable strain on already hard-pressed resources.

Just as the restoration of political order in The Gambia has necessitated Senegalese external assistance, so will the economic recovery require generous help from other external sources. In the past the country has been remarkably successful in obtaining most of its development funds from overseas. These traditional sources, principally Britain, Western Europe and the Middle East must now provide emergency relief as well as finance for the new five-year development plan. Already several countries and international agencies are making available relief supplies. In the long run the survival of democratic government in The Gambia will depend, not just on prudent government, but on increasing the standard

of living of the rural populace and finding adequate job opportunities for urban youth.

If Gambian democracy is poised on a knife-edge, so is the country's survival as a separate country. Political strains and economic difficulties have re-opened the old issue of union with neighbouring Senegal. In the early sixties, when the colony of The Gambia was felt to be insufficiently viable, attempts were made to join the territory to Senegal. Despite years of negotiations, all that the Gambians would concede were closer economic and technical ties involving no loss of political sovereignty or major economic sacrifice. A Senegambian Secretariat was created to promote joint exploitation of the Gambia river basin and, more importantly in the light of recent events, a mutual defence agreement was signed. Today, there is fresh talk of political association, beginning with the integration of the security forces of the two countries. President Jawara has recently favoured an unspecific form of federation but the Senegalese prefer a more binding 'organic union'. The positions are re-statements of ones held ten years ago, only this time The Gambia is less assured of coping by itself. Could the need for political security force the Gambian government to abandon its autonomy? In the past, union with Senegal was not favoured by the populace. Today, the position may have changed, but it is still likely that many will view such preliminary moves with some anxiety; even feel that the government is prepared to sacrifice national sovereignty for its own survival.

Ironically, the July coup was intended to free Gambians from domestic 'tyranny' and remove the yoke of foreign 'control and exploitation'. Instead, it has brought their country near to political chaos and economic ruin; and could lead its government to curtail political freedom on the one hand; and increase its dependence on outside powers on the other. The Gambia stands at a crossroads: can it seek to return to the familiar path of the past or must it strike out in new and uncertain directions?

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ANGLO-JAPANESE RELATIONS

by Ian Nish

AT the time of the Great Japan Exhibition it is interesting to consider the progress of Anglo-Japanese relations over two centuries.

The Exhibition is being held at the Royal Academy from October 1981 to January 1982, and contains treasures brought from Japan covering the Momoyama and Edo periods (1573-1868). Momoyama is the name given to the period in Japanese history when great warlords, notably Nobunaga and Hideyoshi, contrived after the anguish of many centuries of civil war to concentrate power in their hands and centralise the government of the country. Though the period lasted only for the last quarter of the sixteenth century, military control of the country was so effectively exercised that Hideyoshi planned an abortive invasion of Korea across the seas. After Hideyoshi's death authority passed to Ieyasu, the leader of the Tokugawa family. The Edo period which may be said to have lasted from 1600 to 1868 was a period of Tokugawa rule when the centre of power was located at Edo, the old name for Tokyo. Much of the Edo period was a time of stability and peace which saw the growth of an urban middle class who began to know prosperity and promote cultural developments.

One aspect of Edo culture is that it came to fruition at a time when Japan was a closed country (*sakoku jidai*). In order to consolidate their power the Tokugawa rulers from their capital at Edo issued edicts banning Japanese from going overseas and foreigners, first missionaries and later traders, from coming to Japan's shores. From about 1640, for more than two centuries, the Japanese had hardly any foreign contacts. Their rich cultural achievements in this period are therefore interesting in being the outpouring of a closed society. Doubtless it reflected some foreign contacts from the missionary incursions in the century following 1540 and the commercial links with traders from Spain, Portugal, Holland and Britain. It also reflected some of the information about the outside world which seeped through the small trading settlement of Deshima near Nagasaki, which the Dutch were allowed to operate during the close period. But Edo culture was to a remarkable degree the product of Japan's own genius. It endured even after the Tokugawa regime crumbled. Even after the Tokugawa rulers saw their power collapse, quickly and decisively, the Japanese people were able to look back on the achievements of the Edo period with pride. This gave them self-confidence in their dealings with the outside world. It was Commodore Matthew Perry of the United States navy who forced Japan in 1853 to open relations with his country. This led to furious disagreements within the country, which in the fullness of time led to civil war and the tumbling of Tokugawa power. The emperor moved from the traditional capital of Kyoto to Edo, whose name was now changed to Tokyo. The emperor's party had seized office but it was less than a revolution. Indeed it was described

as the Meiji restoration.

In the cultural context it would be wrong to imagine that the Japanese people turned their backs on the fruits of High Feudalism.

After 1870 Japan's feeling towards the outside world was predominantly one of fear. Those countries which had made inroads into China in the 1850s seemed to be acquisitive states which were likely to inflict the same treatment on Japan. A major question which faced Japan was: would she adopt things European as a way of resisting western encroachments or should she try to assume the leadership of Asia? In fact, she followed a policy of turning her back on Asia and allowing European influences to enter *(datsu-A nyū-O)*. In the realm of diplomacy, Japan fought a lengthy battle over thirty years to throw off the yoke of the 'unequal treaties', those treaties which had been imposed on her in the 50s and 60s when she had first been contacted by western states. After succeeding in re-negotiating her treaty with Britain in 1894, she obtained similar agreements with the other powers and acquired equal sovereign status for the first time in 1899.

The adoption of things European *(nyū-O)* carried with it the conviction that Japan must control what she adopted from outside. Japan's importation of foreign technique and technology was a highly selective process. For many of her foreign models in the fields of industry, shipbuilding, railways, she went to Britain. Her acceptance of foreign models was in the nature of an elaborate skin graft which did not unduly affect the flesh of Japanese society beneath. Japan boasted that her foreign experts should be 'on tap' but not 'on top'. She also described them as 'servants of modernisation'.

Witnesses of Japan's struggle for modernisation had no objective way of measuring whether it would succeed or not. Theirs was a subjective judgment; and some were optimists and some pessimists. Some of the views of Britain and of an individual Briton are revealed in the letter which a young British consul, later to be famous as Sir Cecil Spring Rice, wrote from Japan to a friend in 1893, at a time when Japan's success was still in the balance:

> I am very much impressed with Japan as a power, and it will be interesting to see what it turns out to be—bubble or nugget . . . In England we regard [Japan] as a practical joker . . .

While Spring Rice clearly had doubts and uncertainties about Japan's future, he seems to have felt that Japan was on the verge of being accepted into the comity of nations. Some of the doubts were dissolved when Japan in 1894 defeated her giant neighbour, China, on land and at sea. From then on the number of those who saw Japan as 'a nugget' grew uninterruptedly.

Britain became Japan's ally in 1902. She remained so until 1923 when the alliance was formally terminated. It is true, of course, that this alliance was limited to the Far East, especially to China and Korea. But during the period of the alliance Japan was increasingly drawn into the framework of European power. Fortified by the existence of the alliance, Japan conducted negotiations with Russia and, when these broke down,

was bold enough to declare war on her. The Japanese won the battles on land and at sea decisively but found the strain of carrying on a long war to be beyond their resources of manpower and materials. By her victory, Japan acquired a world-wide reputation for her military strength and a foothold on the Asian continent. The peace treaty gave her a well-placed 'sphere of influence' in southern Manchuria and a stronger position in Korea, a territory which she annexed as a colony in 1910.

It was with these achievements in mind that the Japan-British Exhibition was opened at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, London, in May 1910. Unlike the present exhibition, it was bilateral, having as its object to introduce the two nations to one another. On Japan's side of the exhibition, the emphasis was both on her culture and on her trade, industry and politics. *The Times Japanese Edition,* the name given to the hard-covered supplement which was issued to celebrate the occasion, wrote:

> Never before, not even in Japan and still less in any foreign country, has there been brought together for public exhibition so comprehensve and magnificent a selection of masterpieces of Japanese art . . . For Japanese people to see many of these art treasures, sculptures, metal work, pictures and lacquer work, it would be necessary for them to come to England.

Such a collection of National Treasures was only allowed out of Japan when a pledge had been given by the Japanese Government to the Diet that they would never again leave Japan.

There was equal emphasis on Japan's industrial progress and national strength. The exhibits showed how Japanese industry had developed on the British model and how she had acquired colonies like Taiwan and Korea. It was designed to illustrate what a modernised country Japan had become and how rapidly and thoroughly this had been achieved. There were stands to explain the state of the Japanese navy and army and the effectiveness of her educational systems.

For the Japanese, it was a very special occasion, for which no effort or expense should be spared. They were exhibiting to the world and to their ally in the Anglo-Japanese alliance the strides their country was making. It was approached on a scale far greater than that for the Paris exposition of 1900 and the St Louis World Fair of 1904. The original planning was begun in 1907. Most of the items on view were shipped during the summer of 1909. The Japanese structures which were used to set off the exhibits to their best advantage were first built in Japan, shipped to Britain and then reassembled in London by some 200 Japanese workmen who were brought over specially for the purpose. Even Japanese-style gardens were designed to create the right atmosphere.

During the first world war Japan extended the area of her activities in the world. Entering the war on the entente side, she undertook naval actions in the western Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean. She was present at the Paris peace conference as one of the Big Five. Her representative, Prince Saionji, described his country's speedy rise in status in his report to Tokyo: 'Japan stands among the five Great Powers in the world and has passed the threshold which allows her to take part in the affairs of Europe'. Japan had unquestionably improved her position in

the league table of world powers, largely by reason of her naval strength. She could sit in judgment on European issues when they came before the Paris conference and later the League of Nations. In the latter case, she was the major non-European power who could do so. The fact was, however, that she rarely took part. Her delegates had a reputation for sitting in silence except on issues which directly concerned them.

After the war, Britain, like the rest of the world, was suspicious about Japanese expansion and commercial competition. These suspicions were such that she brought her alliance to an end at the Washington conference. On the commercial side, Japan had extended her markets during the first world war when other manufacturing countries had not been able to supply their traditional markets in China, south-east Asia and further afield in Australia and New Zealand. It was inevitable that competition should develop as Britain and other producers tried to re-enter their pre-war markets.

By 1930 this had begun to affect the British cotton industries. The efficient Japanese textile industry which had entered the field late in the day was entrenched in the Chinese and south-east Asian markets, and was already making inroads into the markets of Indian and Lancashire producers, which had important social consequences within the empire, which the British government could not ignore. The Government of India asked for the abrogation of the India-Japan commercial treaty of 1904 in order to curb the substantial imports of Japanese cottons. This was only one of the issues over which the colonies of European countries felt Japan's intrusion and Japan, for her part, felt that she was being excluded from colonial markets in violation of free trade principles.

On the political front also, Britain was worried over the Manchurian crisis, the outbreak of the China war in 1937 and the increasing Japanese alignment with Germany and Italy. In 1940, Britain, France and Holland became the object of Japanese criticisms because of trade policies in their colonial territories; and the use of force to secure Japan's ends became a distinct possibility. As it happened, her attacks fell first on Pearl Harbour and only eight weeks later on the British base at Singapore. But, as Japanese historians are increasingly arguing, the main thrust of Japan's animosity was directed more against Britain and, by extension, the colonial empires of south-east Asia and less against the United States. Yet in the defeat of Japan, it was her 'secondary enemy', the United States, which took the lion's share.

Defeat was followed by a significant period for Japan, the six-year long occupation. As we look back on it, it was a formative period when Japan gradually but successfully managed to mobilise her pre-war and wartime knowhow in the commercial-industrial sector; the desperation of the Japanese people to expunge the guilt feelings created by the war by sheer hard work; and the skill of the government in retaining the wartime controls in order to rebuild the economy and rehabilitate society. These factors—basically the skill of the labour force and the institutions inherited from before 1945—contributed to the rapid growth in Japan's

economy which took place in the 1950s.

Britain was one of the few countries which had a role alongside the Americans in immediate post-war Japan—and that was one of a very modest kind. The British Commonwealth was invited, and agreed, to send a force to take part in the allied occupation of the Japanese islands. From February 1946 it contributed a force of 36,000 troops of which the British and Indian components were withdrawn in 1947. The BCOF (British Commonwealth Occupation Force) had its headquarters in Kure and its occupation area covered Shikoku and western Honshu. Unlike the Americans, the British force did not have military government responsibilities in its occupation zone.

Britain also had a role in the Far Eastern Commission, Washington, and in the Allied Council for Japan, Tokyo. These bodies were of marginal importance in the task of administering Japan and were in some respects an irritant to the American military government, led by General Douglas MacArthur, who bore the prime responsibility for Japan. It must therefore be concluded that Britain's role in the occupation was peripheral, though she did have some voice in the peace-making with Japan leading up to the San Francisco peace conference in September 1951.

But peace left some scars between Britain and Japan. It was not until the visit paid by the emperor of Japan to Britain in October 1971 that the slate was wiped clean. Ostensibly the emperor was only commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the visit he had paid to this country in 1921 when he was the crown prince. But his public appearances had a deeper meaning in which Britain recognised the New Japan and welcomed her to the community of nations, as befitted her, after her 'economic miracle of the sixties'. This symbolic gesture was repaid in the queen's reciprocal visit to the Japanese islands in May 1975.

It proved to be easier to re-establish the political cordiality that had existed in earlier times between Britain and Japan than to restore harmony between them as 'trading partners' (to use the conventional jargon). Since the 1960s Japan's commercial expansion has not been without its tensions for Britain. In the 1930s competition from Japan had primarily affected markets in the colonies of European countries where it aroused anxiety and bitterness. Since 1960, however, there has been a new phase in which the Japanese, with their high-quality, low-cost products, have been seeking to enter the markets of western Europe and America themselves. The bulk of Japan's exports has in recent times been in the category of machinery and equipment, which Britain, like other European countries, herself produces, television and radio equipment, tape recorders, motor vehicles and ships. These items have been in competition with the home products and are said to have threatened employment in these industries.

Various solutions have been put forward to overcome this difficulty, which has of course given Japan a bad image throughout the trading world. In the first place, Japan has been persuaded to adopt self-restraining measures over an increasing number of specific products for given periods. Secondly, attempts have been made by other trading countries

to increase their imports into Japan. In general they have not achieved great success in entering the Japanese market because of the preference of Japanese consumers for their own goods on grounds of price, quality and service. Thus Britain, like most other countries, has a large deficit on its trading account with Japan.

The situation is one which calls for skilful diplomacy, mutual tolerance and clear thinking if confrontation is not to take place. In this case the 'confrontation' that Japan fears is the imposition of protectionist measures since she naturally prefers to operate within a free trade system of international trade. Her manufacturers realise that the export of finished goods must naturally lead to conflicts and trade friction with other countries. In order to avoid that kind of friction abroad, they have been tending to undertake assembly and manufacturing operations in foreign countries, thus employing some of the local labour force and using parts and components from these countries. Japan is coming to realise that self-serving policies create problems and injure her image; and that she has to take more account of the sensitivities of other countries.

Britain has to keep her trade and industrial difficulties in perspective because there are strong arguments for integrating Japan with other major powers. It is politically desirable that a stable democratic society such as Japan has become in the post-war period should be part of the Western World; also, that a highly industrialised country like Japan should be co-operating with the group of leading industrial states in the task of solving the problems of the international economic order. As a first step towards this, Japanese representatives have already been invited to the economic summits of world leaders, which have been held annually since the middle-seventies.

The Great Japan Exhibition is not of course a solution to these economic problems of contemporary politics. But it may do something to combat what many in Britain believe to be at the root of the tensions which have arisen with Japan in recent years—namely ignorance.

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Feliks Topolski will review the Great Japan Exhibition in the January issue.

DEMOCRATIC LICENSE

by John Elsom

DEMOCRACY, as any civilised schoolboy knows, doesn't work; and the wider the franchise, the more unworkable it becomes. But east and west, north and south, the word democracy is invoked as a battle-cry, as a talisman, as a shibboleth to distinguish those with 'good' intentions from those with bad. Unlike a shibboleth, however, anyone can speak it, whatever their intentions. It is, in that respect, a very democratic word.

South Africa, one South African pointed out to me, is a democracy; as is Israel. 'All our decisions,' a member of the Polish Ministry of Culture said, in the days before Solidarity, 'are reached democratically, through the normal consultation procedures.' In San Diego, a candidate running for office urged the federal government of the United States to corner the cobalt market, 'vital for the defence of Western democracy'; while in Britain, members of the Labour Party are currently responding to the undemocratic activities (in their view) of the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy by quitting to join the Social Democrats.

No other single word is more abused, not even socialism, communism or liberalism. No other word is more dangerous in its capacity to mislead, to spread more heat than light and to generate disillusion when, as so often happens, it is interpreted literally. Dr. Johnson, like many of his contemporaries, hated it, equating it with populism; and democracy only lost its pejorative associations in the nineteenth century, with the rise of romanticism, when it turned the corner, as it were, into acceptability, then favour and finally became the cheerleader call for any rascal who wanted to be politically trusted without going through the bother of proving himself trustworthy.

Politicians who use the word more than once in a speech (and which does not?) should be compelled to eat their transcripts; and as an interim measure, before censoring the word altogether from our dictionaries, an International Conference of Philologists and Lexicographers should compile (by proportional representation) a short list of some thirty-five meanings which we try vainly to cram into the portmanteau of democracy. The trouble starts in the dictionary, for the definition, government by the people, requires a host of other definitions, such as 'What do we mean by government?' and 'What do we mean by the people?'

If by 'the people' we mean 'everybody', then no government in the world is democratic—not just because all 'democratic' governments place restrictions within their countries on who is entitled to vote, but also because no country is an island. The decisions of one national government inevitably affect the lives of other countries, who are not represented in the internal democratic process. In its purest, most absolute sense, democracy demands world government, which no democratic national government would even contemplate.

And government is another trick word, which only makes sense within

certain theories of government. One such theory is that all the different elements of society sometimes band together to pursue ends, such as the defence of the realm, which are regarded to provide a common good. National government therefore provides those services which the individual parts of society cannot provide; and this service principle can be extended to apply to the provision of a common law and a health service. But what happens when a genuine service to the community as a whole is not perceived as such by the majority of the electors? Which is more democratic? To abide by the wishes of the electors and thus inadvertently neglect the common good? Or to pursue the common good and ignore the wishes of the electors?

This is not an academic question. In one form or another, it runs through most politicians' lives, surfacing both in daily decisions and in the kind of underlying struggles, such as that which has torn the Labour Party apart. At Llandudno, during the Liberal Assembly, the delegates voted by a substantial majority that no Cruise missiles should be stationed in Britain; a decision which was immediately interpreted, correctly, by the press to be one in favour of unilateral nuclear disarmament. But the majority of Liberal MPs, including David Steel, believe that multilateral nuclear disarmament, the common goal of all, will be harder to obtain if we lay down our nuclear weapons first. We will have lost our bargaining position. In addition, a unilateralist government would in effect be withdrawing from NATO and thus weaken the Western Alliance. Such a move would in their view decrease Western stability and bring the prospect of war in Europe nearer.

There was thus a straight disagreement, the kind of conflict which, in the nineteenth century, the democratic process was intended to resolve. In a difference of opinion, let the majority view prevail. But if you looked at the expressions of those in the hall—Steel's disdain that delegates could be so ignorant of power politics that they could vote to throw away their trump card, the anti-Cruise delegates passionately convinced that they would support no measure which might lead to the destruction of mankind—you realised that democracy was on nobody's mind. The issue was too important for that. After the debate, both sides invoked democracy, as in the past one might have invoked God. The anti-Cruise delegates stated that the party decision had been democratically reached—to abandon Cruise. Steel pointed out that he had been democratically elected as leader of the Liberal Party and elected into Parliament to use his judgement for the benefit of all. Were the delegates in the hall properly representative of the party? And weren't MPs supposed to represent the electorate in their constituencies as a whole?

Thus, the Liberal Party ventured into the area of semantics which has caused so much trouble to the Labour Party. Are delegates to be regarded as spokesmen for the party policies, decided elsewhere, in assemblies, conferences and smoke-filled rooms? Or are they voted into office, on either high or low levels, with just a rough general mandate which they then can interpret according to their wills and consciences? What is the

point, asked Mr. Tony Banks, the left-wing member of the Labour GLC, of working for a Labour Party which chooses as its deputy leader someone who disagrees with the main planks of party policy? Does democracy mean a kind of modified oligarchy, where the real power in the country still lies in the hands of a few people but where these people can be changed at regular intervals, shunted into and out of office, according to the results of elections? Or does it mean something more like a process, whereby the individual members of society are encouraged and allowed to take more of the decisions which affect their lives?

The nineteenth century romantics always took the second view. Indeed it was part of their philosophy. They saw freedom for the individual as their ultimate goal, to which democracy was one interim step; and they argued, contradicting the authority of the Church, that the only way in which an individual could act morally was, in the existentialist manner, by reaching a state of freedom where he or she could make up his or her mind as to the type of person which he or she wished to become. Morality did not mean obedience to an established code of conduct: it meant the ability to take responsibility for one's life, the liberty to do so and the moral energy to take that responsibility seriously. The romantics believed in the fundamental goodness of individuals who naturally preferred to pursue the better, rather than the worse, course of action; when they were given the opportunity to do so.

Thus, democracy is part of a nineteenth century crusade, a religion born, as so many religions are, out of opposition to other religions. It is a religion whose churches are parliaments and conference halls, and whose sole practice consists of violently debating methods whereby its members should be consulted. Like other religions, it gained credibility through its many temporary achievements. In some countries, it has managed to limit the power of autocracies and oligarchies—in others, it has furthered human rights. In others still, it has established the important principle of regular consultations with the electorate, thus providing the means whereby changes in social structure, and even revolutions, can be achieved peacefully.

I do not wish to denigrate these changes; but I fear the holy fervour which has been generated by them, and the absolutism with which the word democracy is so often invoked, and the cynical manipulation of polls and public opinion in order to achieve a result which can crudely be described as democratic. Most of all though, I am alarmed at the way in which democracy as a religion is in the process of substituting a primitive transactionalism for the very complicated and delicate transactions which until now have governed our daily lives.

Let me give an example. I know that my 'freedom', such as it is, depends upon my ability to control a very limited patch of territory—which can be described physically as my room, socially as my job, ethically as my behaviour, morally as my instincts towards good and evil, emotionally as my loves and hates. Every day, in different ways, I beat the bounds of this territory to see that its integrity has remained intact;

and if somebody seems to be trespassing upon it, without warning or permission, then like a lion on his rock, or a Bedouin beside his water-hole, I bristle and growl and get ready to fight. But my territory is never quite the same two days running. This is because its integrity is defended not just by my ability to fight, but by pacts with those with similar territories to defend who surround me. We have mutual agreements which can be expressed through money, through different kinds of sharing, through barter and also eventually the vote.

The vote is the most cumbersome of these methods. It takes place at irregular intervals, with the exact timing determined not by me but by those in power. The choices offered under the British electoral system are absurdly limited—until recently, between a party believing in a free market economy and one which does not. Beyond that, the choices are between personalities—of people whom I do not know—and policies which depend for their practicability on facts which I do not know and theories which have not been tested. The reform of the electoral system would extend the range of choices, but not by much. The greatest opportunity which the vote gives me is the power to say 'No' to autocracy and dictatorship; or to say 'no' less firmly, with no capital letter, to those whose policies seem to drift towards the infringement of my territorial rights.

Politicians ritualistically deplore the negative voting habits of the electorate, the fact that most people vote against a political party rather than positively for another; but, in truth, the options are so limited and the promises are so vague that only active dislike can summon up the enthusiasm to vote at all. Maintaining the enthusiasm of the electors and partly workers for this cumbersome system which we call democracy is a full time job for propogandists—who, recognising that people vote negatively, want to exploit dislike and despair, with the result that the very atmosphere in which we discuss the problems affecting us all becomes soured with bigotry and prejudice.

This stimulated antagonism, this gladiatorial display which infects our newspapers, distorts our television and which corrupts our relationships with those with whom otherwise we would be perfectly friendly, prevents other forms of transactionalism from working. You do not wish to make territorial pacts with those whose accents or colours you have been taught to distrust. The vote, flying under the flag of democracy, starts to take over from all the other ways by which society organises itself. Money, of course, is distrusted as the language of transactionalism; and so are the arts, because they are supposed to be in the possession of some elite or other. Creativity is resented as a breaking of ranks, while complicated ideas, which cannot be translated into easy slogans, get trampled underfoot.

But the worst feature of democracy is the license which it gives to governments which can claim to be democratic, a license to interfere with the daily details of life which only outright dictatorships have ever previously claimed. The campaign for the Labour Party's deputy leader-

ship is an example. In itself, the post is not important. It is a recent invention, like the electoral college itself, devised last year to provide a system for electing leaders and deputy leaders. The split in power between the unions (40% of the college votes), the constituencies (30%) and the Members of Parliament (30%) represents a compromise between the demands of democracy and those of vested interest. The different electoral procedures which these elements in the college have adopted, have provided a far from edifying spectacle. Some unions have consulted their members, some have not, some have consulted and ignored the results. In any case, the massive block votes of the unions are a travesty of mathematics, let alone democracy. Indeed, it has been suggested that the straight one-man one-vote system (employed by the Liberal Party for electing its leader) was discouraged because it would reveal that the actual membership of the Labour Party is rather small.

As this seedy little essay in ballot manipulation developed over the past summer, mark how the issues grew. It became a struggle, no less, for 'the soul of the Labour Party'. If there had been a clear-cut winner, he could have claimed that, democratically, the Labour Party had decided for a whole package of policies, which were then to be presented to the electorate as the alternative to Thatcherism. Labour's attitude to the withdrawal from the EEC, to defence, to unemployment, to the role of MPs, to Northern Ireland, to industry, to unemployment, to monetarism, to the Western Alliance and even to such matters as sexism and racism would have been strongly influenced, if not determined, by the outcome of the parochial squabble between Benn, Healey and Silkin.

In the event, the result was nearly a dead-heat, with Healey the winner by the narrowest of margins, after two recounts, and Benn claiming that his side had won the argument. There will be repercussions no doubt for those left-wing MPs who decided the issue by abstaining. But who won mattered less than the dangerous clumsiness of the process, where every issue facing Britain was raised but not carefully discussed, whose result was determined arbitrarily and whose real effect was the general embitterment of the party. It was politics by shambles; but even before the result was known, the propogandists were out in force to turn a palpable mess into something more dignified. The processes of consultation had been more widely conducted than ever before in the Labour Party. It was a triumph for democracy.

Under circumstances like these, it becomes necessary, indeed vital, to separate the rhetoric of democracy from the facts; and as a first step, I propose that politicians should observe the following good resolutions: that the word democracy should only be held to apply to those election procedures where the principle applied is that of one-man one-vote, according to a previously delineated franchise system, that all the other consultation procedures (however detailed, however extensive) should not be qualified to use the word democratic, that representative government should refer only to those governments which are elected by proportional representation and that those who use the word democracy indiscrimina-

tely, to apply to any decision which drifts in their favour, should be summoned under the Trade Descriptions Act. No government can govern effectively without a broad support from its people; and a distortion in the use of the word democracy can lead governments to claim that it has this support when it does not. Hence, the abuse of the word democracy leads to the abuse by government itself—whose consequences can be seen all around us, not just in Britain, but throughout the world.

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The December issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Dublin Politics: Facing Both Ways* by Hugh Munro, *South Africa and the International Community* by Esther Roberts, *Ecological Politics* by Joseph Pilat and *Quarterly Record Review* by David Fingleton.

THE DECOLONISATION OF BELIZE

by Milivoje Zagajac

AS PROVIDED for in the resolution adopted at the XXXV session of the UN General Assembly, former British Honduras will this year be entering international life as the independent state of Belize. The resolution was adopted almost unanimously (139 votes for it, seven abstentions, none against and Guatemala refusing to take part in the voting) and laid down that Belize should gain independence before the expiration of the following General Assembly session. The resolution provided that the colonial authorities should immediately start implementing the decision, while in the meantime they should continue seeing to the security and territorial integrity of Belize, because of certain threats clearly formulated in this context. The General Assembly applauded the intention of the government of Belize to apply for membership in the United Nations as soon as independence was gained.

Very often the resolutions of the General Assembly merely remain dead letter, serving only as a chronicle of vain efforts and hopes of the United Nations to resolve some of the problems facing the world based on the Charter and the documents adopted in the course of years. It seemed, however, that the resolution would not experience this fate and there were good prospects that it would be one of the rare decisions of the world organisation to be translated into practice quickly and efficiently.

Until recently, the territory of Belize, sandwiched between Mexico and Guatemala on the shores of the Caribbean, represented an unsolved colonial question which might easily have developed into one similar to the case of the West Sahara or East Timor, i.e. a territory whose future might have been settled by annexation or military intervention of a neighbouring state. With an area of 22,963 sq. km. and a population of 158,000, of Indian, African and Spanish extraction (Mayas, Creols, Caribbeans) and a powerful independence movement, Belize could have become a local theatre of war as a territory whose status had not been defined in full.

This possibility is substantiated by the fact that only a few months ago, at the XXXV session of the world organisation, the representative of Guatemala declared:

> Guatemala reiterates that Belize is an integral part of its territory. This country stresses that Guatemala has indisputable claims on this territory. These rights are founded on firm historical, geographical, legal, political and moral factors widely supported by the international community. Guatemala cannot accede to the unilateral declaration of Belize's independence by the colonial authorities which have usurped this territory. Accepting such a solution would mean the partitioning of our national territory, a matter affecting our national integrity which we shall defend at any price.

The sharp and categorical statement of the Guatemalan representative heralded nothing which might have induced any kind of optimism and was in conformity with the decree issued by the Guatemalan government

in 1977, and according to which any support to Belize's independence was declared treason, punishable by death. The depth of the sentiments behind this stance was the reflection of psychological and pragmatical motives.

The psychological motives were based on history which partitioned Central America between the two great colonial powers of the times, England and Spain, ignoring the fact that drawing frontiers and the division of colonial assets and spheres of interest give rise to national strife and create problems for generations to come. The territory of Belize was ceded to England according to Spanish-English agreements signed in 1783 and 1786. Later, Guatemala acquired sovereignty over this territory in 1821, and in 1859 signed an agreement on arbitrage with England, renouncing this sovereignty. In 1846 Guatemala abrogated the Agreement on arbitrage and introduced into its constitution a clause according to which Belize was part of its national territory. Since then Guatemala has been striving, through talks with Great Britain, to achieve a solution of this problem in keeping with its own national interests. This territorial dispute, which went on for an entire century, could not even be solved by intensive British-Guatemalan contacts which took place during the past twenty years. British colonial interests, the unconvincing Guatemalan claims and the awakening awareness of the people of British Honduras that they could be self-sufficient and hold a place of their own in history, withstood Guatemala's attempts to annex this territory.

According to the 1963 constitution, Belize was accorded internal self-government, a local administration and an assembly composed of a senate and house of representatives. As representing the Queen of England, the Governor was in charge of foreign affairs, security and public services.

Internal self-government aroused the awareness of the special place in history of the territory and its population which was in favour of independence and secession from togetherness with its neighbours. This course was nurtured also by the influence of the British way of life and the way of thinking cultivated by the colonial authorities.

The entire problem appeared insoluble right up to the moment when Guatemala finally realised that it was completely isolated and that its chances of realising the century-long national dreams to annex Belize had become minimal. The fear of international censure, should it decide on military intervention, was very much present in the solution which the ruling set-up was forced to accept. It appears that the unsettled internal situation, the ever-growing resistance among the people and increasing terror by the ruling clique, all played their part. The collapse of the dictatorship in Nicaragua and the civil war in El Salvador were eloquent warnings to the government which had to contend with over 2,000 guerillas, which had committed over 3,000 political murders since 1977, and where, according to the American press, there are dozens of political opponents murdered every day.

Unexpectedly, at the talks conducted in London between representatives of the present Belize government and the foreign ministers of

Guatemala and Great Britain, Guatemala agreed that Belize should unconditionally and without reservations realise its right to independence in conformity with the UN Declaration on granting independence to countries and peoples under colonial rule and in the spirit of the resolution adopted in the General Assembly on November 11, 1980.

According to the principled agreement on independence for Belize, signed on March 11, 1981, Guatemala will respect the territorial integrity of independent Belize, and in return will be granted an outlet to the high seas through Belize territorial waters, the right to use some of the off-shore islands already visited occasionally by tourists and fishermen from Guatemala, the right to free ports in Belize, similar to the one held recently by Yugoslavia in Salonica, as well as a number of other facilities in navigation; fishing, the economic exploitation of the maritime wealth, etc. The principled agreement also provides for co-operation and a number of individual agreements between Guatemala and Belize in the field of mutual economic and trade co-operation and co-operation in the field of security.

A special joint commission of Guatemala, Britain and Belize, on a footing of equality, will elaborate details in order to implement the London agreement. It is noteworthy that the work of the Commission and possible delay in its work did not affect the implementation of the UN Resolution on Belize gaining independence in the course of 1981. In the meantime, the people and government of Belize convened a constitutional conference and drafted the constitution of the new state.

The signing of the principled agreement was promptly applauded by the Carribbean states (Barbados, Grenada, Guyana, Jamaica, Santa Lucia and Trinidad and Tobago) which stressed that during subsequent talks and agreements on the detailed application of the principled agreement, due account should be given to the fact that Belize should gain independence before the end of 1981, that its territorial integrity must be respected within its present and past boundaries and that the concessions granted by Belize have been made in a spirit of goodwill and conciliation, and therefore may not be of a nature which might undermine peaceful co-existence and the advancement of stable and harmonious relations among the countries of that region.

The Caribbean countries which have thus shown their concern that the UN decision on the decolonisation of Belize should be carried out consistently and in full, were tacitly joined by the fifty-odd non-aligned sponsors of the Belize resolution, adopted at the XXXV session of the UN General Assembly. One of them is Yugoslavia, which has for years been striving wholeheartedly in all forums of the United Nations and at all non-aligned meetings, for the people of Belize to be enabled, as soon as possible, to exercise its right to self-determination.

The government of Belize expressed the wish to become a member of the world organisation and was, on September 23rd, admitted as the 156th nation to join the United Nations, after a somewhat muted Independence Celebration in the presence of Prince and Princess Michael of Kent.

GUN LAWS IN THE USA

by S. H. Wilkinson

THE reaction to the news was swift. The Pope had been shot and the security guards made for the doors and locked them.

'We always get some kook or other bursting in and calling us murderers', said one of the guards, 'So now we lock the doors'.

I was in the museum of the National Rifle Association of America housed on the ground floor of its plush, seven-storey headquarters in Rhode Island Avenue, Washington DC. Just four streets down the road the city's catholics were gathering for a special service. It was 12.30 p.m. and some of them walked past the museum on their way. There had been another handgun shooting. It wasn't in the United States this time but looking at the faces going by one could be forgiven for thinking that it might have been.

One American is shot dead every 50 minutes. One in nine has been threatened or attacked with a gun, one in five has access to a pistol. The country is armed to the teeth and becoming increasingly armed year by year. There are more gun stores in the USA than petrol stations, selling an average of 2.5 million handguns annually. At this rate of growth there will be more than 100 million pistols in circulation by the end of the century. In comparison with Britain, which has a quarter of the U.S.A. population, America is a tremendously violent nation. There were 10,728 gun murders in the US last year while in England and Wales there were 55. In this country we are now moving very quickly to ban the sale of replica firearms after a crudely converted model was used to fire six blank rounds at the Queen during the Trooping of the Colour ceremony in June, yet after the actual assasination of John Lennon and a very close call on the President's life the issue of controlling real guns in America is no nearer to a satisfactory conclusion.

The shootings of the last months have focused the minds of Americans on the gun issue again, but despite wide media coverage and opinion polls which show that the majority of Americans support stricter gun legislation, any proposed new laws have been consistently defeated since the passage of the heavily compromised Gun Control Act of 1968. Passed after the assasinations of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King the Gun Control Act was intended to prevent such assassinations in the future. It banned the importation of Saturday Night Specials, the small snub-nosed revolvers so often used by the criminal. It stopped the mail order sale of firearms, insisted that dealers kept records of sales and outlawed the sale of guns to felons and drug addicts. Interstate shipping of arms was restricted and the citizen could only buy a gun in his home state.

It doesn't work. The Saturday Night Special Hinkley used to shoot President Reagan was made in Miami from parts imported from Germany. The act failed to include gun parts so therefore an assembly industry has grown up at home. The law is enforced by the Bureau of Alcohol,

Tobacco and Firearms, but the Government has never provided it with the resources necessary to do so properly. It has only 1,600 agents in the whole country, four of them in Texas, an area five times the size of France. There is no way the BATF can keep track of the enormous traffic in guns.

There are currently two Bills in Congress aimed at changing this situation and much of the media debate revolves around them. The first to be introduced was the Kennedy-Rodino bill. Named after the sponsors, Senator Edward Kennedy (Massachusetts) and Peter Rodino, a Representative in the lower House, it is aimed at strengthening the 1968 Act. It seeks to apply a national registration system to ease the detection of stolen guns, establish stricter controls over the sale of firearms in order to make them more difficult for criminals to buy and finally wants a complete ban on the sale of the so-called Saturday Night Special. In direct opposition to this initiative is the Firearms Law Reform Bill sponsored by Senator James McLure (Idaho) and Representative Harold Volkmer from Missouri.

In effect this bill, by removing the BATF's powers of arrest and search, will all but dismantle the 1968 Act completely, thus furthering the availability of the gun to the criminal. Ironically, thanks to the enormous strength of the National Rifle Association, it is far more likely that the McLure-Volkmer initiative will be passed.

The National Rifle Association, with nearly two million members throughout the country, is the organised voice of the American gun-owner. Whether he hunts, shoots targets or collects antiques, the law abiding enthusiast (and there are 50 million nationwide) will have to deal with the NRA in some way or another. It organises and administers the thousands of tournaments which take place every week across the country. The NRA's official magazine, *The American Rifleman*, provides the best guide to shooting equipment available in a 250 million dollar a year consumer industry, and the Association provides the umbrella under which the citizen's rights to bear arms are protected.

Inscribed in large gold letters on the black marble facade of the HQ are the now famous words by which the NRA maintains its ideological grip over the membership. Taken from the 2nd Amendment to the constitution, it reads 'The right of the citizen to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed'. Formed in 1861 as a means to improve marksmanship among civilians so that they could serve the country better in times of war, the NRA keeps just as vehement a grip on the past as it does on legislation in Capitol Hill today. The museum is full of frontier artifacts, Daniel Boone's musket, Teddy Roosevelt's rifle and so on. To many people the organisation is an extreme threat to liberalism and an irresponsible meddler in the nation's politics.

Certainly, it is meddlesome. No piece of legislation, whether pro or anti-gun, has passed through Congress without the NRA having some say in its formation. Last year the political arm of the Association, the Institute for Legislative Action, spent 4.1 million dollars on lobbying activities. The Political Victory Fund spent 1.1 million in campaigning

against Kennedy and Carter. There was much rejoicing when one of its life members, Ronald Reagan, finally won through. True to form, and despite the attempt on his life, Reagan has stood by his commitment not to further limit gun-ownership.

Backed by a range of computers, an extensive network of rifle and pistol clubs and a hard core of some 200,000 members the NRA lobby is widely regarded as the most powerful lobby in Washington.

Imagine the scene: a Congressman makes a speech favouring gun controls somewhere in the mid-west; within minutes an NRA member is on the telephone to HQ and the computers whirr into action. Early next day mailgrams arrive from Washington at the homes of NRA members in the erring politician's constituency and by mid-morning his telephone lines are jammed with complainants. Any politician who speaks out for gun-control can expect this treatment. He can also expect NRA money to find it's way to his opponent in the next election and in marginal seats the gun issue is enough to swing the result. Representative Paul McCloskey of San Francisco, an adamant gun-controller, told me: 'Most politicians are scared by the NRA, so they won't speak out even though they support gun legislation. It's the NRA's ability to zero in on this single issue that makes them so powerful. Whether they can affect the results of many elections is, in fact, debatable. The point is, most politicians believe they can so they won't touch the gun issue'.

A geographical breakdown of the major NRA membership shows that its highest per capita membership occurs in the West and South, in rural hunting areas where the traditional use of the gun is tied to the land. These states are characterised by low crime rates (especially with guns) and very many therefore tend to have relaxed gun laws. So while the folks who live out in Texas, Wyoming and Idaho might read about the terrible crime rate in New York, it is by no means an exaggeration to say that they would appreciate it about as much as we, say, appreciate the rationing situation in Moscow. The resident of Idaho, having been brought up in a developing wilderness, will have very little perception of what life is like for many of his compatriots and his basis for thought will be his home state.

Senator Steven Symms from Idaho spelt this out for me when I visited him with a view to discovering exactly how his constituents felt about the gun issue and in particular the present call for more legislation. Steven Symms is a giant, straw haired man. At 35 he's young to be in the Senate. He is a life member of the NRA, a marksman and received 5,000 dollars in aid from them in the last election. 'I feel that Senator Kennedy is really out of touch with what the American people think', he says. 'You know, it really is a freedom issue. If you go out to Idaho you won't be able to walk down the street for more than an hour without seeing a bumper sticker somewhere that reads "The west was won with an unregistered gun", I tell you, people feel very strongly about it'.

He smiled and added; 'You know, there was a TV show where this guy got up and said that the day they take his guns away will be the day the

communists will come and take over his country. Now that's a strong sentiment and it expresses the way which people feel and you know, the reason for that is when you think about it, commonsense tells you that's true. The American people are probably the best armed nation in the world. If the Afghan freedom fighters were as well armed as we are, how successful do you think the Russians would be today?'

Senator Symms was equally adamant that the crime rate in America had little to do with guns. 'Wyoming has the lowest murder rate of any state in the union', he said; 'and it has the highest per capita ownership of guns, so it really doesn't follow that guns cause crime'.

This is a standard NRA argument. Of course it evades the point that Wyoming, like his home state, has a tiny population composed in the main of ranchers and farmers living in small towns. Idaho for instance is three or four times bigger than Great Britain but has a population of only 900,000. Nowhere on earth could be more different from the urban jungle of New York which has more unemployed within its city boundaries than there are people in the whole of Idaho. Nevertheless Senator Symms continued on the same track; 'I abhor the use of the gun in crime', he said 'but I think it is naive to think that somebody wouldn't get a gun to commit a crime if they wanted one no matter what the law says. And in any case if you went to Idaho and passed a law calling for people to register their guns they just wouldn't do it. It's as simple as that.'

So there is a conflict within America between the rural and the urban areas. Most urban states have already passed stringent gun laws in an effort to limit the numbers falling into criminal hands. In some, like Washington DC, Detroit, Massachusetts and New York these laws are, on paper, as strict as in England. People must obtain a licence from the police before they can buy a gun legally. The police run criminal record checks to make sure they don't have a record of past convictions and only when they can establish a requirement for the gun will they get a licence. However, the presence of neighbouring states with much more relaxed laws concerning sales means that a short drive and with a faked drivers licence a gun can easily be obtained without the bother of going through the licensing procedure. It is this diverse nature of the laws throughout the country that the Kennedy-Rodino Bill seeks to unify. But when there are recalcitrant states like Idaho, so the possibility of making the legislation work is extremely limited.

Meanwhile, the NRA with many friends on Capitol Hill, has its own legislation which, if passed, will set gun control back twenty years. The McClure–Volkmer Bill would remove the restriction that to buy a gun a person must do so in his home state and it will severely limit the actions of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the Federal Agency with the responsibility of policing the 170,000 dealers throughout the states.

Unfortunately, the opponents of the NRA only seem to enhance the image of the Association by their comparative ineffectiveness. Handgun Control Inc. is the larger of the two pro-gun law lobby groups. Formed

in 1974 it boasts a membership of 100,000, thirty per cent of whom joined since John Lennon was shot in December 1980. Last year its budget was 1 million dollars, (only a quarter of the NRA's lobby) but this year through increasing popularity they hope to double their funds. The Executive Vice-President is a sharp young man in his late twenties named Charles Orasin. From Upstate New York he comes from a hunting family but balked the tradition in order to follow more genteel pursuits like baseball and football. He says he never had a gun and never wants one. His lobby is purely a Federal concern. It doesn't involve itself with local issues and this year it is throwing its weight behind the Kennedy Bill. He is adamant that given time and the right kind of persuasion all but the most ardent NRA supporter can be won over to supporting it.

'Any legislation that is to be passed must have the support of the American people, not the 200,000 hard core fanatics of the NRA', he says. 'So what if they say it won't work? How do they know? If you talk to the average gun owner or the respectable hunter, they aren't against our proposals. All we are saying is that when he buys a gun he'll have to be checked by the local police to make sure he has no criminal record, that his gun be registered with manufacturers and that he shouldn't be able to have one of those Saturday Night Specials, and when you put it like that to them they agree. The issue has been polarised for too long. The NRA only talk about their intense core of supporters and they only talk about confiscation. We don't want to take the law abiding citizen's gun away. We just want to make it harder for the criminal to get one'.

Handgun Control Incorporated's allies, The National Coalition to Ban Handguns, does not agree with this. While they too support the Kennedy Bill their ultimate aim is a complete ban on the possession of pistols. More active in the localities than in Washington, the coalition has thirty affiliates working in their own States for Gun Control. But the organisation is weak. Its budget is less than 500,000 dollars a year and most observers see its aims as being too extreme to be worth supporting. However, as Jason Cheever, the Coalition's Congressional liason officer points out, in terms of limiting crime the only law that would have an effect is confiscation.

Cheever says that between 50 and 60% of the guns used in crime are stolen. If the law abiding citizen has a gun then the criminal will always have one too, through theft.' He believes that the handgun invites crime because it is so easily concealed. A ban on handguns, he says, would reduce the incidence of robbery and murder because a shotgun, even when it's sawn off, is not as efficient in crime. Furthermore, robbed of the impersonality of the gun the criminal would not resort to using a knife. 'If you walk into a store with the intention of robbing it you need to threaten the owner. With a knife the owner has a better chance of defending himself. But if he's staring down the barrel of a gun, then boy, he's in trouble'.

Orasin and Cheever agree on this, and both are concerned with the numbers of deaths which occur every year due to simple accidents or

arguments between friends. 1,100 deaths last year were the results of a squabble. 'You see it all the time in the press when there's a crime of passion case. How many times do you hear the husband say, "Jeez if only I hit her with my fist or a club?", asked Orasin. "What we're saying to the NRA is listen, we'd rather be hit with a club than shot with a gun'.

But neither Cheever nor Orasin is optimistic that any new legislation will be passed this year or even next. 'We're talking about ten years ahead or maybe even more', said Orasin. 'Its going to be a tough struggle, but until we can match the NRA dollar for dollar and member for member we won't win. We do have a majority of Americans on our side. It's a question of organising that majority.'

When I asked Cheever what he thought it would take to win any ground from the NRA he replied, 'I guess we'll have to bury a couple more Presidents before then.'

The Reagan assassination attempt has, however, also cooled the chances for the NRA this year. The McLure bill has certainly the best chance of passage, but given the Reagan incident many in Congress who have supported it now feel that it would be imprudent to push for it this time round. McLure, when asked why the bill had fewer co-sponsors when it was introduced this year, hinted that it had been affected by the Lennon and Reagan incidents and felt that it would have to wait until 1982 before more progress could be made.

But whereas the McLure bill will be postponed, the NRA will still be able to count on enough support to make sure that Kennedy's bill will suffer the same fate.

[Stephen Wilkinson is a graduate in American studies at Manchester University and is now a freelance journalist working in Manchester. He recently visited America for *Contemporary Review* to report on the gun law situation.]

GREEKS MUST STOP DREAMING

by Semih S. Umar

IF they really want to settle the Cyprus problem for good so that the two communities in Cyprus can live happily side by side, yet together without either having the wish or the opportunity to dominate the other, economically, politically or militarily, the Greeks of Cyprus must stop dreaming about their chances of success in their present policy of procrastination.

The Turks of Cyprus, backed by Turkey, are genuinely sincere in their desire to settle the Cyprus problem for good, otherwise they would not have waited for so long and so patiently before declaring their independence and asking all friendly countries to recognise them as a new State.

The Greeks should know better than anyone else that there are ways and means of countering any opposition to such a move if the Turks really wished to pursue that line. Let the Greeks not exaggerate the difficulties in the way of a UDI in the North because the Turks of Cyprus are a free people who, in the eyes of most of the effective world, are as entitled to freedom and independence as any other people in the world. In fact, the whole world is fully aware of the reality of the Turkish Cypriot State with a democratically elected Parliament and Government and with all the pre-requisites and prerogatives of a State.

None of the countries of the free world, for reasons of fundamental outlook and philosophy of life, and none of the members of the Eastern Bloc, for reasons of fundamental interest, would require the Turkish community to abandon its democratic rights and liberties to the extent of placing itself at the mercy of an alien community which has been known in recent history to be totally merciless when it found itself at a position of advantage over the Turks. And many of the non-aligned group, for reasons of traditional and religious affinity, would simply rejoice if the Turks decided to embark on a path of full independence.

The fact that there are strong reasons for Turkey and the Turkish community to decide against full independence for the time being, does not mean that the Turks of Cyprus would choose to tolerate for long the hostile attitude of the Creek Cypriot Administration, locally and internationally. And there is no doubt whatsoever that voices of condemnation, when and if the time came for it, would be far less effective than the Greeks, both in Nicosia and Athens, think it would be.

There would just be one more occasion for the Greeks to regret their mistakes and there would be no going back for the Turks once they took the step, as there was no going back for them so many times before in the recent history of inter-communal relations in Cyprus, without the Greeks apparently learning anything from all this.

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LABOUR—NOT IN VAIN?

by Austin Mitchell, M.P.

THE style of today's press reporting is to turn every subject into a punk 'Perils of Pauline', continuous cliff-hanging as a life style. Yet for once the media were right in using this approach on the Labour Party. We really have looked over the brink. We really did draw back from it at the Brighton conference. Our eightieth could have been our last. This government's economic recession hasn't bottomed out yet. Labour's political decline has. After two years of uninterrupted decline and humiliation, largely self-inflicted, we are now perceptably beginning the ascent back to serious politics, hopefully to power, to rescue our benighted nation from the disaster which engulfs it.

Strong claims, for what at first may not seem very secure changes. The National Executive had its biggest upset since the Morecambe conference in 1952. Michael White's description is hard nuts surrounding soft centres, so the changes can be viewed in those terms: four hard nuts and one turning runny, replaced by the soft right. This creates a new balance of power weighted 14 to 15 to the left. Yet it at least isolates the Bennite minority and ends a situation where the NEC was a partisan part of the argument, not a ringmaster trying to contain it. The attempt to give control of the Manifesto to the NEC was beaten off, though only just. The lid was pushed down on the Pandora's box of endless constitutional change which has wasted so much of our time over two years by re-imposing the three-year rule. This at least gives the party a breathing spell between doses of change, instead of plunging it into the pleasures of continuous revolution by permanent re-organisation. Finally, Denis Healey kept the Deputy Leadership. He did so by the skin of several teeth, particularly those of the Tribunites who abstained or who voted for him and in so doing put themselves in a politically exposed situation. Half a dozen defections, four of which have already occurred, would take his majority with them. Yet the important thing is that Denis Healey is there and Tony Benn isn't. That in itself is sufficient to change both the whole balance of power of the party and its standing in the country.

Sadly, it's all a year too late. Had this happened at last year's conference instead of the disasters which then blew up, mostly on accidental and miniscule minorities, I doubt whether there would be a Social Democratic Party today. Now, it is too late to nip it in the bud or to stop its media-boosted take-off. Yet Labour now has a much better chance of checking the attempt by the SDP to supplant the Labour Party as the party of the left. There is now a real prospect of keeping the Social Democrats relegated to that deathbed of dreams, the soggy central ground, where electors might like governments to remain, but where parties founder because there is nowhere firm to stand. That prospect arises because the Benn bolt is now shot. The prospect of a Tony takeover

with ensuing transformation of our old carthorse is now gone, with luck, forever.

That bold prediction has two bases, the one deep seated, the other superficial because it involves Tony Benn's personality. That atmosphere of adulation and leader worship about the Benn campaign which so shocked many on the left arose not because its exponents saw the new Messiah: it sprang from desperation: Tony was the only Trojan Horse available. Now, the gates of Troy have closed against him and, while the followers, *faute de mieux,* will be inclined to one more push, even if this means battering down the gates and a large chunk of the walls, the horse is not the representation of historical forces, much as it might like to see itself in that light. It has free will and that means choices to make. Tony Benn's first reaction has been a very human one: hurt. That glaze in the eyes is still there, but the pronouncements have been bitter: hints of revenge against the Tribune group, claims that 'a minority in the Parliamentary Labour Party and in the shadow cabinet don't believe in party policies,' sanctions against the PLP 'to win them for socialism,' hints of not being bound by the shadow cabinet of which he's not yet a member. All this is an airing of his old paranoid feelings about the Parliamentary Labour Party, the froth of bitterness. The reality is that Benn has only two choices. He can pursue his ambition at the expense of the party and be seen to be destroying it. Or he can try to get back to the inside track at the risk of fragmenting the movement which backed him and thus halting a momentum which has to be kept up. Much as he might relish the prophet in the wilderness role and much as that might fit in with one aspect of his self-image, the wilderness is a lone place. Fellow pilgrims need movement. They have nothing else.

Benn will not stand for the Deputy-Leadership again before the general election. This places the party in a difficulty. If Denis Healey or Michael Foot stepped under the proverbial bus, we would be better advised to invoke a taxidermist than the new electoral college. Yet it does give us time, if we use it properly, to get the electoral college straightened out. To go through the last farce again would be ruinous. This process of tidying up will be difficult. We are now in a situation of constitutional deadlock. The advocates of change have lost the initiative although they still have a blocking power to prevent reversal of the damage already done, while the right is also hoist by its own petard by the three year rule. Yet there are changes which can be made. The unions took their decisions in a totally haphazard fashion, each side choosing its method, not because it was fairest or most democratic, but on the basis of which candidate it would favour. Curiously, the most democratic procedures, in the sense of consulting the greatest numbers rather than the activists—those of NUPE, the POEU even the TGWU farcical 'consultation' came out for Healey. On the other hand, where cliques took the decision, they opted for Benn and all sorts of groups who cannot be assumed to have the interests of Labour at heart, from Communists to the sectarian left, were able to use their influence for him. In the party too, a Bennite democracy

which basically says 'as democratic as suits us and no further' needs pushing to full ballots. Party members now pay five pounds a year and have the right to be consulted.

But perhaps there is still time for change, and a desperate need for it. Time to breathe again, provided we use it wisely. Yet a mere breathing space is not the only reason why the 1981 Labour Party conference is a turning point. The party has chosen between two views of what kind of party Labour should be. It has opted for tradition. In doing so it has forced the advocates of the other view into a situation where their coalition must disintegrate through its own internal contradictions.

The traditional view is social democratic, democratic socialist, call it what you will. The distinction only amounts to a Tribunite attempt to put a socialist priority higher than the right may be inclined to do. The common bases of this tradition are a commitment to equality, to welfare and public spending, and to an essentially mixed economy. Though there are endless arguments over where boundaries should be drawn and how much the state should undertake, there is a common distaste for centrally planned systems and for full state control as being inimical to freedom and pluralism, as well as inefficient, and taking us into unknown realms of organisation, motivation and management. The changes, however extensive they may be, are to be won by democratic methods. This puts Parliament at the centre of the stage and commits the party to working by persuasion, consent and the methods of gradualism and not by instant socialism. All this is central to the traditions of the Labour Party. It is also common ground between revisionists, even though they now labour under a cloud because of our failures to secure the growth which was central to Crosland's *weltanschauung,* and the Tribune group who inevitably want to move further faster, but are nevertheless committed to going there by the same paths—the inside track of Parliament.

The alternative approach, that of the new model army, is a radically different concept of the party and its policies, even though the depth of the gulf is partially concealed by common slogans. This new view springs directly from the Marxist revival of the sixties. Where on the continent a stronger Marxist tradition moved into Eurocommunism, here, weaker roots allowed it to move in a fun direction, to Trotskyism, to the doctrine of instant results, not plodding, to conflict, not parliamentary paths, to struggle, not persuasion. The whole ethos was different to that of a Labour Party which may still think of itself as a crusade, but is also an institution of the state, part of the system.

Through the seventies, abandoning the long march through the institutions, the Trotskyites opted for the short jog through the Labour Party. They set out to infiltrate. They were allowed in by the libertarian rush to scrap the proscribed list in 1973. They were even encouraged to join by those who needed new allies in Labour's internal conflicts. Tony Benn; 'I wish they wanted to join us . . . I would like to make us a party those people would like to join' (*Leveller,* November 1979). As Labour's membership dwindled, so the incoming tide loomed larger in the affairs

of the party. They controlled the Young Socialists and provided a national nucleus with representation within every General Management Committee and common policies were urged by common pressure. Yet they were only part of the problem. Trotskyism is bigger than Militant and the attitudes were more widely diffused, particularly in the class of '68. There was fertile soil within the Party for the Trotskyites to work on. Trade unions were reacting against an incomes policy they themselves had imposed. Authority structures within the unions were breaking down, the activists were playing an even bigger part. Labour's rank and file were disappointed at the achievement of the last Labour government. The Trotskyites could swim with a very strong tide.

Others took this opportunity to peddle Marxist prescriptions rather than orthodox Labour. They were ultra-democrats in their enthusiasm for breaking down existing power structures. Yet they were statist in their insistance on public ownership of the largest companies, their attack on the multinationals and their new doctrine, which Labour has never previously espoused, of renationalisation without compensation. They were contemptuous of Parliament and the rule of law and this opened the way to going to any lengths in resisting the Tories. They had their own economic prescription too, an economic strategy increasingly dignified as 'THE' Alternative Economic Strategy. The Cambridge Economic Policy Group first proposed import controls in 1976 as a means of providing the environment in which a basically Keynesian strategy could work. By 1980, the CEPG had backtracked on the idea and opted for tariffs instead. The Marxists took them over but used them as the underpinning for a state controlled and run economy with trade unions involved in planning production at the plant level but not in planning incomes at the national. The whole trend to integration in the international economy was yet to be reversed in favour of an approach combining statism and economic nationalism.

Tony Benn's own policies are different, although he has moved steadily towards the Marxist prescription. He is a very dedicated follower of fashion; revisionism in the fifties; technology in the sixties; Marxism in the seventies, a pilgrims progress which takes him very close to the harder men of the left. He has so far fought shy of a full espousal of Marxism. In fact, the policies in *Arguments for Democracy,* that rather shoddy little collection of over simplifications, are essentially old fashioned ultra-democracy, ultra-radicalism. They add up to activists' charter and a thesis about power in society rather than a useful prescription for reform. They are also almost totally silent on Britain's central problem, our looming economic disaster: indeed, they seem set fair to compound it by requiring massive structural changes just at a time when the real need is to rebuild and regenerate. Therefore Benn has to rely on the Marxist economic prescription which he has taken over uncritically. He needs it in exactly the same way as he needs the support of its advocates and exponents. Without their theology, he is economically naked. Without their mass support, he is politically powerless. For their part, they also need him.

Without his stature, authority and the credibility which he confers, both their intellectual inadequacy and miserable sectarianism would be clear. With him they can be less than one per cent away from victory.

The intellectual gaps between Benn and the Bennites are obscured by common attitudes to organisation. The old Bevanite left was pre-occupied with policy to the point of obsession. The long agony of the 1950s was almost entirely caused by policy differences on the major issues of the day, German re-armament, nuclear weapons, nationalisation, American foreign policy, the consequences of affluence. Now policy has virtually been taken for granted. The argument is not over ideas but organisation. It looks not outward but inward. The New Model Party has a spearhead role and ultra-democracy is really an activist's charter. Through mandatory re-selection and outside election of the leader, it will control M.P.s and the leadership. This will ensure that past betrayals—for these are also the politics of paranoia—are not repeated. Through control of the manifesto, still to be won but partially conceded by the dominant role everyone is rushing to give to a conference quite incapable of bearing it, they will control the programme. The party will then come to power and implement the programme, being kept on the straight and increasingly narrow path by the supervision of the activists. Much is staked on Mrs. Thatcher. Her policies, and the collapse of Capitalism, of which they are a part, will bring Labour to power. Whatever the programme. However unpopular the putative leader.

Which is the fatal flaw in the whole argument. Labour is very vulnerable to this take-over. The mindless slogans of the activist's parody our sincere hopes. Their gross over-simplifications point in the direction of our dreams. Their organisational scheming parodies our democratic aspirations and is facilitated by the increasing ungovernability of large institutions: indeed, the TGWU is now a rudderless ship. The programme cannot triumph because it could never work. Labour as a party is shambling, diffuse, divided, vulnerable to permeation, yet incapable of being organised as a spearhead party, unable to develop or sustain the single-mindedness or the discipline it would require. The electorate decides negatively but while the main determinant will be the revulsion from Thatcherism, it can also be repelled by the opposition. It can do what it did in 1974, when we came to power impotent because we had arrived by accident. Most of all, the strategy cannot prevail because it works against the whole ethos of the Labour Party, conventional, geared to Parliament, looking for leadership, non-ideological, pushed in practical directions by the trade unions and an ethos which is labourism not socialism. So, a movement which needs to win two gamblers' throws has lost one and would probably lose the other.

The real danger facing the Labour Party is that the traditional approach which will now re-assert itself and which brought us power in 1945, 1964 and, so narrowly, in 1974 may not now be adequate. The Social Democrats are now in being. They have marched a lot of idealism down that dead-end street in which the Liberals have milled for decades. They are a

vacuous collection of egos with little to offer but an empty vessel. Yet empty vessels are useful to spit in and the British electorate has a bigger desire to spit at both major parties than ever before: at the Tories because they have betrayed every hope they arousd in 1979; at the Labour party because we have treated them with contempt, asking electors, like little Bo Peep's sheep, to go away while we fought our internal battles, and then come home dragging their tails behind them.

The odds are that the old patterns will hold—*just;* that the old certainties will recur, for the Conservatives have now gone too far to pull back, while Labour will benefit as the least unpopular of the two major parties —a strong position to be in, given an electoral system as perverse as ours. All this is the realm of the prophet and, since it involves an assessment of the government's willingness to stick to a strategy which cannot work, the abnormal psychologist. Yet it is absolutely clear that there is a multi-party system struggling to get out, and that the new alliance is in a stronger position to help it to do so than the old Liberals. Whether Labour wins or loses, the third party will do better than last time; a force to be reckoned with and one with whom it might be necessary to negotiate.

As traditional pragmatism triumphs in the Labour Party, it does so just in time to face this wholly new situation. Hopefully, they will be prepared to deal with the real world. They won't like it. They never have. Yet they have a duty to do their best for the people they represent.

[Austin Mitchell is a Labour Whip and has been member of Parliament for Grimsby since 1977.]

THE WAR THAT CANNOT BE WON:

Confrontation or Survival

by Thomas Land

BRITAIN'S doctors are about to stage an authoritative detailed inquiry to expose in the light of verifiable, evidence the glib half-truths spread by government 'information', departments describing nuclear warfare in acceptable terms. The annual conference of the London-based British Medical Association (BMA), that eminently respectable, cautious and conservative organisation of doctors, has decided to launch a detailed inquiry into the likely medical effects of nuclear war. One of the questions the inquiry seeks to answer is whether government policies for the sheltering, feeding and medical care of a surviving population are of any potential value.

Doctors are increasingly being asked by the government to involve themselves in contingency planning for a nuclear war, one delegate told the conference, yet many believe that effective health care is not possible after a nuclear attack.

The inquiry coincides with a big propaganda effort by the governments of the nuclear powers seeking to convince their populations as well as each other that they are capable of surviving—and even winning—a nuclear war. This is a dangerous phenomenon because it may remove the most important factor hitherto preventing nuclear war: the mutual belief of the potential contestants that their confrontation would culminate in corporate suicide.

Sir John Stallworthy, chairman of the BMA's Board of Science, is to head the inquiry. He describes it as probably the most important task yet undertaken by the board. He has promised not to suppress evidence in order to avoid upsetting the public.

The inquiry could begin with the findings of an impartial study on nuclear weapons just published by the United Nations' Centre for Disarmament. It considers that a relatively small, one-megaton nuclear explosion over a city of four million people—such as Detroit or Leningrad —would immediately kill a minimum of 500,000 inhabitants and gravely injure 600,000 others, causing radiation and burn injuries to a vast proportion of the rest of the population.

Non-lethal radiation produces effects varying from acute sickness trailing off to states of general weakness protracted over months or years, and perhaps late effects such as cancers and genetic injuries.

The flight time of a land-based intercontinental ballistic missile is about 30 minutes. A submarine-launched ballistic missile takes even less. Thus, 'even maximum warning would give an urban population no time to evacuate', the study concludes.

Apart from the immediate fatalities, widespread destruction of buildings and the breakdown of essential services, the UN study says survivors

would face severe shortages of uncontaminated food and water. Diseases would spread rapidly because of a hopelessly inadequate supply of drugs and medical services. A widespread nuclear exchange would result in fallout affecting the entire globe for decades. Many nations, presumably including the belligerent states, would 'probably' disappear.

Acting on similar calculations, the British government dismantled its professional civil defence team and strategy of permanent preparedness in the 1960s. It was then assumed that, in a country as densely populated and accommodating as many military bases in Britain, the survival of the bulk of the population could be assured only by continuing peace.

Despite considerable advancements in military technology since then, the present government claims that more than 20 million Britons would survive even a full-scale attack, and that 15 million of them would remain healthy. Indeed, the doctors' inquiry has been provoked by a reassuringly worded government pamphlet called *Protect and Survive,* informing a mass readership that white-washing their windows and wrapping their heads in their jackets would give them a measure of defence against a nuclear assault.

The recent American public 'information' film *Protection in the Nuclear Age* even asserts that 'nuclear war does not mean the end of the world or civilisation . . . in the event of war, less than five per cent of our land would be affected'. It advocates such remedies as the smooth and orderly evacuation of cities—an option whose effectiveness is daily discredited by congestions in rush-hour traffic.

A nationwide public shelter and civil defence programme in the Soviet Union—apparently based on similarly unrealistic assumptions but effectively averting the eyes of a large dissatisfied population from its domestic troubles—has convinced Western strategists that their opponents mean to emerge alive and victorious from a nuclear war. The Western propaganda effort now provides an equally convincing mirror image to the Russians.

Hence the global significance of the British doctors' initiative. It promises an authoritative inquiry to expose in the light of verifiable evidence the soothing reassurances put out by government 'information' departments. It may thus place the intensifying arms race into the context of the unchanged realities of destructive nuclear power making the prevention of war the only course open to survival as well as victory.

[Thomas Land is an author and foreign correspondent who writes on global affairs.]

THE LONG DARK TUNNEL: IMPRESSIONS OF RAMPTON

by Patrick Wakeling

MY two companions and I are directed to Reception to await our guide. We sit in deep, blue chairs; minds idling comfortably in foyer-limbo. Staff come and go. Long leather key straps swing with the hips, dangling at mid-thigh, drawing attention to the legs that carry these powerful pieces in all directions from one end of the board to the other. A small man, a doctor, comes through and chats with us. He is puzzled at not seeing me before. I am rescued from irrational guilt by the realisation that I speak to one who occupies a Ramptocentric universe. The guide appears. There is confusion about another party. There follows a brief consultation with the lady at the switchboard who works, as is the wont of her species, amidst postcards and potted plants. Then we set out through the first of innumerable locked doors. As we step from freedom into the depths of security, someone calls out, in a voice unburdened by irony, 'Enjoy yourselves.' We walk on, briskly, purposefully, like tourists fresh from the hotel.

We are in the corridors now. Rampton, a security-hospital situated in the English midlands, as we are to discover, is rich in unintended symbolism. This is our journey into the labyrinth. We are completely dependent upon our guide. I have forgotten to bring a ball of thread. The corridors are very long: exercises in perspective, with few twists or turns to enliven or surprise. Grim and unrelenting, they are fashioned for men under long sentence. They are, for the most part, empty. Encounters are rare. Cheap, faded reproductions of the Old Masters—we pass 'The Night Watch'—are screwed to the walls at infrequent intervals. All over the hospital we find this faltering trust in the ameliorating influence of Art. Suddenly, a man steps from nowhere, encased in tight, grey tweeds, beaming, and bursting with pride and a lifetime of stodge. He announces that he has been here longer than anyone—fifty-five years to be precise. He is sixty-four. He shakes hands all round. Little point in asking why he came. It hardly matters now. Perhaps a clerk could turn it up somewhere in the dust. We walk on, and then, looking back, I find He's gone. Suspicion that he was a ghost able to walk through sweaty yellow brick confirmed. Either that, or disappearing is the one skill he's learnt over the years.

We reach the Male Admission Ward. Once inside we see two corridors at right angles, each housing ten cells. Thus twenty patients in all. Cells are of spartan simplicity, intended only to be slept in. A bed and a plastic chamber pot (the china sort is a dangerous weapon) complete the inventory of each. The barred windows are wide open; the cold spring day scouring the bare white walls, airing with a vengeance. Heavy wooden shutters on the inside can be closed should a patient try to break the glass beyond the bars. Lockers in the day-room contain personal belongings.

In one part of this partitioned room the snooker table—an important instrument of assessment—stands like a monument. In the other—visible through unbreakable glass—are tables and chairs. Outside is the exercise yard with access beyond to the football field. Snooker, football, cards—these are the games telling you most about a man, the Charge Nurse explains. In addition, Psychiatrists, Psychologists, the Dentist ('you name it') do what they can to make up a picture of the men brought here by the police, sometimes in handcuffs. There are half a dozen or so patients on the ward this morning. Three are wearing short white coats and sit together: the 'Trusties' who can be relied upon to handle cutlery and perform other simple duties which, though menial in themselves, acquire under these peculiar conditions a kind of glamour, as well as the means to earn privileges and to suck up to the staff. As if to instil humility, or a proper respect for the mutability of human affairs, the trusties lose their positions when they move on to the next ward, where they begin all over again as novices. Security on the admission ward is very tight and the price to be paid is, quite obviously, eternal vigilance. The nurses are practised in the tedious art of scanning faces, movements, exits and entrances. They are quick to sense the mood of the moment. One patient is psychotic-hallucinated, muttering, manneristic. The rest loll with their fags, giving nothing away. Practically everyone is smoking: rolling their own—patients and staff alike. One nurse holds his cigarette like an old soldier—the lit end concealed by the cupped palm.

The nurses insist they are not screws. But whether they are nurses hot on discipline, or caring screws, must in the end be left to the patients to decide. One forgives them for being confused. White coats cover severe blue uniforms; treatment is (presumably) embedded somewhere in a strict routine. Clues contradict themselves; intentions (even when good) are far from clear. Visitors like us rummage for the root derivation of key words—'Hospital . . . Security . . . Treatment . . . Illness,' etc. We ask our guide what he thinks. Perhaps he will tell us what this place is all about. But our grey old sheepdog can only repeat what he has been taught. He says there are two aims: to instil habits of work and to teach discipline. Clearly, the philosophy of a sheepdog. But when it comes to getting us all through the doors, and in rounding us up for lunch, and in seeing that we all get off home at the end of the day, he demonstrates in full measure his sagacity and devotion.

We go next to the department wherein is assessed, during the first three months or so and while he is on the admission ward, the patient's aptitudes, capacity for work, attitude to workmates, and so on. Near the entrance is a large table upon which is huddled a collection of crudely made, hideously painted garden gnomes, repellent as turds. Elsewhere, joinery, basketmaking, metalwork, soft toys.

We journey deeper into the maze until we reach a ward which takes patients from Admission, keeping them for anything up to three or four years. The Points System is explained. It is similar to that in Admission. Patients are given points every day, the number depending on their success in matters of self-help and co-operation. At the end of each week the points

are totted up and entitle patients to extra money. The money you can earn is two pounds which is added to the five or so to which all patients are, by law, entitled. Should a patient fail to gain any points he would still possess enough to afford Bingo, the dance and—most important of all—tobacco, though a very heavy smoker couldn't manage on his 'flat rate'. A further weakness consists in the failure of the points system to discriminate between one patient and another in respect of incentive. It is axiomatic in behavourist psychology that not all subjects respond to the same reward. The Rampton points system, as it is explained to us, scarcely bears casual scrutiny let alone rigorous examination, and it is obvious to the visitor that the nurses are poorly schooled in the basic principles of conditioning techniques. What, in fact, determines whether a patient leaves the ward sooner rather than later is something called 'attitude', judged subjectively according to notions the nurse is unable satisfactorily to define. This ward is certainly more comfortable (according to the most relative standards) and has a dormitory into which uncommunicative, socially isolated people are put in the hope that they will talk and 'mix'. But all the same, life here—as in the rest of this huge hospital—is lived in corridors, along which the patients proceed from lesser to greater comfort: from a bare cell to one in which posters, a radio and all the clutter that goes with being a person pathetically attest to success *à la Rampton.* A mocking parody, some would say, of our materialistic society. But we must give credit where it is due, for there is no doubt that Rampton holds the mirror up to nature. It is, perhaps, the unflattering reflection which oppresses the visitors most of all. There is also a small sitting room to which only the patients are admitted. True, it hasn't a door, but patients are able to sit away from the nurses, though not always out of sight of them.

It is suggested that we would like to see the female counterpart to this ward, and off we go to find exactly similar conditions except that there are more cushions, reflecting, we feel sure, the female flair for domesticity.

Later on, after lunch in the staff canteen, sex is mentioned. It arises during a discussion with a nurse on one of the preparatory villas (in which patients are introduced to the conditions they will find in the pre-release villas before they are discharged). We are talking in the day room, some of us leaning against the ubiquitous snooker table, where, it occurs to one, the nation's understanding of Rampton, and of similar institutions would be increased by a closer analysis of the game of snooker. One may, on the other hand, need to look no further than the verb 'to snooker'—to vanquish, to get the better of, to upset. A visitor objects that if you allowed these chaps here to have a normal sex-life, then you wouldn't have to go round stopping homosexuality in the way the nurse has just described. His logic seems unassailable, and the nurse who raised this question of gay patients in the first place looks well and truly . . . well, snookered. He counters with the classic: 'How would you like your daughter/wife to have sex with the kind of men . . .?' etc, etc. Someone then asks what kind of men does he have here? 'Child rapists, multiple

murderers', he replies. As he goes on to talk about them we notice what we have, fleetingly, noticed before: a look of pride from a man who finds some glamour in mixing daily with dangerous murderers; who has authority over the most aggressive, over the most vile. We are in the presence of the lion tamer, the ringmaster, and we hear just the faintest echo of the freakshow barker. Earlier in the day, during a brief visit to the ward for severely subnormal women, the ward sister pointed out a middle-aged woman wearing a protective helmet. Evidently an epileptic. Her history was related to us not exactly with relish but with the satisfaction of one who holds her audience and makes their flesh creep. She told us that this unfortunate woman was, and not so long ago, as normal as you or I. Then a diabetic coma into which she had been precipitated under circumstances discreditable to some and tragic to her, caused severe and permanent brain damage. Within a few hours she was transformed from being an intelligent married woman to the condition of irritable babyhood. For a while, as we listened, we became children ourselves, enjoying our own safety; the warmth of the blankets, the rain lashing against the window, the storm raging without. The nurse is, quite obviously, simplifying the patient's history, leaving out whatever might confuse or distract the listener from the theme she loves to dwell upon—the sheer uncertainty of life; the capriciousness of fate. With an air of superstitious solemnity she spells out the practical wisdom she wishes to bestow upon us—that you never can tell. Nearly all the nurses in Rampton like to talk of the dangers of their job, of the unpredictability of their patients. And to be honest, it is of such matters that we, the visitors, most wish to hear: the professional stance, the matter-of-fact manner almost, but not quite, concealing the morbid curiosity, the thirsting after wonders and prodigies. This interest in the suffering of others is, for all its detachment, at bottom one of the subtle forms of aggression, of cruelty even. Preferably knock him down with a club or misuse your enemy with greater refinement. When that is prevented by timidity, or the dictates of civilised society, then watch someone else do it. Hire actors if necessary. Watch racing cars; read the statistics of disaster. Finally, indulge the need under the guise of compassionate concern. Visit the sick. Listen with fascination to a ward sister telling you of things that go bump in the darkness of the mind. We all feed, in one way or another, on misfortune to appease a hunger for reassurance, for absolution. The sickness of our friend satisfies us, just for a moment, that we are sound.

At the very centre of the labyrinth, at the point where the minotaur might be expected to appear, is the ward of the highest security, receiving patients too difficult for other wards to manage; too aggressive for other institutions—prisoners serving long sentences who develop what is called 'prison psychosis'; lifers who have lost all their remission and who have nothing to gain from co-operation. Here we detect the same subtle sensationalism, the same emphasis upon dangers and tensions. Understandably, because there seems little else to talk about. We stand like raw recruits listening to veterans. We had been given the choice to see this ward or to visit the workshops. It was towards the end of the afternoon when a cup

of tea seems the most attractive prospect of all; when the legs and feet are beginning to complain. High security or workshops? Like tired children glutted with novelty, who skip the reptile house and the tropical birds to get back to the car, we would have rushed past both for the sake of comfort. Pulling ourselves together, we chose High Security. It provided, without doubt, the truest note on which to finish—the note of despair, of endless days, of confinement, of treatment meaning nothing, of nothing meaning anything. Nurses with their backs to the walls in a literal and metaphorical sense. Patients pacing, suddenly exploding, slyly manipulating. The patients in high security were painting chessmen. The colours? Black and white. What else?

At four o'clock the tour ends. The grey old sheepdog decides that his flock has had enough. It has. We sense too that the routine, humming in the background, has itself decreed that it is time to go. We drive through the gates into the countryside. Soon we have travelled farther than most of the patients have been in many a long day. The flat landscape provides a heady contrast to the world we have left behind of vertical planes, and enclosed spaces. From corridors out into the wide acres along the Trent.

Life in Rampton is crawling along a dark tunnel of unknown length. You have to keep crawling: it would require remarkable strength of mind or unremitting insanity not to, because there really is no choice. Carrots are dangled—faintly luminous in the dark and flickering from time to time—and encouragement administered by nursing screws who hand out prods and praise from their positions along the subterranean passage. After five years, ten perhaps—who knows?—a glimmer of light appears, and then it is possible to stop crawling and adopt a crouched posture. At the end is a very small exit through which you squeeze to step out into a dazzling confusing light. If you're lucky and extremely courageous, or blessed with insouciance or all three, you may learn to live outside the tunnel. You may find that whatever sent you into the tunnel will now cease to trouble you. In some dim, extinguished way you may be said to have been cured. Arsonists will not have seen a match since their adolescence. Rapists will not have been with an undefended woman. Perhaps, after all, our survivor from the labyrinth has learnt new habits, new ways of looking at things. Perhaps it's been more a question of growing up. Heaven knows, he will have had enough time for both.

[Patrick Wakeling is a consultant children's and family psychiatrist.]

'LA POLITIQUE OU LA POLITESSE?': A GLANCE AT OSBORNE MORGAN'S REVIEW OF LADY JEUNE'S 'LONDON SOCIETY'

by Allon White

IN odd moments of idleness when sitting in my study, I occasionally indulge a mischievous streak by placing together on the bookshelf two authors whose forced juxtaposition would—if they could but feel it—cause them hysterical outrage. It is mildly amusing to watch that thin, elegant volume of Hopkins' verse raise its closed eyes heavenwards in patient suffering as it is squeezed between a massive volume of *Das Kapital* at one shoulder and that vulgarly unbuttoned Joseph Heller at the other. I have become positively gleeful at the mere thought of Mark Pattison's *Angel in the House* swooning uncontrollably under the derisive howls, from Ms Kate Millett and Ms Sulamith Firestone breathing down on her from each side on the shelf. What would happen, I wonder, if I left the three of them together like that for years and years? Perhaps it would end in terrible violence, all three found one day with their jackets off, pages torn and spines bruised, an indistinguishable heap of paper pulp quivering into silence upon the shelf?

Given this brief insight into my imagination you can perhaps envisage the pleasure I had at discovering that, in the 15th Edition of *Men and Women of the Time* (1899) poor Lady Jeune, that implacable foe of the 'New Woman', the hater of active professional 'young gals' arranging anything more *outré* than petunias, finds herself sharing a page for ever (and it is a small, constricting sort of page at that) with the irrepressible Sophie Jex-Blake M.D., the famous feminist doctor, founder of the *Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women,* author of several books and later founder of the *London School of Medicine for Women.* Banned from taking her degree at Edinburgh, Sophie Jex-Blake bought an action against the University in 1872, which she lost, subsequently taking her degree of M.D. at the University of Bern (an altogether more enlightened institution) in 1877. I wonder what Lady Jeune and Sophie Jex-Blake mutter darkly to each other across the page when the library lights go out each night?

However, the juxtaposition of these two women condemned to share their opposed and contradictory printed lives for all eternity on the same page, is cause for more than passing amusement. A more perfect example of the two competing views on the role of women in the late 19th century could hardly be found. Lady Jeune (addresses: 79 Harley Street and Arlington Manor, Newbury) was well-known in the 1880's for her philanthropy and social brilliance and in her *Memoires* we get a clear picture of her as an exceptional Society hostess, rather formidable, witty and confident, a little as I imagine that awesome lady Mrs. Maud Manningham Lowder in Henry James's *The Wings of the Dove.* But it would be

quite wrong to think that Lady Jeune's dismay at the shocking behaviour of the young women of 1892 was the usual clucking disapproval of the drawing-room matriarch and nothing more. In fact, her clever sketch was one of many salvoes in the Victorian battle about the 'New Woman' which had flared occasionally in the 1870's and 1880's and reached its height in the 1890's. Indeed, the last decade of the Nineteenth Century saw articles and discussion in most magazines, newspapers and journals, addressing themselves to the question of 'Woman's Rights'.

It was perhaps the production of Ibsen's play *A Doll's House* in London, three years before Lady Jeune's article, which aroused considerable public controversy at the beginning of the decade. Lady Jeune was in fact doing little more than adding her own distinctive tone and her authority as a woman to a famous series of articles by Clement Scott in the *Daily Telegraph,* which waged war against the moral danger and shocking decadence of Ibsen's heroine, Nora. The debate was to reach its height in 1895 with the publication of Grant Allen's provocatively titled novel, *The Woman Who Did* (she did too) which was followed within months by a defiant riposte from 'Victoria Cross' extolling the superior virtues of *not* doing it, in a novel called *The Woman who Didn't.* Altogether the period literature of the 1890's is filled with the parry and riposte of pairs of combatants like Grant Allen and 'Victoria Cross', Lady Jeune and Osborne Morgan and, of course, Thomas Hardy and the Reviewers of *Tess of the D'Urbevilles.*

It was not by chance that *The Contemporary Review* seized upon Sir George Osborne Morgan to comment upon Lady Jeune's severe reprobation of the 'emancipated maiden' in 1892, for he was in every way a liberal champion, fit and equal to his lady opponent.* An ardent and fiery Celt, Osborne Morgan was a liberal M.P. for East Denbighshire and a man whose imaginative eloquence had been placed at the service of women's rights for many years. Probably his greatest success in Parliament—and something which married women ever since have some cause to applaud —was his struggle to establish The Married Woman's Property Bill, which finally became law in 1882. It was through this bill that a married woman salvaged some dignity as well as rights over marital property which, prior to the bill, had automatically passed to her husband. A young woman, Osborne Morgan reminded the House, became a wife only at the price of becoming a pauper. He was also anxious to improve the education of women and throughout his career did so in numerous ways, not least by helping to found the first women's hostel at Bangor College. We can therefore perhaps detect in his remarks about the improved education of young women a note of personal pleasure and pride in that he had materially supported its progress:

> If 'the girl of the period' is more given to pleasure, she is not only more 'attractive and original', but infinitely better educated in the best sense of the word. . . The modern maiden is to be met with on the fiords of Norway, on the steps of the Capitol or the Parthenon, on the top of the Great Pyramid, and

* *Contemporary Review,* Vol. 62, May 1882, pp. 85-91.

> even on the summit of Mont Blanc. . . She goes up to Girton or Somerville, takes the part of Antigone or Electra in a Greek play, pits herself against her brothers or her cousins in the Tripos or the Class List, and comes out 'above the Senior Wrangler'.

The voice which comes through these pages after ninety years is thus the engaging and *engagé* voice of the progressive Victorian Liberal, whose commitment to a cause does not prevent him from writing with graceful élan (which is perhaps no less than we expect from a winner of the Newdigate Prize and from a young man who at Oxford was named 'the poet'. For all his poetic ambition, however, it was his friend A. H. Clough who eventually claimed that title, and Osborne Morgan's only remaining association with poetry is his appearance in Clough's poem 'The Bothie' as Lindsay).

Towards the end of his article Osborne Morgan switches his attention to Lady Jeune's main object of attack, 'the Mammon worship of the age', and in this he finds a gracious way of introducing into his review a note of common agreement. Holbrook Jackson in his work on the Eighteen Nineties has drawn attention to the number of catch-phrases of the time using the word 'new': 'The New Woman', 'The New Realism', 'The New Unionism', but also 'The New Hedonism'. It is this last category, 'The New Hedonism', which both Lady Jeune and Osborne Morgan find deplorable, and it is instructive to see the converging of their attitudes towards the conspicuous consumption which became such a notable feature of *fin-de-siècle* Europe.

For Lady Jeune the fact that 'Wealth is the keystone of success in the smartest London Society' is a tragic indicator that this is the age of the vulgar *parvenue*. 'Good family' is being swamped by the *nouveau-riche* and preyed upon by the *arriviste*. Her concern is that breeding (she was after all Baroness of St. Helier, albeit only by marriage) was being superseded by cash as the criteria of acceptability in society. This was the period in which impoverished young English aristocrats were replenishing their family fortunes by allying themselves not only to the daughters of commercial manufacturers, but even to *American* commercial manufacturers! Sir Osborne Morgan, however, mounts his attack on conspicuous consumption *as such*. He reveals himself to be perfectly tolerant of what he calls this new 'class which has not only a much larger income to spend, but has much more leisure to enjoy it', but he abhors the flaunting of wealth which had become so evident in the 1890's. His attack is directed at the public and flashy aspects of the notorious 'nineties decadence'—that new dandyism which Max Beerbohm caricatured so well and which was not so much a foible of the *nouveau-riche* as a fashionable cultural style endemic in that 'London Society' which Lady Jeune wished to preserve. Hence the sting in the last paragraph of his article where London Society is condemned *tout court* as a vulgar clique and not merely lamented for having been contaminated by middle-class outsiders.

The amiable debating style of Osborne Morgan, (not so far removed from the tone of 'Any Questions') might well lead one to overlook the

intelligent reasonableness of his response to these two dominant social transformations of the 1890's: the emancipation of women and the gradual inclusion into the Victorian cultured *élite* of a new commercial class which brought with it a new attitude to consumption and social display. He possesses the attractive style of a man who combines toughness and toleration, and it might appear somewhat unfair to end by pointing out a detail of ambiguity in his feminism. However, it seems to me that despite all his progressiveness and goodwill towards women's emancipation, Osborne Morgan is not entirely innocent of that classic male chauvinism whereby women are supposed to fight for their rights but at the same time are never allowed to appear *impolite*. He envisages them as thoroughly modern *women* but at the same time never less than refined *ladies*—or 'if women are to become more like men' he would wish them to 'at least try to be like gentlemen'! He makes the point amusingly, but it is nevertheless a contradictory demand which even the most enlightened men still make of women today. One suspects that Osborne Morgan, on the basis of this attitude, would not have been able to understand the depth of violent struggle which within a few years of the publication of his article women were to have to make in order to obtain Suffrage. He is all too understandably a victim of his own liberalism, mistakenly thinking that the rest of male society is as enlightened as himself and that 'it is only a question of time' before women are admitted to political life in England. In the event it was to be another thirty years of bitter struggle, won eventually, by remarkable women who refused to be merely 'Ladies'.

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SOME BRITISH ORIGINALS

Exhibitions by Timothy Hyman and Cyril Fradan; Art of the Invalid Child

by Simon Passmore

AGAINST the overall blandness of the summer's largest exhibition at the Royal Academy, a number of smaller shows have distinguished themselves by their individuality. Timothy Hyman's exhibition at Blond Fine Art was such an occasion. Working in a broadly figurative mode which has been dubbed both 'academic' and 'primitive', Mr. Hyman's pictures are as far removed from the mannered compositions of popular figurative painters like Graham Ovenden and Peter Blake as they are from the purely abstract. It is intriguing to confront paintings at once so arresting and so difficult to assimilate—the very opposite, in fact, of the staple fare at the R.A. summer show.

The appearance of Timothy Hyman's pictures is blotchy, smudged and full of vivid colour. They have precisely that impulsive air of a particular moment suddenly caught which you see copied in tired and contrived paintings everywhere. If the historic moment has lost its popularity as a subject for art, the importance attached to the personal moment—the instant of a private knowledge—has grown steadily throughout the present century. In *Diogenes Searching for an Honest Citizen* Timothy Hyman presents such a moment: a great jumble of colour is used to suggest the awful impact an ordinary street can make on the observer in a rare moment of vulnerability to his surroundings. The misanthropy of Diogenes, blur-faced in his angular barrel, has burst out to illuminate every human walking by: the purple mask and bulbous nose of one man, another's hideous slobbering face and red checked clothes. A sneering pink caricature of a smile looms out at the viewer, a mummified figure clutches a bag, and on the far pavement more people jostle threateningly. The cynical vision of Diogenes has become, for a moment, our own, and the full weight of his horror gives the picture its remarkable authority.

Not all Mr. Hyman's paintings are so successful, and some of those taking mythical scenes for subjects lack the urgency of *Diogenes*. But his power of expressing the alien within the ordinary is clearly demonstrated in *Three Strange Birds*, painted on hardboard and scraped very thin. A group of three figures rises in a gentle arc, drawn together by nothing more than a shared oddness. These birds are actually human, more or less; each is an 'original', in the sense shared by Timothy Hyman himself, that they exist apart from the mainstream. Colours, here as elsewhere, are strong and at first rather repulsive. Yet the viewer's attention is not turned away but held by the genuine strangeness of the painting, its feeling of authenticity. There is no sense here of the arbitrary, so common in pictures which seize your attention only to fade into triviality when they receive it.

Another original is Cyril Fradan, who opened his house in Holland Park for a week or so to exhibit his paintings, sculpture and an intriguing tapestry woven to his design in Swaziland of Lesotho mohair. The design is of figures falling in a basket as though from a balloon, combining a vertiginous sense of gravity with smiling faces. The effect, a strange combination of leisure and panic, is characteristic. Most of the works displayed have a remote, detached air which resists the sort of appeal made by Timothy Hyman's work. Like Hyman, Cyril Fradan uses colour boldly, but usually moderated by this sense of restraint. The paintings and sculpture are untitled except under duress, and this serves to increase their suggestiveness and air of self-sufficiency. In one oil, a figure in white with black hair and a scarlet band is painted in profile before an arched window. Beyond, a purple sky and green trees further the atmosphere of withdrawn unfamilarity; but there is also a strain of robustness which prevents such pictures from appearing fey. And although Fradan's strong colours are not always successful, when they are the effect is compelling, as in his portrait of a purple-skinned young man painted against red and yellow horizontal stripes. Surrounded by an air of pervasive calm, his wide eyes and parted mouth draw and hold the viewer's attention.

The strength underlying Cyril Fradan's work is most evident in the sculpture, which takes advantage of the medium's solidity to move away from the figurative character of the paintings. Many objects seem to be struggling with their own form, varying in different details between the familiar and the abstract. One in particular writhes with energy: a blue sculpture some three feet tall, suggesting at the same time a man in armour, the bandages of an invalid and a cocooned chrysalis. At its head, a faceless mesh of bars forms the vizor of a savage helmet, while mechanical ball and socket joints sprout from the torso where legs might have been expected. I was reminded of the anachronistically armoured soldiers in Wyndham Lewis's painting *The Surrender of Barcelona* in the Tate Gallery; in each case you see the menacing spectacle of a human body turning itself into an abstract machine, exchanging curvature and gradation for lines, planes and vertices. This sculpture complements excellently Cyril Fradan's withdrawn, unfocused paintings of figures usually in pairs or groups: it is a concentration of all that they eschew.

Another exhibition on the fringe of London's recent shows was *Art of the Invalid Child,* held at the Commonwealth Institute. Much is sometimes made of the acute perception of children; yet what distinguished many of the pictures in this exhibition was rather a confident directness of approach. Like Timothy Hyman's *Diogenes* or Cyril Fradan's sculpture, *A Macaw* made by Andrew Dunn from tissue paper has nothing half-hearted or arbitrary about it. Its bright colours and strong tactile qualities are immediately attractive. So too with a startlingly expressive picture by Jennifer Gayle, thoroughly entitled *As Dick went to bed, there were rats running every where over his bed. Dick was very frightened of rats.* Others—for example *A Heron in the Reeds* by 'Peter', and *Horse*

in Autumn Colours by Tiffany Ward—showed that children are quite capable of using artifice in painting to good effect.

The strength of an image fixed by volition was demonstrated also by a principal figure in the mainstream of contemporary British painting, David Hockney. In *The Artist's Eye* at the National Gallery, a painting by Hockney called *Looking at Pictures on a Screen* was displayed next to the screen itself, complete with reproductions of Vermeer, Piero della Francesca, Van Gogh and Degas. Opposite the Hockney were the originals. In this fascinating display of artistic interrelationship, it was striking how Hockney had restored elements missing from the reproductions which he had copied. In particular, I noticed how a large blob of brilliant dark blue under the woman's breast in Degas's *Après le Bain* vanished in the print, only to reappear more emphatically in *Looking at Pictures in a Screen.* Has Degas's sense of that blue's necessity been echoed by the same sense in Hockney?

The Artist's Eye is a model for one kind of exhibition: small, carefully chosen, at once drawing the viewer in and making him reassess evaluations of familiar works. The opposite of the Royal Academy's summer show, which offered instead the pleasures of serendipity and amateur connoisseurship, this concentration of present and past masters showed the mainstream at its best, sharing with Cyril Fradan and Timothy Hyman the superiority of the necessary over the arbitrary.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE PLACE OF MEDICINE

The Unmasking of Medicine. Ian Kennedy. George Allen & Unwin. £8.95.

Modern medicine is under siege as never before. Ivan Illich in *Medical Nemesis* was, of course, the pioneer with his concept of iatrogenesis and his attack on the whole concept of medical mystique. Yet Illich's writings, though seminal to a high degree, lost much of their credibility by their abrasive style, their undue penchant for hyperbole, their all-too-obvious deficiencies *vis-à-vis* the facts of the case. For the medical establishment Illich was a sitting duck and they lost no time in pillorying, denigrating and showering him with opprobrium. They will have much greater problems with Ian Kennedy's *Unmasking of Medicine,* which, based on his Reith Lectures of 1980, is a much more controlled polemic, impeccably researched, clearly and succinctly presented.

We start with a discussion of the rhetoric with which medicine has assiduously invested itself. The treatment of illness, irrespective of cause and however hazy the definition of the term, is the province of the doctor. Yet about most 'illnesses' presented to him he can do little except palliate. He cannot assuage the pain of unhappy marriage on the verge of irretrievable breakdown, deal adequately with aberrant social relationships, make delinquent children law abiding, stop baby battering. But duty dictates that he must prescribe medication—especially tranquillisers, antidepressants and hypnotics currently running at approximately one-fifth of the total expenditure of the British National Health Service.

Throughout his book Kennedy constantly returns to the gratification which the doctor derives as the healer, the problem-solver, above all the white coated scientist working in a realm of knowledge and truth 'light years away from the barber and the bleeder of the past.' Yet much of this is, of course, illusory. The destruction of the captains of the men of death, the emasculation of numerous infectious diseases which ravaged the planet and caused the death of millions was due to a very limited extent to strictly medical intervention. Instead better housing, improved sanitation, more adequate nutritional standards for the majority of the populace must take the credit. The sulphonomides, penicillin, streptomycin, the host of antibiotics which now permeate our profession were notable and praiseworthy discoveries. But their role in eliminating disease must always be kept in perspective.

Kennedy has no doubt in his own mind that modern medicine has taken the wrong path. Doctors represent only 7% of the NHS work force, nurses 43%. Yet the reins of power and the dispensation of money and resources are decisively in the hands of the former. Little wonder then that as nurses broaden their vision and horizons and are no longer prepared to be regarded as mere handmaidens to medical staff the confrontation between the two major caring professions tends to increase.

There has been far too much concentration on the building of hospitals. These are the 'epitome of the problem solving, the disease orientated scientific engineering approach'. Hospital doctors tend to regard themselves as an élite, the leaders of the profession, the custodians of the future. Yet general practitioners deal with over 90% of complaints taken to the medical profession

and that figure is likely to increase as the century proceeds. In industrialised countries with our grossly inflated living standards and societies dominated by materialistic considerations we can often afford large hospitals. But the Third World certainly cannot and we must accept considerable culpability for inflicting upon them a similar hospital-orientated mentality in which high technology, however ineffectual as regards cure, is the god, the holy grail of Sir Galahad, the ticket to success, the lynchpin for the illusion of progress and modernity.

Preventive as opposed to curative medicine receives its due accolade. Kennedy stresses as many before him have done that the causation of most diseases (particularly the major killers, coronary thrombosis and cancer) lies in the environment. Our dietary habits are often appalling; cigarette smoking is a major *deus ex machina;* we drink far too much, our carnage on the roads is nothing short of an obscenity. Yet the barons of industry still dominate and we continue to be bombarded by the 'multimillion pound anti health-forces' in the form of tobacco, alcohol, food industries and motor manufacturers.

'Let's kill all the lawyers' is the title of a provocative chapter. The main theme embodies the ethos of consumerism and it is heavily larded with ethical considerations. Ralph Nader in the USA is duly lauded for his spectacular success against General Motors; the thorny question of the relationship of lead levels in the environment to health receives attention. What about medical research? Should it really have reached its current pinnacle of approbation? Or would it not be more realistic to predict that it is 'over the hump', that significant breakthroughs in the future will be few and far between, that the era of heroic discovery has gone forever? In these issues of transcendent importance the lawyer's voice should be heard more frequently. The USA has led the way here; perhaps we in Britain would do well to follow her exemplar.

Kennedy's book has aroused the expected squeals from more traditional doctors. 'Let him come to the clinic and really see what we have to do' said one. Another went so far as to accuse him of 'unashamedly expousing the collectivist philosophy popularised by Marxists'. Yet Kennedy rather than these practitioners of the healing art is in tune with the tides of contemporary history and it can only be hoped that his erudite and provocative treatise will in the long term have some influence on a medical establishment which remains hierarchical, complacent and unashamedly determined to preserve the *status quo.*

JOHN A. LORAINE

GENIUS OF LEADERSHIP

Winston Churchill. The Wilderness Years. Martin Gilbert. Macmillan. £8.95.

The public owes a great debt to Martin Gilbert for producing this short book, 268 pages, in association with the I.T.V. series which millions of people have been seeing on successive Sunday evenings. Hitherto, the bulkier or more expensive volumes have had, of necessity, a more limited audience. This more concise account of Churchill's long period out of office 1929-39 lacks nothing; photographs abound; apt quotations are insinuated into the text; the sources and index are impeccable.

Robert Hardy as Churchill and Sian Phillips as Clementine have given wonderful performances on the screen. Neither bears much physical likeness to their assumed characters, but their acting stamps them forever as first-class

performers. I saw enough of Churchill, both in the House of Commons and outside, to feel his own presence on the screen.

At this point I must raise a more general question on the dangers of television history. The impression given in this Churchill series of Sir Samuel Hoare and Sir Thomas Barlow falls far away from the truth. Sam Hoare was once my boss, when I was Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and Barlow was a man of integrity and culture whose Knighthood was given for many public services, especially in Manchester. The film leaves many people with the impression that between them they cooked the books. One must add, that in spite of all the admiration that most of us feel towards Winston Churchill, he could be a bully; obviously he was an important witness before the Committee of Privileges, but against the advice of his friend, Sir Terence O'Connor, he bitterly attacked the report of the Committee.

The remarkable, perhaps unique, characteristics of Winston Churchill was his industriousness, his power of penetrating false or pompous argument and his magisterial oratory. In Martin Gilbert's pages the reader observes the slow but complete realisation by the British people, the Laskis and Kingsley Martins, as well as the Baldwins and Attlees, that here was a genuis, the only man to match the hour of 1940. It was not always so; it was not so during the abdication of Edward VIII. But, month after month, Winston's case on the German re-armament issue won over members of all parties. He took infinite trouble to make sure of his facts, aided by Ralph Wigram of the Foreign Office, Desmond Morton and many others. At the same time he was completing his *Life of Marlborough, Great Contemporaries, Arms and the Covenant* and innumerable articles in British and American journals. It is odd that, even after Eden's resignation, Beaverbrook (of all people) accused Churchill of supporting a 'violent, foolish and dangerous campaign of driving Britain into war.'

I finish this brief review with a quotation from Churchill himself in 1939: 'The glory of old England, peace loving and ill-prepared as she was but instant and fearless at the call of honour, thrilled my being and seemed to lift our fate to those spheres far removed from earthly fact and physical sensation.'

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE IRISH BACKGROUND

The Personality of Ireland: Habitat, Heritage and History. E. Estyn Evans, Blackstaff Press, Belfast. £3.95.

This book is substantially a revised edition of the hard-back version of Professor Evans's Wiles Lectures, given in the Queen's University, Belfast, and first published in 1973. The Wiles Lectures have as their purpose 'to promote the study of the history of civilisation and to encourage the extension of historical thinking into the realm of general ideas'; and few people can be better qualified to do this than Professor Evans who, while disclaiming the title of historian (or at all events of the kind of historian who concerns himself with kings and battles), is a geographer, anthropologist and archaeologist. His experience of Ireland has been long and intimate: he established the Department of Geography at Queen's in 1928, and on his retirement and election to an Emeritus Professorship, he was appointed Director of the University's Institute of Irish Studies. He is also well-known for his work in connection with the establishment and running of the Ulster Folk and Transport Museum in Cultra.

To the general reader for whom this paperback edition is designed, Professor Evans's background—despite its breadth—may seem formidably academic; and indeed the first chapter, which discusses various approaches to history and prehistory, related academic disciplines, and what each can offer to the others, is certainly academic and perhaps necessarily so. But this is not true of the book as a whole, which has much varied material to offer the general reader; and for those concerned with Ireland's past, present and future, it is of absorbing interest and, in my view, is indispensable reading.

Although his references move, with characteristic humour, into the anomalies of modern Irish politics and political myths, nationalist and other, his main concern is to reveal the 'personality of Ireland' through the past, through the environment as a factor in human history; through what the land itself and ancient remains and customs can tell us of the men and women who came to Ireland in successive 'invasions'; and of how they changed the land and were changed by it. He is gently ironical about the 'pious nationalists who see Ireland as a God-given island which was predestined to be the home of a single nation.'

Professor Evans writes with the authority of one who has seen for himself. On many a past field trip, he has lived in the remote west of Ireland in cottages apparently little different (to judge from neolithic excavations) from dwellings built thousands of years ago; he has dug the fields and helped with the harvests, and used the ancient tools of the rural Western World. It was from this book—and from a sketch by the author himself—that I learnt what precisely a 'loy' was: that weapon wielded so ineffectually by Synge's Playboy.

One of the most interesting parts of the book is an appendix based on Lord George Hill's *Facts from Gweedore*, an account of the peasantry in the north west of County Donegal shortly before the Great Famine, and of an attempt to alleviate their plight by reforming the rundale system and various deep-rooted customs which were seen as causes of their poverty. It is also perhaps the most sobering part. As the author remarks,

> *Facts from Gweedore* is also a revealing exposure of an apparently irresolvable clash of cultures . . . The techniques of resistance to authority and 'reform', the withholding of rents, the appeals for American support, the stone-throwing and other acts of violence, the war of words, the two views of Ireland and the differing interpretations of truth: all this, transferred to an urban setting, is with us in Ulster today.

Even so, a deep impression left by the book is that Ireland's 'personality' is enriched by the diversity, perhaps even by the clash, of her cultures. It was 'cultural diversity and cross-fertilisation between Pagan and Christian that brought into being . . . Ireland's greatest cultural achievements . . . : the Books of Durrow and Kells, the Ardagh chalice, the great Celtic monasteries and countless works of art and architecture', Professor Evans tells us, and if the Ireland of the future achieves unification only by sacrificing that diversity, one feels it would be the poorer.

My enjoyment of this lively book was increased by the author's straying from his—admittedly multi-disciplinary—field into my own: he quotes from Carlyle, Wordsworth, W. H. Hudson, Spenser, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Leavis—not to mention Patrick Kavanagh ('we tell the truth whenever a lie won't fit in') who is not quite my field. But I can imagine other readers too (certainly naturalists) meeting Professor Evans on their own preserves; for his world happily has no boundaries.

The illustrations in this paperback edition are an invaluable help for the general reader, for whom a little more might still have been done: a short

glossary would have been welcome; for, even though an unfamiliar term is first clarified by explanation or context, subsequent references can be puzzling. And for the general reader, as for all others, footnotes are incomparably more convenient than notes at the end of the book. ROY MORRELL

A NEW STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

New Poems by Shakespeare. John Padel. The Herbert Press. £9.95.

There is something about the exegesis of Shakespeare's sonnets that drives critics into extreme statements, hot for certainty. When Dr. A. L. Rowse, adamant in his entrenched Southampton position, edited *Shakespeare's Sonnets* (Macmillan, 1964), one reviewer, Christopher Ricks, commented that 'he thrasonically offers venerable hypotheses as if they were new certainties.' Dr. Padel's startling and mischievous title is only just redeemed by its sub-title, 'Order and Meaning Restored to the Sonnets'. His book is bifurcate—first, his discussion chapters, and then the sonnets re-ordered, scarcely recognisable, arranged in groups of four (tetrads), three (triads), and two (pairs). He claims a high standard of probability that the new pattern is Shakespeare's original form.

Questioning of the 'Q' order, (the first edition of 1609 in a small quarto book) is not new, and Dr. Padel tells us that over thirty editions which alter that order have been published in the last 150 years; Sir Dennis Bray, in 1925 and later, was the first to offer a reconstruction on linguistic grounds, making each new sonnet pick up the rhyme or last key-word of the preceding poem. Chambers and Dover Wilson had first put up the hypothesis of sets of four, and, inspired by them, Dr. Padel worked backwards from the later sonnets to the earlier. This approach was natural to him as he jokes excellently, because he is a psychotherapist. He is a William Herbert man, and, applying Dr. Rowse's maxim that history is all in unlocking the sonnets, has correlated the Herbert-Sidney papers and other contemporary material with suggested dates of the sonnets. He puts them between 1597 and 1606, which is later than is required for the William Hatcliffe theory and for the Southampton theory, against which Dr. Padel has some strong and original arguments.

The Padel theory is that the sonnets were commissioned by William Herbert's parents, in the first place to persuade him to marry, in four groups of four with an epilogue, for his seventeenth birthday. Other 'sets', especially for birthdays, followed. They were written for recitation by Shakespeare. The entire undertaking begins with an 'extempore performance' (then fashionable) in April 1597 at Wilton House, during which, in Dr. Padel's elaborate imaginary scenario, Shakespeare is challenged by the Earl and Countess of Pembroke to prove his poetic mettle. We have thus, as Proem, 'Those lips that Love's own hand did make' followed by, as a pair, the two traditional outsiders, the last two in 'Q'—'Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep.' and 'The little love-god, lying once asleep,' both adaptations of the same Greek epigram, *translated aloud by Lady Pembroke.* Two extempore pairs follow, the last made up amazingly of 'Q' 129—'Th'expense of spirit in a waste of shame' and 'Q' 146—'Poor soul the centre of my sinful earth'.

Dr. Padel's versions take the anguish out of the sonnets, launder them, wash out the passion. Shakespeare's feelings for the fair youth were not homosexual. The 'betrayal' of the fair youth with the Dark Woman was arranged by Shakespeare's introduction at the request of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke in order to 'initiate' their reluctant son. There was shame, but it was not such a torment. The worst pain is for the death of his own, not patronal son, Hamnet.

The jumbling of Shakespeare's order was (Dr. Padel argues) a deliberate act by the Countess of Pembroke to conceal the way in which his own parents had connived at William Herbert's sexual awakening, and also to conceal the 'contemptuous ill manners' with which he was prone to treat the actor-poet. Publication, under copyright law, prohibited further revelatory editions.

Unfortunately, there is no direct evidential proof of Dr. Padel's connections —whether based on historical data or on linguistic linkages. They amount to a tissue of circumstantial evidence—and none the worse for that—but Dr. Padel will insist on overstating his case. It is not necessary. On the one hand he allows that the movements of Shakespeare are not known, but also applies a logic which is unacceptable in this field of literary research and commentary: 'The laws of probability guarantee that the tetrads are an aspect of Shakespeare's original design,' and 'There is an immense probability against there being any second way of arranging 124 sonnets in sets of four; that is the degree of certainty that the man who wrote the sonnets designed and made the tetrads.'

It cannot possibly be objected that Dr. Padel—a Tavistock Clinic psychoanalyst, no less—has adopted so intrusively psycho-analytical an approach as to render his work closed to assimilation by those outside his discipline. Plainly, he did not wish to limit his readership. His book is recommended as an intellectual exercise. One needs one's own copy of the sonnets, in 'Q's' order, and as an antidote to his often breath-taking assumptions, some kind of more orthodox crib, such as, indeed, Dr. Rowse's plain paraphrases. The alarming-looking 'indexes' are merely a simple key to correlate Padel order with 'Q' order. A general index would not have some amiss!

Although much of Dr. Padel's argumentation will strike many readers as far-fetched—and one feels that the 'New Poems' will never catch on—his detailed commentaries on individual sonnets are always interesting and often illuminating. In the final analysis, however, we are all forced back upon a subjective position. How can we accept, say, that 'All this makes it utterly unlikely that the Dark Woman series is the record of an experience already lived or being lived.'? Every fibre of our poetic sensibility must reject such perverse dislocation. Nor will Dr. Padel scoff at the concept of 'poetic sensibility'; he is deeply committed to the idea that 'the artistic whole, the poetry, comes first.'

MOLLY TIBBS

ANTHOLOGY OF THE WEST COUNTRY

The West Country Book. Edited by J. C. Trewin. Webb and Bower. £7.95.

The word 'anthology' comes partly from the Greek *anthos* or 'flower'. Anthologies, in fact, are posies or personal choices in which the chooser must weigh his own preferences against what he believes to be the preferences of other people. J. C. Trewin, doyen of contemporary dramatic critics, has achieved an admirable balance. This view is shared by HRH the Prince of Wales, *ex officio* Duke of Cornwall, whose short preface says:

> Mr. Trewin's book provides a splendid collection of some of the best writings on the West Country . . . I am particularly pleased that the proceeds of this book will be given to the Exeter Cathedral Preservation Trust, of which I am proud to be President.

The book contains poems by Hardy, Charles Causley and Laurie Lee. Writing in prose, Christopher Fry claims a Wessex ancestry, though he never lived there except as a visitor: 'Seventy years of inconstancy to the West Country, no doubt, but my love for it never interrupted.'

A reader seeks and finds the household names: Eden Phillpotts (describing a village concert on Dartmoor), A. L. Rowse (proving that his fiction is as adroit as his historiography), Jane Austen (taking the waters at Bath), Thackeray (on a West Country theatre), Evelyn Waugh (laughing at his own Combe Florey mansion), and the incomparable Quiller-Couch, sometime Mayor of Fowey (with a jewel from his diadem of Cornish tales).

Nothing, then, from Blackmore of Exmoor, from Herrick of Dartmoor, Newbolt of Aisholt, Barnes of Winterborne Came, Coleridge of Ottery St Mary and Nether Stowey? Mr. Trewin names them, but reminds us that a posy is not a florist's shop. In any event, who will complain when the *dramatis personae* include W. G. Hoskins (a moving piece on the decline of the country gentry), Henry Williamson (descanting on his home near the North Devon coast), and Betjeman's light verse (church, cultivated suburbia, and a tram-car).

Since John Trewin was born and bred at the Lizard, it is fitting that his own modesty has agreed to allow him to include a memoir of delectable years in a delectable duchy. As Q remarked, in another context: 'That man can write!' Witness the brief nightpiece at Helston railway station:

> Out quickly now, under the oil lamps that burned a smoky primrose, through the station yard warm with voices, and into the jingle, or pony-trap, where our driver waited to flick his whip and send us swinging into the dark.

This anthology is enhanced by several coloured plates. I liked especially the snowscape at Widecombe-in-the-Moor, the swan-plied harbour at Kingswear, and Constable's Weymouth Bay. The richness of this posy is proven by the fact that a reviewer almost forgets to mention such flowers as Daphne du Maurier, Agatha Christie, Colin Wilson, Winston Graham, Sean O'Casey. *N'importe*: Mr. Trewin has caught the spirit of Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all those others for whom the West Country is indeed the bright land.

J. H. B. PEEL

SHORTER REVIEWS

Operation Thunderbolt (Hale £8.25). In his latest book, Peter G. Cooksley goes through in considerable detail the escape in February 1942 of the German battleships, Scharnhorst and Gneisnau, and the battle cruiser Prinz Eugen from Brest through the English Channel to Wilhelmshaven. Hitler had become obsessed with the belief that the Allies would invade Norway and insisted on the movement of these capital ships, against the advice of his naval staff. He took the view, and in the event correctly, that a daylight passage, with adequate cover, would provide surprise and dislocation to the enemy. With researched material from both sides, Mr. Cooksley describes vividly the course of the struggle during less than 24 hours on the 12-13th February in very bad weather conditions. He discusses with great particularity the efforts of the RAF, the Royal Navy and the Army at Dover to halt and destroy the three ships. It is a story too of immense dedication, courage and sacrifice. Surprise, lack of proper co-ordination within and between the services, insufficient preparation and inadequate higher command all appear to have contributed to the humiliating defeat. As a study in depth, this volume would have greatly benefited from annotated references to the particular sources governing the detailed events described. There are reproduced a number of excellent photographs from both British and German sides.

Paradigms Lost Reflections on Literacy and Its Decline. (Chatto and Windus. £9.95). This admirable volume contains a series of essays by John Simon, written in America, touching upon 'some major and minor abuses of the English language'. It is a powerful defence of the use of Standard English, written with humour and a delightful lightness of expression. It is a serious study with numerous examples of bad English and the consequential sloppiness of thought and expression. He is not so much concerned with minor errors 'that we all fall into from time to time even if we know better' as the ignorance or defiance of good English. In one essay he describes the view of language as a living and growing organism as 'largely nonsense. Language, for the most part, changes out of ignorance'. This is, of course, extremely controversial; and in a later essay, he concedes: 'of course language is, and must be, a living organism to the extent that new inventions, discoveries, ideas enter the scene and clamour rightfully for designations. Political, social and psychological changes may also affect our mode of expression, and new words or phrases may have to be found to reflect what we might call historical changes.' He also acknowledges that slang terms may in some cases become permanent part of the language. He argues for the maintenance of grammar and syntax in the use of speech as well as in writing. This is all in aid of clarity of mind and communication. The sad conclusion is that this book is least likely to be read by those who need it most. Perhaps a paperback edition might help in this.

The Second Bedside Book (Windward. £7.95). This is Julian Shuckburgh's second bedside book, his first having been published successfully about two years ago. In this new anthology there are forty-four authors represented in just over 250 pages. 'Once again the aim has been to make selections from recently published books by some of our best writers, while at the same time resurrecting a few older or classic poems and stories'. He goes back to Francis Bacon's lovely and delicate description of flowers in Of Gardens. There is both verse and prose. Mr. Shuckburgh is particularly pleased at the inclusion of Virginia Woolf's mother, Julia Stephen. Her extract, Crumbs in Bed, comes from Notes from Sick Rooms privately printed in 1883 and recently re-issued. He also refers especially to the inclusion of two poems by Charlotte Mew, whose poetry is not widely known. The poems are Fin de Fête, admired by Thomas Hardy, and The Farmer's Bride. No doubt this collection will be widely appreciated, but not so much as a bedside book. Indeed, some pieces are likely to keep the reader awake, as for example the dramatic story of the girl nearly drowned, from Iris Murdoch's In the Sea.

The Pagan Carols Restored (381 Marine Road, Morecambe, Lancs. £3 plus postage) offers challenging suggestions as to the origins and authenticity of some of the best-known Christmas carols. Briefly, and with commendable clarity, Norman Iles presents his case to prove that they were in reality pagan ditties 'doctored' by zealous monks during the fifteenth century to fit the requirements of Christian worship. He provides convincing proof of his contentions by printing the 'restored' or original versions alongside the songs and refrains now an integral part of Christian worship and festivity.

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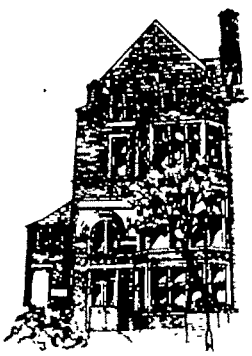

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incorporating The Fortnightly

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SOUTH AFRICA AND THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY

by Esther Roberts

'WHOM the gods wish to destroy they first make mad,' said the Ancient Greeks, and one wonders to which of the countries of the modern world this is applicable.

All attempts to evaluate the situation in South Africa and its contacts with the International Community are so contradictory, so distorted by propaganda and double standards, that it is impossible to come to any conclusion as to what they want and what South Africa should do. Authorities contradict one another, politicians make scathing speeches which, we are told in private, we must discount because they are merely rhetoric. No matter how fantastic the story, if told by a Black leader it is accepted without question. The United States and the West do not want Russian domination of the world but they want South Africa to hand South West Africa to SWAPO and allow Sam Nujoma to establish a Communist State there. SWAPO was formed in Cape Town in 1958 and has remained a communist-backed movement ever since.

The Black States approach the West with a begging-bowl in one hand, and a Russian-made pistol in the other, and the West trembles for fear of offending them. When Kaunda and Zambia called Britain, 'a bulldog without any teeth', the British bulldog bared its toothless gums and grinned while British MPs referred to Kaunda as a 'great and good man'. Nigeria is one of South Africa's fiercest critics but neither the Nigerians nor the International Community condemn the fact that 75% of the wealth of the country is controlled by 10% of the population. South Africa is justly condemned for callously removing the squatters and sending them to the Homelands. But when Nyerere sent in his troops to burn down the villages of his people so that they were forced to move because of his 'Collectivism', no word of protest was uttered by the United States or the West. Andrew Alexander of the *Daily Mail* pointed out that 'it was only some months after this wicked act was known that President Nyerere paid a state visit to Britain and was fêted by the Queen and Cabinet and was given a standing ovation at a Lord Mayor's Banquet.'

At the end of 1980 the General Assembly of the United Nations passed 18 resolutions which were virtually a demand for the total destruction of South Africa. Not a single Black Nation abstained. Trade with South Africa by the Black States in 1980 had risen to R1,000 million. Several

economic commissions had warned the Black Nations that it would be impossible to impose sanctions against South Africa because they were so economically dependent on her. What will happen if South Africa is destroyed? Does Russia wish to see conflict which will lead to the destruction of her strategic ports and mines? Is there truth in the story that Russia has made secret overtures to South Africa? Is it true that Russia is faced by insoluble problems, as a brillant French author claims in her book, *L'Empire Eclaté,* (The Exploded Empire). If the book, is as important as the reviewers say, why do we not hear more about it?

The questions and contradictions are endless but the great truth enunciated by Lord Palmerston and repeated by Churchill, that 'a country does not have friends, only common interests', does much to explain some of them.

The Soviet Union has always dreamed of world domination, but it did not turn its attention to Africa until the late fifties and early sixties when it was obvious that the Colonial Powers, Britain France and Belgium, were preparing the way for chaos by handing back their former Colonies to the indigenous peoples without having educated them or taught them how to exercise the powers of government.

The Russian Master Plan for the defeat of the Free World by depriving it of the strategic non-fuel minerals without which a modern industrialised country cannot exist, was drawn up by experts, but is believed to be chiefly the work of Dr. Vassily Grigorevich Solodovnikov, one of the most brilliant men in Russia. Michael Nicholson, who is recognised as one of the world's leading foreign correspondents, says the plan was code-named 'Red Saddle'.

> It consists of a 'Red Saddle' spanning Africa from East to West, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, thus effectively dividing the Continent into three separate entities: Arab-Africa north of the 10th Parallel, then a central bloc of Soviet Socialist Republics, stretching south to the Tropic of Capricorn, and then the land mass of the Republic of South Africa, isolated and ready for revolution.

Geologists call the heavy mineralised region which stretches from Shaba Province in Zaire southwards to the Transvaal, 'High Africa', and Central and Southern Africa between them contain the major part of the world's supply of non-fuel minerals as well as vast deposits of coal. In Shaba Province there is 75% of the world's supply of cobalt and there are further deposits in Zambia. In 1980 the United States imported 93% of its cobalt which is used for jet engines, nuclear-propulsion systems, high-speed cutting tools and synthetic fuel production. The most important of the strategic minerals, according to most experts, is chromium, although James Santini considers manganese more important. There are only three deposits of chromium known: South Africa has 81%, Zimbabwe 15% and Russia 4%. When sanctions were imposed on Rhodesia/Zimbabwe, chrome was exempt.

It is ironic that if manganese, vanadium and platinum cannot be obtained from South Africa, the only other supplier is Russia. James Santini, who headed an American Congressional delegation which visited South Africa in January 1980, drew up a report to be submitted to the

United States Congress and Administration. He wrote:

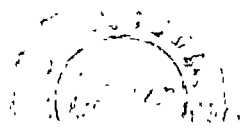
> If South Africa and its mineral riches, especially manganese were to become dominated by an adverse power the entire West could be brought to its knees within six months.
>
> Manganese is South Africa's most strategic mineral and she has about 78% of Free World production. The Soviet has some 17%. There is no adequate substitute for manganese in steel making and the United States is practically 100% import-dependent in manganese.

Senator Harry Byrd had warned the Carter Administration that conflict in Southern Africa was not a struggle for national liberation between the forces of good and evil. It was a war for resources and strategic position.

There seems to be some doubt as to whether the Russian aim is to establish an African Empire or merely to deny the vast store of strategic minerals and ports to the industrialised nations. Gene H. Hogberg in an article, 'World Crisis Over Minerals' in *The Plain Truth,* October 1980, outlines Russia's foreign policy and more or less, corroborates the Soviet 'Red Saddle' plan. It consists of conquering key countries along the African coast to deny harbour facilities to the West. Of the fifteen main harbours of the African sub-continent, six are in South Africa. 'Cut the Continent in half with an East-West band of Soviet Republics from the Indian to the Atlantic oceans, isolate strategic mineral resources in Southern Africa from the West, and dominate the Cape shipping lanes by establishing a Marxist Government in South Africa.' The Cape Sea Route is vital to the West. About 90% of NATO's oil supply and 70% of its essential non-fuel minerals pass within a few miles of Cape Town. But only 20% of the United States' supply of oil goes by this route. According to Fred Washkofsky, the United States is more dependent on the strategic minerals than it is on oil. It only imports 42% of its oil while it is obliged to import 22 of the 36 minerals most in demand for industry. Gene Hogberg considers the position even more alarming. He quotes Harry Gray, Chairman of United Technologies Corporation, a major United States defence contractor, who says that the United States is self-sufficient in only 5 of the 27 most essential minerals whereas the USSR is self-sufficient in 21 of the same minerals and in none are they more than 50% dependent.

In November 1980 Prime Minister P. W. Botha told foreign correspondents that South Africa would retaliate by withholding strategic minerals if sanctions were imposed against her over the South West African issue. Dr. Michael Hough, Director of the Institute of Strategic Studies in Pretoria, reacted to this challenge and warned him that the United States had declared publicly that it would intervene in Saudi Arabia, one of the chief suppliers of oil to the United States and the West, if supplies were threatened. If this happened, would Russia back South Africa? This does not make sense, but few things that have happened in Africa in recent years, do make sense.

Since Independence, Africa has steadily declined. After eleven major wars and fifty-three coups, it has more than half the refugees in the world. A quarter of the inhabitants of the Black States suffer from malnutrition and in some parts of East Africa they are dying at the rate of 600 a day.



Maladministration and corruption are rife and, when emergency supplies are sent in, more often than not they are stolen. To quote from a 'Special Report' by David Braun, published in the March 1981 issue of *The South Africa Foundation News:*

> In South Africa where the Black people in terms of human rights are often better off than elsewhere in Africa (certainly they are not worse off) the average standard of living is seven times higher than in the rest of sub-Equatorial Africa.

He also says that food production has dwindled by 15% since 1965 and the UN's Economic Commission for Africa predicts that by the end of the century, the agricultural self-sufficiency of Africa will have declined by 65%. South Africa is one of the six countries of the world able to export food. Of the fifty-three countries of Africa in 1980 only South Africa exported food in large quantities. Zimbabwe is the only other African country which exported food and this year has had a bumper maize crop. David Braun says that in recent years South Africa has been able to export 20% of its food production, feeding not only its immediate neighbours but even its most ardent critics deep into the Continent. Some Black States, such as Nigeria, Kenya and Tanzania, conceal the source of their supplies:

> Food sent via Maputo harbour bears no trace of its origin, while in the case of Nigeria, the goods are transferred from one vessel to another so that no ship fom Cape Town can be seen calling at Lagos.

Russia has had some failures but many successes in putting the 'Red Saddle' plan into effect. The American experts on Russia, Peter Vanneman and W. Martin James III, in an article, 'Soviet Strategy in South Africa' in the July 1981 issue of *South Africa International,* say that the Soviets have created three relatively new government structures to deal with South Africa and that there is a special section of the African Institute of the USSR Academy of Sciences that deals with the 'liberation questions.' The largest section of INU, a department of the KGB, dealing with propaganda is the one for Southern Africa. Finally, one of the three sections of the Soviet foreign ministry dealing with Africa focuses exclusively on Southern Africa. They hardly deal with Solodovnokov, whom Michael Nicholson, the TV journalist, and diplomats in Lusaka consider so important.

They merely say, 'Although apparently co-ordinating Soviet policy in Southern Africa, he was maintaining a very low profile.'

Vassily Solodovnikov was appointed Russian Ambassador to Zambia in 1976 and diplomats wondered why such an outstanding man had been given an apparently minor posting. He is the Kremlin's leading expert on African Affairs and had been called back to the Diplomatic Service after an absence of 12 years. He was a senior member of the KGB and had been appointed Director of the African Institute of the USSR's Academy of Sciences in 1964 and was Chairman of the Soviet African Friendship Association. In 1967 he led the Soviet delegation to the United National Economic Commission for Africa and in the same year he was Co-Chairman of the International Commission of Africanists in Dakar. He speaks at least four African languages and has visited many parts of the

Continent. How he keeps out of the news is a mystery. When he was recalled to Moscow in July 1981, the fact was mentioned briefly in the Radio News but not in the Press. He increased the staff at the Embassy at Lusaka to 45, many of whom were experts in aspects of African life. Lusaka is of strategic importance as a centre from which to direct southern and central Black Nationalist movements. He soon influenced Kaunda, who had been staunchly pro-West and had referred to Russia as a 'tiger' and the Cubans as her 'plundering cubs.' Kaunda then said of Russia 'We are friends again' and welcomed President Podgorny with open arms. Solodovnikov struck up a firm friendship with Joshua Nkomo and helped formulate the plans of the ANC of South Africa and SWAPO. He created the Katangese problems in Zaire and liaised the airlift of Russian weapons to Ethiopia.

In September 1977 I heard from Lusaka that Moscow, at the instigation of Solodovnikov, had made an approach to Pretoria and offered to establish friendly relations with South Africa. I dismissed the story as a fantastic rumour. Then I received *The South Africa Foundation News* for October. It carried the same story and quoted from *The Martin Spring South African Newsletter*. His information was the same as mine, except that he had no mention of Solodovnikov:

> There have been contacts between the Russian and South African Governments, at Moscow's initiative. That is a fact. What I cannot establish with certainty is what the talks have been about. According to one unofficial source the Russians have offered to change sides and accept the Republic as an ally if it will abolish all legalised discrimination (never mind if it continues informally), put Blacks in nominal positions of authority in the Government (Whites could continue to exercise the real power); and make a public gesture of acceptance of socialist principles, such as nationalisation of the gold mining industry.

Not a word of this appeared in the South African Press. The Government did not ban *The South Africa Foundation News* which is freely available to members and students of race relations. Nor, as far as I know, was anything done about the Newsletter. Without banning, or any kind of interference, the whole episode was kept secret. What did happen was that Andrew Young and Brzezinski, blissfully unaware of Moscow's approach, warned South Africa that Russia would react to her bannings of a number of people and societies. Some months later, in a letter to a British newspaper, I referred to the inefficiency of American Intelligence and said that Andrew Young and Brzezinski had made themselves ridiculous through their ignorance of the Russian affair. I was approached by two leading South African newspapers whose London offices had telexed them to interview me. A well-known journalist from one of them wrote a long article but not a word appeared in either newspaper. A few months ago I wrote a letter to an Independent Durban newspaper, whose editor is a great champion of press freedom, and asked why it had been possible to keep such interesting news from the public, but he refused to publish it.

Then the Sunday newspapers bore banner headlines of the report of BBC's Michael Cockerell in Panorama on 'Russian-South African contacts.' He had recognised Gordon Waddell at the opera in Moscow.

When asked what his business was, Waddell had replied that he was merely passing through. Gordon Waddell is one of the top men of the giant Anglo-American Corporation, the biggest multinational corporation in South Africa. It controls two-thirds of the mineral resources, including De Beers Diamond Mines, and is the biggest employer of labour in the country. He had represented the Progressive Federal Party in Parliament, but had resigned through pressure of work. Anglo-American supports the Progressive Federal Party and controls the Argus Group of English newspapers. Its influence is enormous. The visit of Waddell to Moscow caused a correspondent of *Handelsblatt,* in Munich, to interview Anatoli Gromyko, the son of Russia's Foreign Minister. He openly explained that 'the Soviet Union naturally had contacts with De Beers and CSO cartels and co-operated with it, which, nevertheless, was not to be confused with official government ties with South Africa.' When asked about Wadell, he said, 'We deal in diamonds and I do not know what passport the man had.'

The South Africa First Campaign advertised that its president, Brendan Willmer,would speak at a public meeting on a variety of subjects, including Pretoria's contact with Moscow, on April 18 1981. Although it was held at the City Hall in Durban, no newspaper reported the meeting. It is a very conservative group and I have not been able to check the information; I have had to rely on the few notes I made. Brendan Willmer alleged that there had been considerable trade with Russia. The Soviets had bought several consignments of wool, diamonds and phosphates. South African and Russian agents had met in London and they used the same lawyers and bankers. In March 1981 South Africa sold Russia 490,000 tons of phosphoric acid. He said that, according to its Paris correspondent, the Afrikaans newspaper, *Die Beeld,* alleged in its issue of January 5, 1981 that there was a secret axis between Moscow and Pretoria, which was being built up by trade. The correspondent said that Moscow would like to act as 'intermediary and protector of White South Africa.' The direct approach had annoyed France because she herself would have liked to act as intermediary between Russia and South Africa. Willmer said that he had heard that there had been a meeting in Mozambique at which Russia had offered to protect the Whites if they would create some form of multiracial government and form a mineral cartel with Russia. Moscow was anxious that there should be a stable White South Africa for the near future, provided she had access to her minerals.

The whole Russian approach sounds fantastic, but it should be remembered that after the Soweto Riots of 1976, Arnaud de Borchgrave wrote in *Newsweek* that a senior member of State Security had predicted that, eventually, South Africa would come to terms with Russia.

[Esther Roberts is a Foundation Member of the South African Institute of Race Relations.]

CHINA—THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD

by J. N. Patterson

NOISY processions of junks and the bustle of commerce on the Pearl River in Canton. Daffodils and almond blossom in the streets of Nanning. The bewildering maelstrom of thousands of bicycles negotiating the Kunming evening rush hour, putting life and limb at risk not only by day but also by night when no lights are carried and street lamps are conspicuous by their absence. Shaky three-horse-drawn carts jogging to market laden high with vegetables or with a vociferously protesting pig. The local magic man producing smaller livestock out of the air for the delectation of an admiring street corner throng. The blue-clad tide of humanity engulfing the Peking shopping centre. Journeys by train in spacious luxury coaches with hand-made lace headrests and attentive service, relishing at a gentle pace the ever-changing beauties of a magnificent countryside . . . a peasant woman in the kaleidoscopic colours of a minority people . . . the silver flash of a pond with the ubiquitous family of raucous ducks . . . a water buffalo wallowing luxuriantly in a paddy field . . . and everywhere glimpses of golden rice fields and valleys tunnelled in deep green.

All this makes China fascinating but it is the people who make it unforgettable. A marvelling crowd hems you in on the street eager to talk and offering valuable advice on what to see. The crowd stare unashamedly but without intended discourtesy while you do your shopping as if you were a new street performer just into town. Someone points out the novelty of your long nose to the unaffected glee of his companions. The laughing hotel lift boy, phrase-book at the ready, is anxious to practise his English. The exotic people of the autonomous provinces express their fierce independence and profound contempt for city ways. The women street cleaners of Peking with their long brooms and linen masks, each clearing the dust at her own intersection; the warmth of the reception at the Friendship Hotel, room service with a smile whether it be smoky coils to help ward off mosquitoes or soothing balm when the more tenacious ones get through.

Travel itineraries are firmly but efficiently controlled by the Chinese. You must go as a group because they like you in a group. They have a touching belief that everyone ought to enjoy themselves best that way. Certainly it gives them more scope for their superb hospitality, cooking for their big communal tables groaning with delicacies for twice or three times the number present. Hotel accommodation is plain and bare with hard beds and a paucity of sink plugs but nevertheless adequate for the short time they allow you to remain in it. For as a captive audience, you are expected to visit steel works, silk factories, jade and porcelain works, schools and universities and of course innumerable communes. All this is topped up for good measure at the end of a weary day by lengthy sessions at circus, opera, acrobatic shows, and of course the inevitable

magicians—magic being a national sport. However, although gruelling, the programme is never dull. A visit to one of the many enterprising irrigation schemes culminates in a majestic sight of the panorama of some great river. A visit to a commune not only reveals a remarkably well-planned use of resources with three crops a year (wheat, rice, maize) and efficient recycling (mulberry worm excreta for fish, fish for livestock) but also takes in the kindergarten doing their many-coloured masked dances and singing their well drilled welcoming songs. Calling in a commune home you glimpse the simplicity of family life on £400 a year with sparse furnishings, one or two treasured ornaments and maybe a radio set for which they've saved for years—a family which is part of a brigade in which 80% of the work is by primitive hand methods, where all except the very young and the very old must literally work or starve and yet where usually everyone has a job and seems adequately fed. Or the silk factory with a twenties loom technology where safety hazards made the hair stand on end but free medical services and creches are *de rigueur*. Finally, the university where the students are avid readers of Shakespeare and Dickens and equally avidly ask all manner of questions of western technology ('we need all your help against Russia'). And everywhere ceremonial introductory briefings accompanied by much mutual applause and interminable helpings of jasmine tea in covered pots adorned with beautiful hand-painted flowers.

Of course they want to show you the new China—all they have achieved since 1949, of which they are justly proud, and their way of doing things. They are less concerned about the old China, its temples, monasteries and treasures. Nevertheless for professed atheists they maintain their temples in good condition: the exhibition rooms at the Ming tombs and in the Forbidden City have unbelievable beauty in jade, gold, bronze and intricately fashioned jewellery: and the Wall is well on its way to becoming the Chinese Blackpool with mushrooming souvenir shops and ever-hopeful locals selling 'antiques'. All these spots are invaded by hordes of Chinese tourists, school visits and soldiers who seem to be permanently on leave.

However, one comes away far less impressed by these treasures and much more with the privileged glimpse of an active, cheerful people—a people with a well-developed sense of fun, a love of clowning and a genuinely warm interest in the foreigner and his ways.

The young couple courting on the seat in the Forbidden City showed that kissing in public is no longer scorned by everyone as bourgeois decadence. Pretty girls stroll the street in nylon stockings with slim and sometimes daring skirts. The new officially authorised sex manual proclaims the aim of stripping away the mystery surrounding love. Women who only thirty years ago were condemned to a servile existence—frequently crippled from foot-binding in childhood, bought and sold in arranged marriages—now work with the men in the fields and become bus-drivers and engineers in the cities. The all-pervading dull blue of the ocean of unisex suits is beginning to be relieved by splashes of colour.

And the red of the flags, of the massive slogans and of Mao's little book is less insistent. Statues of Mao himself have sometimes even disappeared and the streets are daubed with western-style posters. Education has been given new targets and schools have become more disciplined. The critical shortages of skills of all kinds is being tackled by ambitious training programmes for young people—on the understanding their their talents are to be used for social ends and not for the perpetuation of yet another intellectual elite. Wages have been stepped up for the low paid. A new legal code has been introduced. Consumer goods are becoming more plentiful although more expensive. Finally, trade with the foreigner goes on increasing and foreign know-how and investment will continue to be accepted—although they will wish to modernise in their own way and, wherever possible, by themselves.

All this is progress of a kind. On Mao's death, and under the aegis of the Gang of Four, educational standards had fallen. Mao's widow, Chiang Ching, had killed much artistic creativity. Many actors, writers and musicians had been sacked or sent to prison. There was a general cry from the people for greater liberty to voice their grievances, to remedy the wrongs done to them, to improve living standards and to be protected from arbitrary power. In spite of twenty years of violent change and intensive indoctrination Chinese people have kept their underlying cheerfulness and Chinese society its natural robustness. This is beginning to show itself in new literature, films, operas and fashions.

However, the changes are not fundamental and real change will come very gradually. China is such an alien society that it is difficult to get close to it—individuals are openly friendly and generous to a fault but the country itself remains distant. Yet some general observations are still possible. In Canton you may see no more than ten private cars in a whole day. The average monthly Chinese wage is about £12 and a television set would cost three months' pay. In the countryside the majority of people are untouched by the progress noticeable in the towns. There is ample evidence of disaffection, indiscipline, loss of party authority, crime and petty corruption. Inflation and unemployment cannot be disguised and the endemic natural catastrophes like flood and drought continue to strike some areas and impose real hardship on those still lucky enough to get one good meal a day. An interesting symptom of all this is the development of the free market in food. Workers from the communes frequently bring the produce from their private plots (generally one-sixth of their holding is theirs to do with as they wish) and sell it to the factory workers in the towns. They squat behind their rough trestle tables piled high with vegetables, meat, eggs and small bags of grain waiting for each shift to end. For the peasants it is ready cash, for the worker the chance to buy food which is either unavailable or of poor quality in the stage shops.

The euphoria which followed the fall of the Gang of Four has long since evaporated. The promises of rapid economic progress have been replaced by the admission that there is no easy answer to the fundamental

backwardness of the economy. Only able therefore to hold out the prospect of years of hard grind and pitifully slow improvement, the Party is struggling hard to regain its authority. Students laugh when you mention the Party. Government officials will confess that there are signs of social disintegration—complaining especially that the young are disrespectful and without beliefs or culture. Among the 26 million unemployed (including 10 million young people) there is particular unrest. Some of them have returned illegally from the country to the cities and are not entitled to ration cards or state help. Their pressure there has led to a rapidly increasing amount of theft and smuggling. Others compare their existence unfavourably with life in Taiwan and the West. Their yearning for the West is stimulated by the increasing contact of recent years and the young squander what little money they have on Coca-Cola and western-style clothes and music. The Government admits there is little chance of the state providing jobs for more than a fraction of the unemployed youngsters, but they have been brought up to expect jobs from the state and its failure to provide them has made them bitter and angry. And to have a job is particularly important in China where all work, however menial, is dignified—perhaps that is why, although there is often poverty, there is rarely squalor.

Others are looking to religion for the moral certainties once offered by socialism. The Government's new tolerance of religious observance has revived interest. Buddhist temples are thick with incense and Christian churches are attracting increasing numbers of young people. All this is a further indication of unease and dissatisfaction. In the factories strikes rarely occur but go-slows do happen. Trade union leaders, aware of growing disaffection, are seeking to improve living standards and are promoting a system of worker congresses—elected factory bodies to represent grievances to management. There is considerable scepticism about experiments of this kind. Indeed, some managements openly dub them political conspiracies and Party members are sometimes forbidden to participate. Alternatively, election lists may only comprise Party members and management themselves. In the same way some local political elections have produced confrontation in several universities when the authorities have tried to remove candidates favoured by the students.

There are some obvious similarities to the Polish situation in all this. Although it would be wrong to push the parallel too far there are the beginnings of the same feelings about living standards, working conditions and Party authority. China is in a state of transition from the simple truths of Maoism to the complex social realities of the modern world. And Peking is reacting in the old fashioned way. The eruption of the Democracy Movement in 1978 alarmed them with its free expression of political criticism. So Democracy Wall and its slogans were suppressed and the key leaders imprisoned. The Government stated that democracy was better expressed through elected bodies at state and enterprise level. But it is not just the Democracy Movement which is under attack but any sign of dissident organisation, and within the last month powerful penalties have been introduced for this as well as for crime. Of course

many of the older generation approve these moves towards greater discipline as a welcome sign of stability. They applaud the Party's appeals to the old socialist virtues—patriotism, loyalty, unity. But to the great majority of China's 800 million peasants issues like these are unimportant beside the daily problem of survival.

Much publicity was given to the Gang of Four in the western press. The show trial was indispensable in a country of 900 millions dispersed over vast areas with non-existent or rudimentary communications, very many of whom cannot read even the primitive newsheets which may come their way but all with the Chinese inherent sense of theatre and the efficacy of magic. A grand spectacle was necessary to discredit the Gang in the full glare of the public, but also as a warning to the Maoists and the Army generals who still support them that the new men were not going to stand any nonsense. Nevertheless the Gang never really had much chance. They never enjoyed mass support or even a real power base in the country as a whole. At the same time, although the importance of the Gang of Four has been exaggerated in the west, it is nevertheless true that the Party itself cannot yet provide convincing answers to the questions which beset China because it has been so deeply divided and is only now beginning to emerge very tentatively from these divisions.

Over the last few months its leaders have been locked in an impasse over a draft document called 'On the Resolution of Certain Questions'. Its purpose has been to explain the Party's mistakes since it came to power in 1949, to examine the role of Chairman Mao in those mistakes, to point the way towards the future and to clear the way for the election of a new Central Committee to guide China through the next painful years of readjustment. Agreement has been slow. Last year it seemed that Vice-Premier Deng Xiaping would be able to resolve the outstanding issues with little opposition—that is, away from Mao and towards closer links with the west. But in December of last year a backlash occurred within the party which sought to retrieve a major part of Mao's reputation as a revolutionary leader and to establish the primacy of his thought in the Party's guiding principles. The Party's document was extensively re-drafted to accommodate these different views. Meanwhile the Party was trying to re-establish its authority by methods bordering on the restriction of freedom. Among university students, for instance, the Government introduced compulsory political study and even planned to bring back political criteria for entrance to universities. Certainly many students complained about political surveillance of their activities and opinions. Campaigns were introduced to restore discipline in the manner of Mao. 'Speak respectfully', said the Party newspaper, 'speak of Culture and learn from Lei Feng' (a previously unknown soldier forever elevated by Mao as a paragon of the socialist virtues). But the young are more interested in a job than in Lei Feng.

Essentially there has been a momentous power struggle between the followers of Deng Xiaping and Hua Guofang. Both have adopted elements of Mao's philosophy that practice is the sole criterion of truth, the prime tenets being to proceed in all cases from facts and to integrate theory and

practice. Yet there were clear differences between the camps. Mao made Hua Premier in succession to Chou-en-Lai in preference to Deng in 1976 after the ruin of Deng's career following the massive anti-Maoist demonstration in Peking in April 1975. Hua then did well in tackling the devastating earthquake in Tangshan which claimed 700,000 lives. Significantly he also gave the oration at Mao's funeral service. Then he became Chairman of the Party and of the powerful Military Commission, which meant that with the Premiership of State Council he combined the three most powerful offices in a way even Mao had never done. With this clear-cut authority after Mao's death he tried to unite a confused and divided country and save it from the Gang of Four and from being torn apart by warring factions. The Hua following was moulded by Maoism. It retained its concept of the class struggle and self-sacrifice for a continuing revolutionary ideal. Their position was that Mao's principles had been distorted under Lin Paiou and the Gang of Four and should now be restored and reapplied. The Deng camp on the other hand—to which the majority of the old party generation belong—lived with Mao from the earliest days and saw and admired his achievements in the twenties and thirties. But they believe that his attempts at revolutionary innovation from the Great Leap Forward of 1958 through the Cultural Revolution and until his death were disastrous. The Deng camp was therefore readier to criticise the whole Mao period of power and, in particular, the political and economic disruptions for which they hold him responsible.

In party political terms this fundamental division expressed itself in who should be rehabilitated—again the crucial importance of theatre. In consequence the trial of the Gang of Four and the overdue Peoples' Congress were constantly delayed—should they or should they not hear about Hua's association with the Gang? What were to be the Party's considered conclusions on the cultural revolution and on Mao's mistakes?

More fundamental than these ideological and political differences was the overriding importance of getting the economy moving forward. With the evidence of Japan, South Korea and Hong Kong as examples of economic growth people were asking themselves why China had fallen so far behind. Both camps were equally committed to economic recovery but Hua's record in 1977 and 1978 came under strong attack. In 1978 he outlined to the Peoples' Congress no less than 125 major projects, including new coalfields, steel plants, oilfields, ports, railways, petrochemical complexes and the like. These were far beyond China's means, given inadequate management skills, poor communications and uncertain power supplies. The whole programme was unrealistic. Nevertheless, too many of these schemes went ahead, imports followed and massive foreign spending built up huge debts—and only too many disasters became apparent in 1979 and 1980. Equipment rusted unused for months: factories were built to no purpose: plants were overmanned with obsolete equipment and no power: waste and mismanagement were the order of the day. The three years of readjustment proclaimed in 1979 had to be extended well beyond 1982.

Clear indications of this economic morass can be gained from discussion with officials of the great State trading corporations. It is here that the fundamentally important decisions should be in process of being made, particularly on the use and allocation of foreign exchange and on joint ventures and licencing arrangements with foreigners. But the picture (frankly admitted in accordance with the new vogue of self-criticism) is one of a turgid bureaucracy moving very slowly: of wasteful duplication and petty strife between the Corporations and the Ministries for individual industries: of correspondence filed away to oblivion: of being passed on from one department to another to shelve responsibility. All invitations and visas for foreign businessmen to visit Peking come from these Corporations and they are sparingly given: only when they have a specific interest in a particular company or product built up through a personal relationship or perhaps through exhibition at the Canton Fair. Centralisation is absolute and the regional industrial bodies have no power to make decisions. There is little interest now in direct export from the west except for a few highly specialised products which China cannot make for itself. And only a vague interest in joint venture or licencing arrangements unless they are intended to move rapidly to full local manufacture, including all components and with full back-up in design data, tooling, and training. It is significant also that this interest is rarely concerned with satisfying consumer needs. The Chinese people (in the eyes of its leaders anyway) will be prepared to suffer for decades to come for the ultimate achievement of the new society. So joint arrangements with foreigners are to be directed to a much more important end—to what can be made for export in order to earn the foreign exchange China needs so desperately. Indeed, eyes sparkle and approval stands a chance if you can offer export know-how and maybe the use of your own company's export channels.

Of course it's not all black. China is now rehabilitating some 700,000 small businesses which were denounced by the Maoist regime as capitalist exploiters. And this is part of a wider rethinking of economic policy in which material incentives, individual initiatives and inequality are now accepted as necessary vehicles of economic development. The ideological fervour with which Mao drove the cumbersome machinery of central planning is now recognised as inadequate. Egalitarianism has become anti-socialist error and it is no longer a sin to get rich. This new pragmatism holds out some hope that the largely misdirected energies of the Chinese will now be harnessed to better purposes. Another positive indication is that links with Hong Kong are assuming increasing importance, benefiting from vastly improved rail and air services throughout South China. This growing partnership is important to both and takes various forms—banking, currency, property, light industry ventures, markets for crops, deep water port, etc. But above all Hong Kong is China's window on the world, a means by which it can test the western water—its technology, management know-how and training opportunities.

To sum up, Deng Xiaping's radical revisionism and pragmatism seem

to be dominant. The long march from Maoism appears to have begun. At the Peoples' Congress finally held last month Hua has been humiliated and demoted to seventh in line and power is more firmly in the hands of Deng. The new party Chairman, Hu Yaobeng, is a close collaborator of Deng, as is Zhao Ziyang, the new Premier. Economic planning, foreign affairs, culture and agriculture are all now completely controlled by Deng's supporters. This transformation is the result of five years of tough political infighting by Deng. The full text of the *Resolution on Certain Historical Questions* has now been issued pronouncing that Mao's 'merits were primary and his errors secondary'. And with that ideological necessity out of the way Deng has his chance to see his version of the new China developed. Nevertheless he is not getting it all his own way. Hua still has strong support in the army and particularly among the senior generals. Also, Deng has had to pay a political price in so far as indoctrination in schools, workplaces, and the army has been restored. Some Maoist slogans have reappeared and dissent more sharply put down. But even from Deng's point of view these things help to restore the Party's authority and discipline lost in the cultural revolution. In any event they are not matters of substance compared with the fundamental economic decisions which have to be made. So Deng's concessions have not been fundamental ones. He has also replaced Hua as chairman of the Military Commission and he seems to be taking pains to direct the Army's energies towards its professional duties and away from the rôle of revolutionary exemplar given it by Mao and continued by Hua. The Maoist cause seems utterly lost among the rising generation and its only remaining defenders are those who rose to power during and after the cultural revolution due to Mao's patronage.

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A STRATEGY FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT?

by John H. Fremlin

IMMEDIATE, complete and unilateral nuclear disarmament has a simplistic appeal to many of us, and appears as a moral imperative to that minority who take literally the teaching of Jesus encapsulated in the injunction to love our enemies. To a probably larger number of us it represents a dangerous and unprecedented reversal of the most explicit lessons of history; that the future is to the strong and that if you wish for peace you should prepare for war.

It is a sad reflection on our educational system that in a civilisation depending both for its material form and even its existence on applied science, neither side shows any appreciation of the technical factors involved. Qualitative as well as quantitative changes ensue as a consequence of having weapons a million times as powerful as the weapons of the past, and peoples and governments neglect this at their peril.

I will begin by considering the effects of technical naivete among the opponents of the bomb. The avowed aim of these is the immediate and unilateral abolition of British nuclear weapons, two decades of discussion having failed to gain international agreement even to halt their production.

We could certainly reduce our arsenal quite quickly, with considerable political effect, but abolish it immediately we cannot.

A 'hydrogen' bomb is a complex device, with a small plutonium or uranium-235 bomb as a detonator, a main charge composed of the rarer stable isotopes of hydrogen and lithium, the whole being surrounded by a tamper of uranium, which on explosion of the main charge yields a good deal of extra energy and most of the radioactive fission products produced by the bomb. The main charge could be got rid of quite quickly, simply by dissolving it in the ocean, which already contains thousands of millions of times as much of both the hydrogen and lithium isotopes involved. With a little more trouble, the uranium-235 detonators can be remixed with ordinary uranium to make a non-explosive power-reactor fuel. This is all fine, and could be completed in a few months, but it has not yet touched the military-grade plutonium of which Britain must by now have enough for a thousand or so A-bombs more powerful than the plutonium bomb exploded at Nagasaki.

It seems often to be felt that if our hydrogen bombs could be disposed of these plutonium bombs would be negligible, it having been correctly stated that an H-bomb can be built a thousand times as powerful as the Hiroshima A-bomb, which killed over 100,000 people.

At the time when the first H-bombs were produced, this was indeed of great strategic importance. The strategic value of such a huge increase in explosive power, however, was not that a hydrogen bomb could kill a thousand times as many people, since there was nowhere a target a hundred times as big as Hiroshima. The strategic importance lay in the

fact that a big H-bomb could miss a target by several miles and still destroy it, as the accuracy of the rocket carriers being designed at the time was poor.

Now that the accuracy of intercontinental missiles has improved so much that in good conditions they can get to within a few hundred yards of their target, there is no point in using so much explosive power and it is of course much cheaper and easier to use a smaller bomb. Accordingly, the most usual Western H-bomb liberates little more than thirty times the energy output of the Hiroshima bomb, giving an area of destruction about ten times as great. Plain plutonium bombs can be built to produce an equivalent level of destruction of nearly a third of this, and with enough plutonium for a thousand bombs, capable of pretty complete destruction of several hundred of Russia's biggest cities, we could hardly expect to be regarded by the Russians as defenceless. For any town of the size of Hiroshima or less even one such bomb would be adequate—and if a lot of Soviet cities are out of the range of our delivery systems, they would be equally—or perhaps further—out of range of the bigger, heavier H-bombs.

Before we can not only reduce our nuclear arms but eliminate them, we have to get rid of our plutonium. To dissolve it also in the sea would be unacceptable, exceeding by far the internationally agreed limits for disposal in the ocean. Although the British bomb stocks alone could hardly be catastrophic in their effects (although sea food of several kinds would need to be monitored for a long time) if even 20-30% of Soviet and American bomb stocks should be so dissolved the fisheries of the maritime nations could be seriously affected, and Britain could hardly expect to be given a special licence unavailable to others.

We could bury the plutonium fairly safely but it would be immediately obvious to everyone that what has been publicly buried might be privately dug up again—especially if plans to do so had been surreptitiously prepared in advance.

Plutonium could be fired into the sun, but rocket failures and burn-up in the upper atmosphere would give a lot of fall-out, leading to serious objections from the country or countries likely to receive the largest doses.

The plutonium bombs could be exploded deep underground but, with an initial activity millions of times greater than that of the high-level power-station wastes which still arouse a good deal of concern, and with the drastic disturbance of underground rock formations and water channels, this again would be unacceptable.

I must admit that I do not myself regard any of these methods as comparable to the effect of a single tactical nuclear weapon bursting in a populous area, and I would accept the underground explosion (but not the simple burial or the rocket-to-the-sun gamble) if this would really decrease Britain's probability of becoming a target in the future—and if it were the only way to get rid of the weapons. For my present thesis, the important point is that all methods, except for simple solution in the

ocean, require some years of preparation before they can be achieved.

In the light of the discussion so far, it might be found that *no* method of destroying plutonium will *ever* be acceptable, in which case effective nuclear disarmament will be impossible in less than a quarter of a million years but, since this conclusion is unacceptable to me, I will put forward an alternative suggestion.

This is that we use both plutonium and uranium 235 to build a series of fast-neutron nuclear power stations modelled, like the long-proposed commercial fast ('breeder') reactor, on an upgraded version of the 250 megawatt fast-neutron reaction which has performed so well at Dounreay. Each such reactor would require 3 to 4 tons of plutonium, mixed with enough non-explosive uranium 238 to make a nuclear explosion impossible. Present reactor designs envisage a 'fertile' blanket of otherwise useless depleted uranium around the reactor core, to absorb excess neutrons and produce fresh plutonium to keep the reactor going plus a small extra amount for the supply of further reactors. If when the world's remaining oil becomes too expensive to burn in 20-30 years' time such reactors are no longer needed, all we have to do is to remove the uranium blankets and run the reactors till the last plutonium is used up.

If coal plus the renewable alternatives are not adequate for this we should have kept the options open for our children and grandchildren to live as they wish, with less, with the same or with more energy per head than we like to use ourselves.

Of course, such reactors would take ten years to build, plus whatever number of years goes in arguing about planning permission. Given the agreement to go ahead, however, the plutonium-uranium fuel-units could be designed and built in two or three years and in a little longer a high-flux thermal reactor could be designed and built in which each fuel element could be placed for long enough to induce a few hundred thousand curies of radioactivity, making it very effectively unstealable and also making it quite impossible to re-extract the plutonium for bombs without a major processing plant, difficult to hide and easy to inspect effectively.

Every ton of bombs burned in these reactors would give us as much electricity as a million tons of oil or over two million tons of coal so that this procedure would have a valuable conservation aspect and would also produce heavier isotopes of plutonium in the very efficient fast-neutron reactors; these if mixed with the fresh plutonium produced by such reactors would make it quite unusable as an effective and predictable explosive.

There would be a further quite significant advantage in my proposal.

The large and valuable teams of scientists, technicians and other less specialised employees who would be displaced by the shutting down of Aldermaston and the other establishments involved in the production of nuclear weapons could most usefully be re-deployed in the building of the necessary fast-neutron reactors. Even the public enquiry into the building of our first full-sized fast-neutron reactor has been set back for an indefinite period because our civil nuclear power industry, after nearly a

decade with no new orders, cannot cope with this at the same time as the two Advanced Gas-Cooled Reactors now under construction and the two new pressurised-water reactor plants planned by the Government. Not only this but the £6,000 million rather optimistically forecast as the cost of Trident missiles for the next generation of nuclear submarines would be, like all armaments, directly inflationary, since it could produce nothing that could be sold back to the wage-earners concerned. Used to finance the first four or five power stations, both capital and interest would be paid back in a few years by the sale of electricity.

I realise that most of the honestly idealistic supporters of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament will feel that such a programme is appallingly slow, and indeed very dangerously so since it makes possible a change of heart by the Government before it is complete. I sympathise with this feeling and I would feel the same myself if it were not for my conviction that there is a real chance of action only if it is taken slowly, and that the fact that disarmament could for some years be stopped or reversed is the very reason why it might be acceptable to many who now regard it as impossibly dangerous.

Having discussed the practical timing difficulties, which depend on physics and technology, I want to turn to the possible risks of nuclear disarmament.

I will start by saying that I have no starry-eyed faith that if we throw away our nuclear weapons the Soviet Union will be thereby converted to pacificism and decide that it would be too ungentlemanly to attack an unarmed country.

How much it is genetically built in and how much it is socially inculcated during our upbringing I do not know, but the practical fact is inescapable that the majority of human groups are prepared to go to any lengths to protect what they see as their vital interests against any other group, although the great majority of individuals inside each group will keep within a strict and usually quite decent code in dealing with each other.

I shall assume accordingly, that if the Soviet leaders can see any important net advantage to their position vis-a-vis the USA in attacking us they might decide to do so. What we have to do, therefore, is to see whether there could be a greater advantage to the USSR in attacking us disarmed than there is now. A Soviet cost-benefit analysis would certainly prohibit a quite pointless attack on Britain alone; the only serious possibility is that the weakening of Western nuclear forces by the gradual withdrawal of our share over the next five years might tempt the Russians into an unprovoked general attack on the West which would otherwise not have occurred. I do not think that people fearing this have any notion of how small our forces look to the Russians when compared to those of the Americans. Nobody can possibly know what the exact strength of either Soviet or American forces would be in war, in terms of the weapons which actually worked and hit their intended targets, and our total forces must be a great deal less than the uncertainty as to how many American weapons would reach their targets. The mere reduction of the Western

nuclear arsenal could not appreciably modify a decision made on the basis of a technical assessment.

The fact is that we do not matter very much, although our land area has strategic importance as an American base. The primary strategic consideration on both sides is the enormous overkill capacity of the two major powers mentioned by Lord Jenkins of Putney in *Contemporary Review* last September (No. 1388 Vol. 239). The scale and importance of this overkill is not quantitatively appreciated; I don't think that Lord Jenkins himself appreciates it. On one page he says that we now have the power to terminate life on earth, and on the next page he describes our Government's estimate, that fifteen to thirty millions of us might survive in Britain alone, as not at all optimistic. If either our own nuclear weapons or American weapons on our soil make us a priority target I would myself have said that it was very optimistic, but I can see no point in wasting bombs on most of Scotland, much of Wales or the larger rural areas of England, and most people in these areas would indeed survive.

It is important to understand the difference between the effects of bombs forming the typical deterrent, which are aimed at cities and designed to kill as many people as possible, and bombs which are designed to destroy enemy weapons which will usually be underground or heavily protected. The people-killer bombs will, like the bombs on Japan, be exploded at a considerable height so that the heat-flash and blast-wave can reach the outer parts of the target. The bigger the bomb, the higher will be the explosion; a half-megaton H-bomb would be exploded about a mile above ground, three times higher up than was the Hiroshima bomb. Perhaps unexpectedly this means that although blast and heat would be able to kill people up to three times the Hiroshima radius, the radiation effects outside the range would be small. Neutrons and gamma rays have limited ranges in air and nearly all would be absorbed before they could reach anyone surviving the other effects. The immense amount of radioactive fission products produced would go up in the mushroom cloud to the high upper atmosphere; the chances are that the eventual fall-out from this would be far away, starting days after the explosions producing them and, of course, continuing for years. Fall-out from bombs elsewhere, however, would increase the cancer rate a decade or so later among those survivors who found enough food and fuel to keep themselves warm and fed for so long.

Attacks on weapons would be quite different; here the bomb would be designed to explode well below the ground surface and a half-megaton bomb would need to land within five hundred yards or less of the target to be effective. A crater nearly half a mile in diameter and a couple of hundred yards deep would be formed, and in this case the radioactive products of the bomb would be mixed with a million tons or so of subsoil, much of which would fall out over an elliptical area extending down wind from the crater and much of it arriving before the very dangerous short-lived activities had decayed. This could give a lethal dose within a few hours over many tens of square miles down wind, and would remain seriously radioactive for long periods.

If there were no nuclear weapons on our soil, this type of attack would be unlikely—not out of Russian gratitude, but because the appropriate type of bomb would be more useful elsewhere.

All of this amounts to a statement that British nuclear disarmament would have only a small effect on Soviet plans and might actually save us something if war actually occurred.

I now wish to explain why I think that a considerable degree of disarmament on either side would leave the basic strategic situation unchanged and that a planned attack by either side is and would remain exceedingly unlikely.

At the beginning of this article I mentioned the lessons of history. Each of the two world wars started by using the lessons of history from previous major wars. In the first it took us several years to learn that massed infantry charges were unsuccessful against machine-guns and in the second that static defences were of little use against tank armies. History needs to be extrapolated, not copied, and the gap between last war's weapons and those of today is too big for extrapolation. Rather obviously there will not be time to learn new tactics as a nuclear war proceeds and we have to go through the process, more familiar to scientists and engineers than to politicians, of deducing the necessarily unprecedented effects of new and unprecedented technical advances.

I will consider only the USA and the USSR, no other countries being likely to influence either very much.

It is reliably known that for the better part of two decades each has had intercontinental missiles, bomber fleets and H-bombs sufficient to destroy all of the large cities on the other side, and that the delivery systems were good enough for a majority of the weapons to get close enough to their targets. With two or three rockets aimed at each of the bigger cities, each side held fifty to a hundred million hostages on the other side. While we have evolved/been brought up to be willing to kill any number of Them if this will ensure the safety of Us, we have neither evolved nor been brought up to sacrifice ourselves wholesale for no attainable objective. The deterrent was therefore adequate.

This system had, of course, serious risks; if either side mistakenly believed that the other had launched an attack it might let fly before the mistake was discovered. After a few near-misses in the early days the 'hot line' and an increasing realisation by each side that the other also had recognised the risks, made this look reasonably stable, though of course the possibility of accident could never be entirely eliminated. However, a serious divergence from deterrence is the counterforce-strategy first proposed some years ago by the Americans, which is gaining an aura of practicability as the precision of aim has improved to the point where an intercontinental missile could reliably destroy an enemy rocket on the ground before it took off. This suggests that the side (A, say) with the larger number of rockets, attacking without warning, could wipe out all of the other side's (B's) long-range weapons and still have some over to offer an irresistible threat to B's cities. This is unrealistic, on a number of grounds:

(1) The primary attack would involve the firing of several thousand rockets. Individual early warning stations and satellites may make mistakes but the chance that say 5,000 of A's rockets could take off without being convincingly detected by B must be almost zero, even if B has so inefficient an intelligence service as not to have a few 'moles' to press the knobs on automatic transmitters if they hear (from anywhere within five miles or more) the start of a take off.

A has anyway an awkward decision to make about his timetable. If all rockets start at once the ones aimed at the nearer and most dangerous of B's sites will arrive first. (In fact the main strategic advantage to the USA of cruise missiles in Britain for example, is that they have to be clobbered before they take off and if Oxford suddenly vanishes in the process it is a more reliable indication that something is up than any radio signal). B will certainly have at any time a percentage of his rockets ready to take off at a few minutes' notice, and it will take at least 15 minutes longer to reach the more distant of B's widely distributed rockets than to reach the nearest ones. Of course, A can try to send his bombs off on a complex timetable which will lead all of them to land at the same moment, but this will mean that if the first few hundred take-offs for the more distant targets are noticed, *all* of B's sites, near and far, will have nearly 15 minutes to prepare themselves and fire. Certainly a lot of B's weapons will be successfully destroyed, but this is where the complete distinction occurs between the present and any previous situation.

It is easy to see that B may be afraid of the tiniest possibility that A might get all his rockets through without detection in time. But A has to recognise the possibility that he will *not* do so. And A has to be absolutely certain of well over 99% success. Here his reading of history must help him. Never in the history of the world has an unrehearsable operation, even remotely comparable in scale and complexity with this one, gone off without a hitch.

There is no chance that the technically competent advisers to the General Staff of either country will ever offer any hope whatever of success.

I do not believe that there has been any case in history where a surprise attack destroying 90% of the enemy's effectives before they came into action would not have won the war outright. Today, a successful destruction of 99% of his effectives would not be enough. It would leave some tens of rockets untouched—most of them carrying four or five H-bomb war heads—capable in total of destroying a hundred or so of the major cities of the attacker. And we haven't even mentioned the bomber fleets coming over the North pole with a couple of thousand miles of coastline in which to choose a crossing point, or the submarine weapons, probably less accurate and likely therefore to be aimed at cities too big to miss.

I have so far implicitly assumed that every one of A's rockets *would* hit its target because the design was so good that it *should* hit its target. With all the time in the world and a 48-hour count-down quite a lot of

rockets fail to take off, blow up or fail to operate as planned. The military spend all their lives in a cleft stick; if you test and re-test your equipment for long enough to get all the bugs ironed out, and all possible safety factors built in, your equipment is half a decade in performance behind an adversary who puts his new ideas straight into service and accepts the fact that only 80% will work as planned. It is unbelievable that A's missiles would all succeed.

2. Anti-missile missiles could not hope to stop the whole of a serious attack, but it has been found that a heavy dose of radiation (as from a nuclear explosion a few miles away in vacuum) can have disastrous effects on the complex electronics of guidance systems. The mechanism for triggering the explosion of an H-bomb well below ground surface is likely to be pretty robust but the system controlling the MIRVs (Multiple independent re-entrant vehicles) is not and it may well be possible to destroy the accuracy of an important number of incoming rockets to save a corresponding number of target rockets from damage.

3. Since for any hope of success the entire operation must be kept secret to the last moment, A's five-thousand-odd rocket-firing crews must all be given their firing programme accurate to a few seconds a very short period before the launch. B may not have a single 'mole' among the lot — but how can A know? It is quite unbelievable that any communication system could achieve this without any error and on time.

I will repeat that we have not yet considered the supersonic bombers, some of which are always airborne, or the submarines. Many of both would be destroyed before they released their weapons but not all of them will be stopped.

4. A may think that he knows the sites of all B's rockets at the moment of attack, at home and abroad. He may actually know them all, though some of them are liable to be moved around. But he cannot be certain that he knows them all.

There is no chance that the technically competent advisers to the General Staff of either country will ever offer any hope whatever of success.

Finally, the overkill capacity on each side is so enormous that even if B should scrap half his nuclear weapons A could still not be certain of destroying all of them, and B would still be holding a hundred million of A's population as hostages. As I said at the beginning, it would take B time to destroy his nuclear weapons, and meanwhile A may be as much deterred by B's obvious confidence that what he will have left is quite adequate as he will be encouraged by his lesser strength.

Incidentally, Soviet military technologists, knowing quite well what forces the Americans possess, must be thinking that Reagan has little faith in them—unless, like me, they believe that the main initiative for

faster rearmament on the American side (neither side has stopped rearming since the last war) comes from the very competent salesmen of the US armaments industry.

Practically, I am convinced that the first side to stop building yet more weapons, to scrap 10% of its rockets (easily destroyed) and to start to recycle their explosives into power stations, will make enormous political gains with no risk whatever. And British nuclear disarmament, as part of the Western forces, would be an excellent place to start.

I would like to conclude by saying that while I am confident that a reduction of Western armaments adds no risk and may even decrease slightly the risk of accidents, I have no confidence that no war can occur. If there is a really serious energy-shortage around the turn of the century, the current manoeuvrings around the Middle Eastern oil states—the commencement of construction of a vast new American base in North Africa, followed by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—may build up to the point where each side is genuinely afraid that the other might become desperate. Then a radar error might be taken seriously and a red alert taken by some isolated unit as the real thing, escalating to a war in which each side was genuinely convinced that the other had started it.

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THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND: ECONOMIC TURMOIL AND CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONING

by Hugh Munro

THAT the Republic of Ireland's economy is in a bad way admits of no doubt. With government borrowing getting on for 20% of Gross National Product and the excess of imports over exports running at unprecedented levels, no one doubts that massive corrective action is urgently needed.

How did things get this way? Up to the oil crisis of 1973, the Irish economy had been reasonably successfully run, at least since 1958, when the government began to turn against the protectionist politics in vogue since 1932. Not that that conversion was freely arrived at by Dublin; rather was it forced on it. Once the Treaty of Rome had been signed, and the European Economic Community set up, the old romantic ideas of insular self-sufficiency had to go. In a Europe committed to the virtues of European free trade, there was no place for de Valera's ideal peasant economy.

The freer trade is, the less scope there is for bureaucrats to interfere with it; and the Dublin economic establishment sought to compensate for the loss of power involved in the switch from protectionism to free trade by the creation of an intellectual artefact which they called an Economic Programme. There were three Programmes, covering the period from 1958 to the early seventies; one has to be imprecise about the end date because by the late sixties the whole exercise was known for the surrealist operation it was. There certainly was at no time any question of there being a Fourth Programme; the Third Programme was initiated, then quietly forgotten.

It is one supposes, significant that the one economic policy innovation in which the Republic may be said to have anteceded Britain was essentially not so much a matter of economic science as of economic superstition (superstition, that is, in the sense of belief not supported by factual demonstration). George Brown's planning activities of the mid-sixties were very much on the lines of what the Republic had been at since 1958. It is also illustrative of the difference between the two nations that Britain, even under a socialist government, quickly saw economic planning for the nonsense it was and abandoned it two or three years after it was started while the Irish kept up appearances for another five years or so.

While all this was going on, the Irish private sector was responding very successfully to the challenge of free trade. There was good economic growth; and from being far poorer than mainland Great Britain on a GNP per head basis, and significantly poorer than Northern Ireland, the Republic advanced to a situation where it was ahead of Northern Ireland, if still well behind mainland Great Britain.

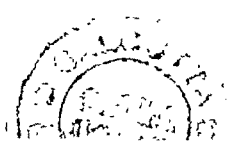
There were, during the sixties and early seventies, the problems which went with the Keynesianism of the times. There was creeping inflation, not thought at the time a matter of great import; and anyway, with the Irish pound locked to the value of sterling, the value of the currency was not felt to be a matter over which the Irish government had any control, as long as the commitment to convertibility and free movement of money remained. There was, as in Britain, the phenomenon of stop-go, of alternation between over-expansive policies and policies of retrenchment. This came, as in Britain, by the early seventies to be regarded as a Bad Thing, which economists would, by taking thought, show us how to end. They failed; and governments today in the Republic as in Britain, would be only too glad to get back to a state of affairs which in the sixties they thought of as deplorable.

But all things were changed, changed utterly, for the Republic of Ireland as well as for other advanced economies, by the oil price rise of 1973-74. The importance of the change lay not so much in the fact that the price of an important commodity had been changed as in the fact that the oil countries could not spend the new monies they were earning. Vast amounts of credit were loosed on the world; and the Republic of Ireland, as much as any, fell victim to the new situation. With money so easily borrowed, who is to blame governments for borrowing?

If the Republic's government is to be blamed, it is not so much for the fact of external borrowing but for the fact that the expenditure of the money borrowed was so ill-directed. In the last four years, as borrowing has mounted, public-sector pay has increased so that it is now, in real terms, 25% higher than it was four years ago. While the Republic's roads were being starved of expenditure, a completely unprofitable fertiliser factory (the Republic's Concorde) in Cork could attract £140m. of wasted public capital. While the telephone system languished for lack of investment, £70m is to be spent on electrifying a suburban railway in Dublin.

A structural change in the Republic's politics has not helped. Ever since the state was established in 1922, the basic political cleavage had been between the residuary legatees of the participants in the Civil War of 1922-3. In this war the true-blue (or better, true-green) republicans fought against the pragmatic elements which regarded the 1921 Treaty with Britain as a satisfactory basis on which to build the new state. They lost the war; but the Republican party which emerged from the defeat (Fianna Fail) was, after 1932, to dominate the Republic's politics. It has been common form, for many decades now, to deplore the fact that the Republic's politics divide (or rather seem to divide) about a civil war which was fought and ended before 80% of its population was born; and card-carrying progressives have long since looked forward to the day when the Republic would at least turn its back on 'Civil War' politics, and begin at last to have real, up-to-date, with-it, Twentieth-Century politics.

Their wishes seem to be being granted, at least in part; and the results are disastrous. As long as politics divided about issues of nationalist ideology, voters were not primarily concerned with choosing a govern-



ment which would best deliver material prosperity; but to the extent that nationalist issues decline in importance, governments have been judged on their ability to deliver prosperity, at least in the short run. The result has been the growth of a form of auction politics.

'Its first serious manifestation was in 1977. For four years previously a coalition of Fine Gael and Labour had been in office. It had embarked on a shameless policy of constituency gerrymandering, to the extent that it seems to have felt that it had created conditions where it would be mathematically impossible for Fianna Fail to win an election again. Certainly, that party seems to have thought so; for while the Coalition, after a massive borrowing spree in its early years in office was making good moves towards financial sanity, Fianna Fail's election manifesto for 1977 was a wild and (as seems clear now) irresponsible act of faith in Keynesian pump-priming and tax reduction. It was also (as it also seems) unnecessary for Finanna Fail to try to buy the election in this way. The Republic's PR electoral system is more or less proof against serious gerrymandering; and Fianna Fail won with a massive majority.

It promptly embarked on its Keynesian policies, and from that time the foreign indebtedness of the Republic has continually mounted. The problem was compounded in 1979 by an unforeseen development—the European Monetary System. Ever since the foundation of the state, the Republic's currency had been locked into parity with sterling; but the advent of the EMS presented the Republic with an awkward choice. Its situation, with Britain interposing itself between Ireland and Europe, the fact of Britain's massive cultural influence on Ireland, the centuries of British sovereignty, all have created a situation where the EEC has a peculiar importance for the Republic. It offers a new focus, a new source of economic and social influence, an escape from the old British dominance. Yet, when the EMS was propounded that influence remained great. In round terms, 25% of the Republic's trade was with the mainland EEC, 25% was with non-EEC countries, while 50% was with Britain.

The logic which lay behind the EMS—the creation of a situation where countries could hope for stability of exchange rates for their trade—dictated that if Britain decided to stay out of the EMS, the Republic should stay out too. However much Dublin politicians might wish to show themselves as good Europeans, however strongly Chancellor Schmidt might urge them to prove their manhood by breaking the financial link with Britain, the fact remained that it made no sense for them to abandon a situation where they had perfect currency stability for half their trade for a situation where they would have a lesser degree of stability for a quarter of their trade.

As the EMS negotiations proceeded, it quickly became clear that Britain would stay out. What was Dublin to do? It cannot be said that the decision which was taken to go into the EMS was arrived at after mature consideration. Quite unreal notions abounded. The Dublin establishment was sure (not without reason, for London financial circles

shared the same view) that if the link with sterling was broken, it was the punt which would rise. At the same time as they were proclaiming the strength of the punt, the Dublin ministers were engaged at Brussels in a shameless begging campaign (which it is mortifying for Irishmen to recall), pleading for aid to enable them to carry the burdens the EMS would lay upon them. They got very little.

As it turned out, it was sterling which rose. A year or so after entry to the EMS, the value of the punt (over which Dublin had no day-to-day control, since it moved with the other EMS currencies) was down to 75p sterling. It has since risen; but the effect of the decision to enter the EMS, which was meant to be an affirmation of Irish independence, was that the Irish punt was, willy-nilly, massively devalued against the currency of its main trading partner, when there was no need at all for such devaluation. The disorientation which followed must have contributed to the mad borrowing spree which had begun with Fianna Fail's return to office in 1977.

By 1981, it was clear to all that the brakes had to be applied; but that did not prevent the election in June of that year from being another public auction. This time it was Fianna Fail's turn to appear (relatively at least) responsible. Fine Gael's public programme envisaged massive extra expenditure; and by a narrow margin, the Fine Gael/Labour combination, with 79 votes to Fianna Fail's 77, achieved office with the help of a few independents.

Mercifully, the new government, unlike its predecessor, appears to be turning its back on its election promises. Hard decisions are being made. Workers in unprofitable state companies are being made redundant, a thing almost unheard-of before. It will be a rough ride.

The success of the H-block candidates, who were all IRA prisoners in Northern Ireland, was a feature of the 1981 election. Against all expectations, two of them were elected to the Dail; one of these, Kieran Doherty, has since died on hunger-strike and a by-election is pending. It would not be wise to assume that all those who voted for H-block candidates are in favour of the IRA's campaign of violence; the candidates stood not as IRA members, but as candidates for the H-block Committee which is—on paper at any rate—purely concerned with improving prison conditions in Northern Ireland. In all sections of opinion in the Republic there is a feeling that Britain made a thorough mess of the H-block issue, by treating it as a matter of face and not as a purely pragmatic matter of finding the most cost-effective ('cost' here being broadly interpreted) way of keeping prisoners safely locked up.

The consequences, for moderate democratic opinion, North and South of the Border have been uniformly unfortunate. The IRA is stronger in men, morale and money than it has been for years. Its passive support is far wider; up to now, the return of an IRA man in a democratic election, North or South, would have been unthinkable. The moderate SDLP is in disarray. Northern Irish society is polarised in a way it never has been before.

No doubt, London's policy on the H-block issues was highly acceptable in mainland Britain. Public opinion polls there showed extraordinary majorities against any concessions to the hunger-strikers. But mainland Britain is only peripherally involved. Mainland British opinion against the IRA may be strong; but it is Ireland which has to live with the consequences of London's decisions; and the repeated requests from SDLP politicians, from every political party in the Republic, from Roman Catholic churchmen, that the issue be properly dealt with were ignored. It seemed that, to London, the only Irish political force which mattered was the IRA; and moderate nationalist politicians were correspondingly devalued in the public's eyes.

It has to be said however that the nationalist parties share a good degree of blame for their own predicament. Faced with the horrible deeds the IRA can do, there is a strong temptation for a political party to fall back on a policy which is simply a declaration of a moral attitude and nothing more. Of course, the majority of the nationalist Irish are appalled at such horrors as the gunning-down of a young policeman as he visits his wife in hospital, a day or so after she has their first child; but more is required of democratic politicians than that they provide an outlet for the general revulsion at such acts. As well as standing for decency, they have to offer a coherent policy for the future government of the province; and here the SDLP in the North, and Fine Gael and Labour in the South, have manifestly failed.

Ever since 1972, the SDLP in the North and Fine Gael and Labour in the South have had one central aim—the creation of a power-sharing administration in Northern Ireland as the first and principal step towards a peaceful settled future. And ever since 1972, this writer has argued that power-sharing, however desirable in theory, was not an achievable aim, and that the attempt to achieve it only increased the evils it was supposed to end.

That view is, at last, coming round to be widely held. Few qualified observers are to be found nowadays who would regard power-sharing as a practical aim. Yet the SDLP, Fine Gael and Labour are hung up on the policy. They may not these days talk very much about it; but they have no alternative policy to offer, and it is hard to see where they can go for a new policy without appearing to be belated converts to another party's creed.

Northern Ireland's SDLP is in an especially difficult position. It tries to operate in the framework of Northern Ireland politics, but makes the pre-condition that any Northern Ireland political institutions must be operated on a power-sharing basis. But power-sharing is unreal and impracticable; and so the whole role of the SDLP in practice is the purely negative one of blocking any form of local institution at all. This cannot be a lasting policy; and the only escape route is very unattractive. The SDLP's main rivals for the nationalist vote, the Irish Independence Party, which regards tinkering with Northern Ireland institutions as pointless and sees the best way forward as being to move directly to a united

Ireland, has preempted the 'greener' policy ground to which the SDLP might move.

Up to 1978, there was broad agreement between all the Republic's parties that power-sharing offered the best way forward in Northern Ireland; but when Charles Haughey replaced Jack Lynch as leader of Fianna Fail in 1978, that party adopted a new line. Fianna Fail's view is that Northern Ireland is no longer a viable political unit. Taking this view, the search for a power-sharing government is as irrelevant as the restoration of Protestant-dominated government would be unacceptable. Northern Ireland in other words cannot generate any kind of acceptable government at all. The problem about Northern Ireland is not that its people are impossibly factious; it is that it exists as a separate political unit. For understandable reasons, Fianna Fail is careful not to follow out the full logic of the argument, which would imply that the way forward is on the one hand to integrate the province either with the British mainland, so that it has no more meaning as a political unit than do Humberside or Avon—or to integrate it with the rest of Ireland to form a united Ireland. Fianna Fail may say that Northern Ireland is not a viable political unit; it is clearly willing to negotiate the creation of a united Ireland; but if Britain were to accept the non-viability of the province and offer to integrate it with the mainland, it would be the first to complain.

But in practice Britain is not willing to integrate Northern Ireland with the mainland; and in that unwillingness lies the fundamental weakness of the British position. London is willing to claim sovereignty over the province, but not to accept the obvious consequence of sovereignty—integration. Fianna Fail's arguments would be a lot stronger if the party were prepared to call the British bluff—to say publicly what is undoubtedly a fact, that if Britain is not willing to treat the Northern Irish as full fellow-nationals with the mainland British she has no useful permanent function in Ireland.

But whatever the shortcomings in Fianna Fail's Northern Ireland policy, the party has at least a coherent view of the problem. Fine Gael's leader, Dr. FitzGerald, to be sure has proposed to make progress by leading a 'Republican crusade' for Irish unity; but his approach is riddled with confusion. He proposes to abolish Articles 2 and 3 of the Republic's constitution. Under the first of these curious clauses the constitution is held to be a constitution for the whole island; by the second it is made clear that it does not apply to Northern Ireland unless and until the country is united. To withdraw an aspiration towards unity is an odd way to initiate a crusade towards unity.

He also proposes to end what he sees as the Republic's excessive Catholic sectarianism, instancing the Republic's constitutional ban on divorce and its legislation on contraception. This again is curious. The Republic's recent legislation on the supply of contraceptives was an exact expression of Protestant morality as stated by the Church of Ireland (i.e. that contraceptives are morally acceptable if used by married couples). As to

divorce; both Catholic and Protestant churches administer marriage vows stated to be indissoluble. There is to be sure a large and local lobby calling for divorce; but it is composed of both Catholics and Protestants. Divorce cannot be said to be a specifically Protestant issue; unless, that is, one adopts the odd position of holding that the Protestant churches are hurt in the exercise of their mission by the failure of the state to set up machinery for the breaking of the till-death vows the Protestant churches themselves administer.

Behind the whole issue lies a curious paradox. Dr. FitzGerald prides himself on his relationships with Northern Unionists and emphasises the need to consult them; yet, as it appears, he proposes to build up the new ideal Ireland without discussing matters with them. Whatever he says, he behaves as if Mr. Haughey were correct, as if the North were not a workable political unit, not capable of choosing its future. On the other hand, Mr. Haughey, despite his views on the North's viability, says that the new Ireland cannot be shaped until the people of the North come forward to help shape it.

Dr. FitzGerald has attacked the Haughey non-workability theory as being offensive to Unionists; yet the cautious welcome given to the FitzGerald statement by the Northern liberal middle-class may indicate that Haughey, if anything, underestimates the extent to which Northern disintegration has gone. One would on paper expect the reaction of Northern Unionists to that statement to be that of persons insulted. They are after all portrayed by it as people who would change their nationality, give up the beloved Union Jack for the hated Tricolour, and all in return for guaranteed divorce facilities and good access to contraceptives for unmarried people. One gets the feeling that the Unionist people of the North feel utterly lost, and welcome the FitzGerald statement, not for what he said, but purely because he gave the impression that he cared for them.

The one blot on Dr. FitzGerald's political career was a personal attack he made on Mr. Haughey after the latter's election as Taoiseach. That apart, he is the most pleasant and generous of men, with an appealing public and private personality. It is a great irony that he is the man best suited to carry out the Haughey policy, that of reconciling a Northern Ireland, seen as inarticulate, with Irish unity; and it will not surprise one observer too greatly if, when he gets over his confusions about Irish sectarianism, he tries to do just that.

POEM

ALL HALLOWS' EVE

When the summer dies at last,
And the bracken turns to brown,
And the daylight dwindles fast,
And the dead leaves flutter down:
Then the smoke from chimneys twining
Warms a north wind coldly whining.

When a robin haunts the byre,
And a fieldfare comes to stay,
And a gumboot carves the mire,
And a horse demands the hay:
Then the gipsies pitch their camp-site
Caravanserai by lamplight.

When the torrents swell the leet,
And the lifeboats heed the call,
And the nuts are ripe to eat,
And the rusty apples fall:
Then the huntsman takes to horning
Hounds across the misty morning.

When the last bee bumbles by,
And the fireside logs are heaped,
And the red moon climbs the sky,
And the final field is reaped:
Then the moorfolk in their bed hear
Rumbles from the rutting red deer.

J. H. B. PEEL

THE GALAPAGOS

by Kevin McCourt Cross

THE oft-chanted airline-promotion of 'Getting There Is Half The Fun' is certainly not applicable for journeys to the Galapagos. This archipelago, 600 miles west of Ecuador on the Equator, is not a haven for holiday-makers. There is, initially, the long flight to the Pacific coast of South America and then steamer-travel to the islands themselves. It is not uncomfortable, and stress should be placed on this fact. But we are not referring to a primitive Torremolinos, either; for the Galapagos are not ripe for the exploitation of Realtors and other commercial entrepreneurs. No, the islands are strictly for the conservationists, for the ecologists, for students of the evolutionary process—in summation, for those to whom one of the last outposts of un-tainted life and land remains of vital importance.

The islands are formed from lava-rock. The exact date of the volcanic eruptions cannot be pinpointed. But the number of centuries involved from the basic creation of the Galapagos to the growth of algae, the propagation of fish, birds, reptiles, and insects runs into a colossal figure.

Two-thirds of the resident birds and one reptile are endemic to the islands. Long distance-flying seabirds merely touch upon the shores and have not affected the ecology in their yearly travels. The sea-lions probably trace their lineage to coastal California, and the fur-seals must have travelled north on the Humboldt Current during the great slaughter of the late 1800's. They are the only fur-seals in tropical waters and share their homeland with dolphins and penguins, to name just two of the many species on the islands, all of which seem happy to fraternise.

At Pt. Espinoza (Spanish for spine or backbone) on Fernandina Island, the lava is much newer; and here short cacti make a brief appearance. At Santa Fe Island, which clearly shows a more developed ecology, masses of apunta cacti (some 20-feet high) add a somewhat regal touch to an otherwise barren terrain. A glistening white beach, splendid for snorkelling, can be found in the bay of Bartolome Island, where there are thirteen varieties of the Darwin Finch, iguanas, (blackened by lava and unique amongst their species as being totally water-oriented, live on marine algae and are capable of diving 25 feet or more). But the ruling family on the Galapagos are the giant tortoises, basically found on the dry land and whose nomenclature stems from the Spanish for tortoise *(galapago)*.

A visit to the Galapagos might begin at Punta Espinoza, awash with sandy beaches, green mangrove forests, small mountains of driftwood, red rock-crabs, and the flightless cormorant-bird. At Puerto Egas, on James Island, there exists the remnants of an old salt-mine, one of man's unnecessary intrusions into the Galapagos; but the oystercatchers along the shore remain un-tainted. Tower Island is the home of 'Prince Philip's

Ladder', a 200-feet steep climb up a break in a cliff of lava. The 'ladder' was so named when the Prince visited the archipelago some years ago. On the south-eastern section of the island, there is the largest single bird-population in the Galapagos: millions of storm-petrels, red-footed boobies (amusing to the eye, as they travel in pairs and flaunt their baby-blue beaks and bright red feet), and frigate-birds (which have the lowest wing-loading of any bird, with a body-weight of 2-3 pounds and a wing-span of eight feet). Bartolome Island sports a cinder-cone and offers refuge to sea-turtles. Their nesting-technique is an overnight ordeal, whereby the eggs are carefully buried in the warm sand in anticipation of hatching. At Tagus Cove and Punta Tortuga (turtle) on Isabella Island, the influence of man's presence as far back as the 17th century remains. Along the steep cliffs there are records of visiting ships—these having been painted on the walls and lasting through to to-day. Here noddy-terns, graceful and sleek with beautiful eyes, live alongside the turtles and penguins which delight on the dark-red, colder waters off Isabella. Santa Cruz Island, Academy Bay in particular, houses the largest human population in the islands. Here there are shops, a church, a school, and the famed UNESCO-sponsored Darwin Research Station. Off to Hood Island, one is prepared to meet swallowtail-gulls, Galapagos doves, mockingbirds, and albatrosses. South Plaza Island presents a low-lying blanket of red and yellow plants. On the north-eastern end is a bachelor community of sea-lions, each having a 'harem' of some 20-30 cows. At Punta Cormorant, on Floreana Island, the beautiful, pink flamingoes cast their enchanting spell. Here, too, is Post Office Bay, a traditional spot for leaving and collecting mail since 1850.

Travelling to Ecuador, and from there to the Galapagos, requires no visa or vaccinations for U.K. subjects. Although one is straddling the equator, the heat does not become oppressive, owing primarily to the cooling effects of the Humboldt Current.

In 1959, just 100 years after the publication of Darwin's *On the Origin of Species,* protection was formally granted to the archipelago by the government in Quito. No plant, animal, or their remains (shells, bones, pieces of wood) or other natural objects can be removed or disturbed. No live material may be transported to and from the islands; even mud-deposits on shoes must be removed before setting foot on another island, so as not to disturb the ecology. Food must not be brought onto the islands, nor animals touched, handled, fed, startled or chased. Any rubbish which accrues whilst visiting an island has to be disposed of within the ship upon which one is travelling.

The Darwin Research Station (always in need of well deserved funding) is conducting a major programme to control or remove introduced animals (goats in particular). It is tracking, raising, and returning to their former homes tortoises of the five most endangered species. The Station is also concerned with the establishment and maintenance of nature-trails and the implementation of conservation-education programmes.

A VISIT TO MAJOR HADDAD

by William D. Sholto

IT was springtime in Galilee and some time before the missile crisis and the spate of hostilities on and near the border between Israel and Lebanon when I crossed the frontier with a group of journalists to observe the situation in the mainly Christian enclave which proclaimed itself 'Free Lebanon' in 1979. The provisional regime there is headed by Major Saad Haddad, a tall plain-speaking former Lebanese army officer, who broke away from his superiors after the civil war because he believed they were undermining the independence of his country by tolerating the presence of the P.L.O. guerrillas in Lebanon and then bringing in the Syrian army as an Arab Peace-keeping Force.

Against Syrian tanks, Major Haddad has found only one remedy: to organise his own army with the aim of regaining control of Lebanon. He has been aided by another of Lebanon's neighbours—Israel. And after more than two years, he is still holding out, even able to hold celebrations to mark his defiance.

Our group drove through gates just beyond the northernmost Israeli village of Metulla into country hardly distinguishable from Israel, although it became increasingly evident that the area was an intermittent battleground and that authority—such as existed—was maintained only by Major Haddad's militia. We were driving northward, towards the village of Marjayoun.

It was similar to villages all over the region. One could not help noticing the bullet-holes in the walls of most of the houses, or the boxes of ammunition stored at various points along the route, all neatly labelled in Hebrew and, presumably, supplied by Israel. The road was as narrow as an English country lane, but had been punctured at intervals by shells, which my driver explained casually had been fired 'from over there'. He pointed to the ruined Beaufort Castle—a Crusader stronghold in the Middle Ages—and now a base of the Palestine Liberation Organisation. It was on the next ridge from us and only about four miles distant, just over the valley of the Litani river.

By the time we had reached Marjayoun, the area was swarming with soldiers of the militia, some in uniform, some dressed half in fatigues and half in mufti and others apparently just armed civilians. Here too, we noticed Sherman tanks with big guns mounted in the turrets that resembled those used by the Israeli Army in 1967: they were probably the same ones. There were also some French AMX tanks and armoured personnel carriers full of Major Haddad's soldiers. There was no shortage of automatic rifles or ammunition. Everyone seemed to be moving into a central courtyard, where the brief ceremony was held. It turned out to be a sort of military parade by the militia in the muddy quadrangle, attended by Major Haddad himself. I noted that there were no windows left in the buildings. Some of the boys carrying automatic rifles looked

under 14 years old, and the whole parade reminded me of my old school Combined Cadet Force field-day. Only the atmosphere was a different one of real war.

The militiamen were grouped together in a 'hollow square' formation for the inspection and a bugle and drum group played a kind of fanfare. Someone shouted *Al Alam* and the Lebanese flag with a cedar tree on a white field was hoisted as Major Haddad saluted. Then the shooting began. First one or two shots into the air and then whole volleys as the soldiers let fire in a display of ecstasy typical of the Arab world, emptying their magazines and belts of heavy machine-gun ammunition into the blue sky until the deafening sound gave one the sensation of being in the midst of a major battle. The smell of cordite filled the quadrangle and the first part of the celebration ended.

Major Haddad's 'Free Lebanon' was proclaimed a year after the United Nations posted its own force to Lebanon in 1978. This was the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon (known by its acronym UNIFIL) made up of contingents from Ghana, Nigeria, Norway, Fiji, Ireland and France. The force had been sent to Lebanon after Israel invaded and occupied for a short time the south of the country up to the river Litani. The Israelis had taken this action, it will be recalled, after Palestine Liberation Organisation terrorists had mounted a particularly ferocious attack on Israeli civilians.

The P.L.O. terrorists landed by boat on the Israeli coast, hijacked a bus and drove down the coast to Israel's principal city, Tel Aviv, killing a score of civilians on the way in a raid that was clearly intended to inflict on Israel maximum loss of life and discredit its security forces at the same time. Nor had this been an isolated act of terror perpetrated against Israel by the P.L.O. from the security of neighbouring Lebanon. In 1974, a barrage of rockets hit the northern Israeli town of Kiryat Shmona killing 14 civilians, some of them children.

Before 1972, Lebanon had paradoxically kept clear of the conflict between the Arab States and Israel, unlike Egypt and its neighbour Syria. Lebanon's population of about three million consists of 29 per cent of Maronite Christians, 10 per cent of Greek Orthodox, 6 per cent of Greek Catholics and 6 per cent of Armenians. The rest of the Lebanese population are Moslems—about 21 per cent Sunni Moslems, 18 per cent Shia Moslems and 6 per cent Druze. The country's constitution, since it gained independence from France in 1941, has provided for a confessional division of powers between the different religions, approximately in proportion to their numerical strength.

When, in the wake of the 1948 conflict between Israel and its Arab neighbours some 100,000 Palestinian Arabs entered the country, they were regarded as victims of a political tragedy, needing humane treatment and the benefit of Lebanese hospitality until their problem was settled. Things only started to deteriorate in Lebanon after Palestine Liberation Organisation was expelled from Jordan in 1972, in what the Palestinians then

called 'Black September'. The Palestinian refugees in Jordan fell under the influence of the P.L.O. led by Yasser Arafat and organised themselves as an army and a state within a state. King Hussein felt authority slipping out of his hands and ordered the arrest of the P.L.O. and the confiscation of their arms. Where they refused to surrender, his army was sent in to disarm them by force. A large number were killed and others locked up for long periods. Many crossed the River Jordan into Israel confident that they would be given better treatment there—Israel has no death penalty—than at the mercy of the Jordanian gendarmerie.

But after a while, a considerable number of the P.L.O. guerrillas re-established themselves in the South of Lebanon after the Syrian authorities had turned a blind eye when they moved northwards out of Jordan to their new base. They chose the wild area just below Mount Hermon, which was some way from any town and within striking distance of Israel, about 15 miles to the South. Arafat's guerrillas won recruits from among the young former Palestinian refugees, many of whom had never seen the country with which they identified themselves and which they swore to re-conquer by force of arms.

While Jordan was unwilling to countenance the formation of a private army on its soil, Lebanon—with its mosaic of varied religious and ethnic communities—had no such resolve. If there were seven Arabic-speaking communities, they felt no immediate reason at that time to oppose the establishment of an eighth—the Palestinian Arabs in exile.

Yet a fundamental problem was posed since this was not just another ethnic group, but a military force taking over a corner of Lebanon with the object of making war on the civilian population of Lebanon's southern neighbour. Oddly enough, the Palestine Liberation Organisation, which had almost started a civil war in Jordan while claiming that it was waging a war against Israel, finally did throw Lebanon into a devastating civil war in 1976, leaving 40,000–60,000 dead as a result.

Besides establishing an alternative authority in Lebanon and waging a hit-and-run war over the border with Israel, the Palestine Liberation Organisation exacerbated the tense relations between the Moslem and Christian communities. The civil war began with a demand to end the balance between the communities in Lebanon and convert it into a Moslem Arab country, which it had never been.

To stop the fighting, the Arab League asked Syria to send in an 'Arab peace-keeping force', which it did. Syria has always coveted Lebanon, and the Lebanese have always resisted approaches from their larger neighbour, being proud of their own identity and their higher standard of living. But by 1976, Lebanon was in no state to resist the Syrian army of 30,000 soldiers which drove in over the border. However, they were not acceptable to the majority of Lebanese, and the welcome they received from the Palestinians made the Christian community feel even more insecure. Since then, Syria has had complete control of a large part of Lebanon, with the exception of the two Christian enclaves in the North and South of the country. Even if the Lebanese feel uneasy about this situation,

there is little they can do. The Palestine Liberation Organisation has itself been largely infiltrated by the Syrian-backed 'Saiqa' guerrilla group.

Shortly before attending the ceremony at Marjayoun, a group of us had interviewed Major Haddad's main spokesman and 'Foreign Minister', Mr. Francis Rezek, to try to ascertain why the Christian enclave had proclaimed itself 'Free Lebanon', and why it wanted to fight for its principles. Mr. Rezek explained that they enjoyed the full support of former Lebanese President, Camille Chamoun, and what he called the Lebanese Front. They were also given tacit support in their action by Mr. Pierre Gemayal, who heads the Lebanese Phalange Party.

The militia were determined to free Lebanon from Syrian domination, exercised through the Palestinian guerrillas who, Mr. Rezek claimed, had looted and killed the local inhabitants like a band of foreign mercenaries. Finally, the P.L.O.'s attacks on Israel had brought in the Israeli army in 1978 and it was after the Israeli withdrawal that the southern Lebanese determined that they would free their region of Palestinian guerrillas and their Syrian backers.

'If you want a united Lebanon, why do you have to fight your Arab brothers?' I asked Mr. Rezek. He replied: 'The Christian Maronites do not feel they are Arabs. They never did. We have suffered from the Arabs since before the Crusades and in the last five years it has become quite intolerable. Now most of our country is occupied by a foreign army. We intend to liberate it and make Lebanon free again.'

Our interview was conducted in French, which was convenient for the two French journalists in our party and for Mr. Rezek too. One of them asked how he dared to argue for a free Lebanon while standing on Israeli soil—even though we were within spitting distance of Lebanon. Mr. Rezek answered firmly, but with very obvious conviction: 'You French seem to have forgotten the history of your country. De Gaulle proclaimed a Free France in London, not on French territory, because he was a true patriot. Major Haddad, also a true patriot, proclaimed Lebanon's independence on Lebanese soil. What is wrong with that?'

Another question concerned the Israeli military aid supplied to Major Haddad's militia. Mr. Rezek returned to the parallel case of De Gaulle during the Second World War. 'Free France was armed and equipped by Britain, yet today France is still France and England is still England. We hope to have excellent relations with Israel when our country is liberated, just as France has good relations with Britain despite the fact that she owes her freedom to British arms and equipment. Why are we condemned by world opinion for fighting for our independence from outside domination?'

Mr. Rezek added: "I am not ashamed of receiving arms, training and medical aid from our good neighbours the Israelis'.

A Swedish journalist asked whether it was proposed to hold elections in southern Lebanon. Mr. Rezek answered: 'We cannot yet have an election because we have first to cope with a military situation. But we

will have elections when this is possible'. He said that Major Haddad did not want power and had no political ambitions. He just wanted to liberate the country and then allow the democratic process to produce its own leadership, free from the Syrians and their P.L.O. proteges who had wrought such havoc in Lebanon.

'What about the non-Christian inhabitants of the enclave?' I asked Mr. Rezek. He answered that Free Lebanon would look after all its citizens irrespective of religion and pointed out the wide support enjoyed by Major Haddad from the Shi'ite Moslems in the region. 'We are not separatists and we are not racists, either', he said.

When I asked Mr. Rezek whether he was aware that the Phalange Party was generally referred to by the media in the West as 'right-wing', he said this was an unfair description. His party's name in Arabic was *Kateb* and this did not denote neo-fascist ideology. 'The Phalange wrote the labour laws of the Lebanese Republic' he said. 'Does this show us to be reactionary? The Phalange are the farmers and workers of Lebanon —the poor people'.

Mr. Rezek pursued the alliance his group had made with Israel, whose former Defence Minister, Ezer Weizman, had said that the Maronite Christians and the Israelis had a common interest. 'We have more than that in common', said Mr. Rezek. 'We also have a common enemy and a common destiny'. And he continued: 'We feel closely attached to the people of Israel, not just by our common destiny and our common enemy but also because our people have the same roots. We are both descended from Abraham and the Maronites pray in Aramaic which is a language close to Hebrew. Jesus himself spoke Aramaic. And the Talmud was written in that language too.'

At this point one of the journalists commented that all that happened rather a long time ago, to which Mr. Rezek replied: 'Yes, but history repeats itself and the history of our people and the Jews is similar'.

After the military ceremony at Marjayoun, our motorcade was joined by a convoy of army trucks full of militiamen, a troop of half-tracked APCs and a number of tanks. We crawled southwards in a strange sort of triumphal procession through village after village as men, women and children came out of their homes and waved to us, shouting greetings as though we were some kind of army of liberation. The reception showed amazing warmth of feeling as women threw rice and flowers at our cars— a traditional Arab greeting to friends. Somehow, I felt, we didn't deserve quite such acclaim for just doing a routine job. But there was no stopping the spontaneous outburst of emotion. I also considered for a moment, as we halted at Klaya opposite Beaufort Castle to hear a short speech by Major Haddad, that we were presenting the P.L.O. across the valley with a prime target: this unfortunately proved quite correct.

The church bells were ringing at Klaya adding to the din of car horns from our motorcade, some of them playing multi-note tunes. Major Haddad stood below a statue of the Virgin Mary, reviewing the dusty

convoy of troops and local dignitaries as they moved past slowly along the shell-pitted road, their speed restricted by the slow-moving tanks in the vanguard.

Some of the Israelis with our party rushed into local shops to buy bottles of whisky and cartons of duty-free cigarettes as though this was some sort of one-day offshore buying spree. Yet the position of Major Haddad's little army was exposed, in full range of the P.L.O. stronghold on the next hilltop.

As we passed on I thought I saw a puff of smoke from behind us near to Klaya. We soon heard that a shell had hit a house in the village just after we had moved through, killing six civilians in their home. Major Haddad's tanks returned the fire which had come from Beaufort Castle.

There were more speeches, notably by Major Haddad who explained the political goals of his movement to the villagers, standing on the bonnet of a military truck and speaking through a public address system that had, like the vehicles in the motorcade, seen better days. Then the Mufti of Chiyem, Haj Hussein Abdulla, spoke in support of Major Haddad and again after his speech there was a deafening outburst of shooting into the air from the soldiers standing around us. Mr. Diba introduced me to Major Haddad as a British journalist, and the Major shook my hand and asked me to convey his greetings to Queen Elizabeth.

What did make an impression during Major Haddad's speech was his own view of his role in Lebanese affairs. He views himself as a patriot destined, like De Gaulle, to liberate his country from what he regards as foreign occupation and a Beirut government influenced by the occupying power. Although a Christian, he is prepared to see Lebanon ruled by the traditional confessional division of powers, but considers that precarious compromise to have been demolished by events since the civil war. He is committed to personal liberty and democracy, but believes the time for such luxuries will come only after his country has been freed from foreign rule. He has no time for Christians like Suleiman Franjiyeh, whom he compares—again using the French parallel—with Pétain.

I returned to the relatively orderly and clean surroundings of Israel later in the day, impressed by the resolution of the Lebanese Christian enclave and amazed by the policy of close co-operation and co-ordination with Israel that it was now adopting. But naturally I felt a deep pity for the innocent villagers who day after day are subjected to bombardment in their own homes by foreign troops armed by a foreign power. Is it too much to expect the public in the West to sympathise with their predicament as human beings, if not as Christians, and do they not have a far better claim to their traditional homeland than the urban guerrillas of the P.L.O. who are trying systematically to destroy them?

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EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL 1981

by Teresa Topolski

THIS year marked the 35th Edinburgh International Festival. For three weeks each year, the City of Edinburgh plays host to innumerable operas, theatre performances, dance programmes, exhibitions and music—the San Francisco Ballet, the Cologne Opera, the Polish Chamber Orchestra. But that is the Official Festival. It is the Edinburgh Fringe which is the one to watch. It grows like Topsy. From only 40 shows in 1968, it now spawns over 790. Alistair Moffat, the retiring Fringe Director, maintains that to curb the number of companies wishing to appear (454 this year) would destroy the open-hearted, open-armed spirit of the Fringe. It could grow yet larger—next year 800? Every available area is used; crypts, kirks, clubs, concert halls, the left-luggage room of a large hotel, even your very own bedroom if, too tired to move, you care to engage the services of Acme Acting. They will perform anything from *Apocalypse Now* to *Streetcar Named Desire.* There are four actors in the company.

I was at the Festival this year not only to enjoy the shows, the city and to see old friends but also to search for a play for the theatre I work for in London. We had a three-week gap. If we didn't find one the theatre would remain dark for that period. New plays from the Fringe in Edinburgh are sometimes brought down to London. The first and most notable 'find' on the fringe was Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead.* Thus, I found myself rushing from venue to venue, calculating, mixing and matching geographical locations to time-tables to sore feet—'leave that one until tomorrow, we're due round this way for so and so anyway'. Sometimes I took in six or seven shows a day (or night), many start at midnight, one or two o'clock in the morning. I had a brief—a certain number of actors (not more than eight), a certain length, something that would 'go' in our theatre.

Some companies, like the Festival Theatre USA from Southern California, were out anyway. They comprise 50 students who both perform and serve as technicians. Too large for us. The Company have been coming to the Festival since 1966 with a wide range of shows. *Working,* adapted from the book of the same name by Studs Terkel, is a paean to the upwardly mobile American work ethic. 'Something to point to', the last musical number which incorporates the entire 38 strong cast emphasises individual achievement. The joy in the creation of a skyscraper for these Americans is not the community effort, but the fact that they can point to their own individual brick. The cast are a delight, a whirling kaleidoscope of colours, sizes, shapes, ethnic mixes and totally professional as dancers, singers and actors with only one or two exceptions not managing all three talents. Other shows included *For Coloured Girls . . .* previously shown both on Broadway and in the West End and an adaptation of *Tommy.*

From there I moved on to another American show, *Drinks Before Dinner* by E. L. Doctorow, author of 'Ragtime' and 'The Book of Daniel'. It is his only play to date and was first performed in America in 1978 and this was its British premiere. I had already read it for possible production in another theatre and turned it down, finding it rather old-fashioned in style and the subject matter and theme not sufficiently vigorously original to overcome the slowness. An American *Cocktail Party,* a talk piece. I was curious to see it in performance. It performed—just. In fact, half way through the second act I was preparing to leave, having 'got the message' and had my fill and eager to be on time for the next show when the actor playing Edgar whirled round, fixed me with an intense glare and spat his next (admittedly effective) speech out straight at me. I cowed back in my seat and remained until the end. The play deals with the state of the nation and, this being America, by natural extension the State of the World. A dinner guest holds up the guest of honour, a Henry Kissinger type with a gun and cries his anguish—'People are killed and nothing is done, Mr. Secretary'. He gets the reply 'as individuals we are pitiful, as groups we're inhuman' and yet again the theme from the play I have just left is taken up—'In this country we work on our own behalf'. That skyscraper again, that Tower of Babel. On, coincidentally, to yet another American play, *Peppermint Sea* by Gordon Poterfield. This one was about sex and sexual encounters framed as six short playlets. The characters are so individually self-serving that any attempts at mutual contact fail to get off the ground. From one to one encounters to wife-swapping and threesomes, each cliché situation ends in disaster. The writing is predictable, cloyingly cute and played at a high-pitched semi-hysterical level which presumably is how the actors think Americans talk. Much raised eyebrows and looks of slightly amused despair from amongst the audience. This play was recommended, by word of mouth, the way the dross is usually quickly weeded out at the Edinburgh Fringe. What went wrong this time?

I decided at this point to take a rest both from my search and from American themes and to spend the next day at the Traverse Theatre Club. All three plays being performed there had already been scooped up for London. *Accounts* was written by Michael Wilcox who had previously written *Rents,* a play I had seen there some two years before and which I'd enjoyed but, for various management muddles, had never made it to London. This one, happily for the author, was already destined for the Riverside Studios, where it was successfully presented during the Autumn. Set on a farmstead in the Scottish Borders, it deals with the relationship between a mother and her two young sons and their attempt to make the farm pay its way. In a series of skilfully written scenes, amidst boyish tussles and motherly reprimands and gargantuan meals consumed, the slightly slow-paced and supra-realistic play wends its way. The acting throughout is first class.

Dusty Hughes' *Heaven and Hell* is a rather stylish romp through Boswell's Diaries (liberally borrowed from) and his encounters with Dr.

Johnson. All the cast perform beautifully. I especially liked Nick Ellsworth's wittily observed 'Leopard'. The late-night play at the Traverse was *Trafford Tanzi*, written by Claire Luckham and directed by her husband Chris Bond. It turned out to be one of the hits of the Festival. The battle of the sexes is here amplified to dangerous, indeed nearly murderous proportions—it all takes place in a wrestling ring. The actors (they are not professional wrestlers) battle it out through two fierce acts and the extended bout at the end between husband and wife left me wishing that Noreen Kershaw as the battling Tanzi would surrender, particularly because they seemed to have lost control and sense of time (they were 20 minutes overdue). But no, Tanzi was victorious and a sweating and triumphant Ms Kershaw told me later that I needn't have worried, it was all minutely choreographed. It was later transferred to the wider spaces of the Lyric, Hammersmith.

Next on my list was a visit to the official section of the Festival to see Brighton Theatre perform *The Brothers Karamazov* by Richard Crane. Only four actors appear but each has a turn at playing the father by donning his immense fur coat. To tell the story in two hours requires skilful concentrating of the themes but, more importantly, a device which will bind it together and carry the audience along. Unfortunately there was none, and we were left with the first Act over-dense, the Grand Inquisitor's speech reduced to a series of paradoxes and the second half mostly devoted to an exhaustive and interminable examination of Dmitry's whereabouts on the night of his father's death. Having been over wound-up, tempted and then frustrated by the muddle of themes and ideas in the first half, we were left to coast unhappily downhill for the second. The acting however was excellent—Bruce Alexander, Alan Richman, Peter Kelly and Stephen Boxer who was also responsible for the music. The troup have just returned from a two week tour of Russia with the play.

Candide, performed by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, was another official Festival offering that I visited. With music by Leonard Bernstein and additional lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, this should have been, at least, musically exciting. My father had seen the New York version in the fifties and been impressed. Unfortunately, Nickolas Grace's Voltaire was so busy playing up to the audience, and the overall frantic eagerness to please and to keep the audience amused and 'entertained' every moment of the performance meant that Voltaire's tough satirical sword was blunted and the effect was of being on a Catherine Wheel, breathless and begging to be let off.

Back to the Fringe for a totally unexpected and therefore doubly delightful treat: James Fenton, drama critic, journalist and poet reciting some of his work quietly, mid-day at the Traverse. The subjects ranged from Cambodia and West Germany (where he was a correspondent for *The Guardian*) to a witty piece—'I left my life on the skip'. No end to my search, however, my theatre doesn't encompass 'poetry readings'.

Maybe cabaret is the thing? Another recommendation, *Hot Burlesque* by David McNiven. 'The message isn't too deep but the music's great',

a musician/composer friend told me. The opening scene shows a rough drinking club in Scotland turned into an American style night-club to cater for the local American soldiery. After the initial satirical joke at the Yanks, we go straight into a parody of The American Dream—success, individuality, self-expression, 'making it', as told in song. Unfortunately, the parody is so affectionate and such a good imitation that it becomes a celebration instead, so we have a straight American singalong show! The satire has evaporated, if it was even there. I thought I'd left all that behind the day before—or was it the day before that? I muse, while the country and western type warbling goes on; as in *Peppermint Sea,* if there is no definite point of view any statement or irony is lost; the target ends up engulfing, engorging and taking over the play, so that it becomes what it is supposed to be satirising. Perhaps there is also an element of the dreaded over-eagerness to please? The inspiration for *Hot Burlesque* is, incidentally *American Dreams: Lost and Found* by Studs Turkel! Am I going round in circles in my search?

For a cold shower antidote I rush to 7 : 84's new production, *The Catch—or Red Herrings in the Minch,* the newest offering by John McGrath. Although not up to the company's usual high standard of intellectual/political vigour combining top class acting, music and singing it refreshes me. I am not drowning in a welter of trying-to-please pap. In answer to an accusation that John McGrath patronises his audiences by preaching at them, in other words, telling them honestly what he thinks, he replies, at a talk I attend, surely those who *don't* express what they believe and think in their plays but want merely to 'entertain, not to offend', are the true patronizers? 7 : 84 are to tour Scotland with this production. I must therefore continue my search.

The Cherub Company, a small, self-supporting company run by Andrew Visniewski are performing *Macbeth* on a shoestring. I have seen their performance of *The Trial* which won an award at last year's Festival. Their *Macbeth* is nearly as impressive. The text is beautifully clarified on this tiny stage. They also are going on tour after Edinburgh, this time to Europe. I also catch a one-man show performed at the same venue, written, directed and acted by Charles Lewsen, the story of Robert Fitzroy, the captain of The Beagle on which Darwin sailed. One year after *The Origin of the Species* was published, Fitzroy killed himself.

> Since he who believeth in me shall not die
> He who doth not shall suffer death. . .

Fitzroy, a liberal, deeply religious but open-minded man had invited Darwin to come on the journey. He believed he killed mankind by making the book possible and thus killing God. The play covers the last two hours of his life as he ranges and rages over his past, his guilt, his childhood, his present resentments and obsessions. A tour-de-force by Charles Lewsen. Possible material for my theatre? Again various and varied considerations combined to obstruct the transfer.

Frustration—time is getting short. I go to see *Zulu* performed by The National Theatre of Brent, a company of two, Patrick Barlow and Julian

Hough. They re-enact the Zulu Uprising with occasional, willing support from the audience (much gnashing of teeth and stamping of feet). It is uproarious. It combines theatrical daring and verve (as well as nerve), tight and clear storyline, political clarity and hysterical laughter. We are all captivated and amazed at the sheer unflagging energy of the pair. Later they tell me that it was an off-day, Monday morning sag—hard to believe! *Zulu* has already been performed in London but, with a gleam in their eye, they tell me they are planning to do *Ben Hur* next and what about my theatre for Christmas?

Clutching this nugget, exhausted but exhilarated, I return to London. The theatre will have remained dark for several weeks, but Christmas is near...

Founded in 1936 for the preservation of Scottish history, literature and architecture, the Saltire Society made a valuable contribution to the Fringe Festival with a varied programme of lectures and recitals. Among the most successful was an anthology of poetry, prose and music by and about James VI of Scotland. *Editor.*

The January issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *Zambia: a Special Case* by Lord Hatch, *The Cost of East Europe to the Soviet Economy* by Michael Kaser, *Ecological Politics* by Joseph F. Pilat and *Rattigan's Renaissance* by Holly Hill.

QUARTERLY RECORD REVIEW

by David Fingleton

WAGNER. *Tristan und Isolde.* Welsh National Opera Orchestra/Goodall. (5 Records) DECCA D250D 5.

BERLIOZ. Requiem. London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir/Previn. (2 Records) EMI SLS 5209.

BARTOK. Concerto for Orchestra and Dance Suite. Chicago Symphony Orchestra/ Solti. DECCA SXDL 7536.

TIPPETT. Symphony No. 4 and Suite for the Birthday of Prince Charles. Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Solti. DECCA SXDL 7546.

SIBELIUS. Symphony No. 4, Luonnotar and Finlandia. Philharmonia Orchestra/ Ashkenazy. DECCA SXDL 7517.

DVORAK. Symphony No. 8 and Scherzo Capriccioso. London Philharmonic Orchestra/Rostropovich. EMI ASD 4058.

MOZART. Piano Concertos Nos. 17 and 18. English Chamber Orchestra/ Perahia. CBS Masterworks 36686.

GERSHWIN. 'I Got Rhythm' Richard Rodney Bennett (Piano). EMI EMD 5538.

WELSH National Opera have certainly attracted the attention of the record companies. Not only has their splendid production of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* been recorded in full by Decca, but E.M.I. have just recorded the WNO Orchestra, conducted by their Musical Director Richard Armstrong, with Elisabeth Söderström singing Richard Strauss's Four Last Songs and scenes from *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Capriccio,* and Decca plan to use them again in a complete recording of Verdi's *I Masnadieri* with Dame Joan Sutherland, no less, leading the cast and her husband Richard Bonynge conducting. Moreover WNO's fine production of Martinu's *The Greek Passion* so impressed the Czechs that Supraphon took the conductor, Sir Charles Mackerras, and principals to Brno to record it there with the Brno Philharmonic.

If these three further recordings approach the quality of *Tristan und Isolde* the recording companies, as well as music lovers, will have every cause for satisfaction. For this recording of Wagner's great opera is not only to be enjoyed from start to finish as a great achievement by a domestic opera company, but it also fully stands comparison with the great versions of the post-war years conducted by Furtwängler, Solti and Karajan. Much of this phenomenal achievement is of course due to Reginald Goodall who unquestionably ranks amongst the finest Wagnerian conductors of our day—some would say the greatest of all. So meticulous is his preparation—of orchestral musicians as much as with his cast—and so profound is his understanding of Wagner's music and intense his ability to communicate it, that this recording has a sense of drama and cohesion throughout that is rarely encountered in the recording studio. His earlier and magnificent 'English' Ring Cycle was of course recorded during performances by English National Opera at the London Coliseum, whilst this Tristan was made in Brangwyn Hall, Swansea at the beginning of this year, following performances by WNO in Cardiff, London and on tour.

This long acquaintance with the opera has produced a feeling of love for the music that is demonstrated not merely by the cast but by the orchestra too. The title roles are sung by John Mitchinson and Linda Esther Gray, and on the recording Mitchinson has all the vocal authority we heard from him in performance, but none of the dramatic uncertainty he was inclined to display on stage. Miss Gray's is a great interpretation of Isolde by any standards: the voice soaring with effortless strength, and the character drawn with remarkable insight for so young a singer. Anne Wilkens is a touching, attractively sung Brangäne, and Philip Joll's Kurwenal, if not quite of international class, does not disappoint. Gwynne Howell's King Marke, however, could hardly be bettered by any bass singing today: aided by Goddall's unerring grasp of the music's ebb and flow, his great Act 2 Narration is spell-binding. But then so is the entire opera throughout its five records, with the WNO orchestra playing with unfailing passion and accuracy for their great conductor, and Decca supplying a digital recording of impeccable balance and clarity. Even the Wagnerian who already has *Tristan* in his record collection should not be without this new and magnificent recording.

Another massive work that benefits from the clarity of the digital recording technique is Berlioz' Requiem, La Grande Messe des Morts, now recorded by EMI with Andre Previn conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir. I heard the concert performance in the Festival Hall that preceded the recording sessions, and remember reflecting then that the quality of sound and Previn's balance of the enormous choral and orchestra forces, with massive supplementary brass in the boxes, seemed to take precedence over the meaning and atmosphere of Berlioz' music, and sadly the same impression prevails in this recording. Certainly the sound quality is superb, but this becomes more a demonstration record than an interpretation of the work to which I will wish often to return. For all the size of the forces involved, Berlioz' concept has a subtlety and a devotion which seem missing here, despite the splendid playing of the orchestra and singing of the chorus and tenor soloist Robert Tear.

Sir Georg Solti's performances with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, of which he is Chief Conductor, likewise produce an invariably memorable sound quality, and these two recent recordings of 20th century music are certainly no exception. Moreover both records offer performances of great commitment and understanding. Solti was a pupil of Bartok's in their native Hungary, and the Concerto for Orchestra is a work he has performed countless times and recorded before. Now in a personal note on the sleeve he explains how, having decided that the tempi should be exactly as Bartok wrote, he discovered that for years the second movement had been played too slowly, the printed score giving Crotchet equals 74, whereas his examination of Bartok's original manuscript showed Crotchet equalling 94 and a tempo marking of allegro, rather than allegretto, scherzando. Solti's care has paid off, for this is a profoundly persuasive performance of a great 20th century orchestral work, demons-

trating not only Bartok's bravura of orchestration, but his lyricism too. It is brilliantly played by the Chicago orchestra, as is the exhilarating, and less intense, Dance Suite that Bartok wrote in 1923 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the amalgamation of Buda and Pest.

Sir Michael Tippett's 4th Symphony was commissioned by the Chicago Orchestra, and was first performed by them in October 1977. It is a one-movement work, lasting half an hour, and is seen by the composer as a 'birth-to-death' piece that covers the complete cycle of human experience within its closely argued span. It is by no means an easy work to absorb at one sitting, so that here the record gains an advantage over a seat in the concert hall, for the music certainly merits perseverance, particularly in a performance as committedly prepared, performed and recorded as here, by its dedicatees. The second side offers Tippett in lighter, more lyrical vein. His Suite for the Birthday of Prince Charles in 1948 displays Tippett's affinity for folk songs and dance, as well as offering glimpses of his first opera, *The Midsummer Marriage,* which he was writing during the same period. As in the Bartok record, Decca's digital recording is of the highest quality, and both issues are well worth acquiring.

In recent years many eminent soloists have turned to conducting, not invariably to the advantage of themselves or their audiences. But one remarkably successful example has been the conducting career of the great virtuoso pinaist Vladimir Ashkenazy. On listening to his recording of Sibelius's 4th Symphony, Luonnotar and Finlandia with the Philharmonia, I can entirely understand the orchestra's recent decision to appoint him their Principal Guest Conductor. His great understanding and grasp of Sibelius' music is fully apparent in this, the most understated and terse of his symphonies, and the performance not only enjoys remarkably fine orchestral playing, but also has the clarity and balance that invariably characterise Ashkenazy's performances as a pianist. Luonottar, a tone poem for soprano and orchestra, is exquisitely sung—in Finnish—by Elisabeth Söderström, and Ashkenazy's approach to Finlandia has a grandeur and commitment that makes it far more than the hackneyed 'classical pop' it can too often sound. Once again Decca have supplied an immaculate digital recording.

Another great instrumentalist turned conductor is the Russian cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, but sadly I find performances under his baton less consistently satisfying. His reading of Dvorak's 8th Symphony is a case in point. He treats this high-spirited, very Bohemian work with almost self-indulgent affection, so that the symphony's structure and impetus become obscured. It is almost as though he were playing the solo part in the Cello Concerto, where his rhapsodic, deeply involved approach yield far greater dividends. His performance of the Scherzo Capriccioso has an energy from which the symphony might have benefited.

Pianist Murray Perahia also conducts, but from the piano stool. His latest recording in his series of Mozart piano concertos with the English

Chamber Orchestra maintains the exceedingly high standard of its predecessors. These two works, especially K.453 in G, are among the more delicate and intimate of Mozart's mature piano concertos, and they receive here nobly expressive performances with Perahia not only playing the piano part with great poetry and understanding, but also achieving by his direction from the keyboard a great entente with the orchestra who play with the immensely high standards we have come to expect from the ECO. The CBS digital recording has a clarity and detail that achieves the sensation of hearing the concertos in a small concert hall with perfect acoustics: a glorious record.

Finally, for something entirely different, try English composer Richard Rodney Bennett's magnificently assured performances of the complete solo piano music of George Gershwin. This entrancing record has on its first side Gershwin's concert pieces: the Three Preludes, Two Waltzes, Impromptu in two keys, and other blues pieces, and on the second side are the solo piano versions of all his greatest songs, which make incomparably enjoyable listening. My only regret at the end of eighteen marvellous melodies in less than half an hour is that each piano reduction is so tantalisingly short. There is nothing for it but to replace the pick-up at the start of the side all over again!

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HAROLD NICOLSON, THE MAN

Harold Nicolson, A Biography, Vol. II 1930-1968. James Lees-Milne. Chatto & Windus. £15.00.

Sir John Betjeman, speaking of Harold Nicolson at a Guildhall dinner, called him 'the greatest living master of English prose'. 'Such a categorical statement is always arguable', writes Mr. Lees-Milne, in this enthralling biography. He goes on to add, and his opinion is worth attending to: 'That he ranks among the greatest masters of prose of his generation there can be little question.' Certainly if one adds together his books, his journalism, his diaries and his broadcasts, all spread over many years, it is difficult to think of anyone who gave so much pleasure in our time to a wide public in Britain and overseas. If he had never gone near politics, that would be a sufficient memorial.

In politics he regarded himself as a failure and in comparison with his literary eminence that verdict must be accepted. But he was an M.P. for ten years and at certain critical moments just before the war commanded the attention of the House with noble utterances. In Party terms this highly sophisticated man moved about like an innocent child. He edited the new party organ *Action*. He was elected under the label National Labour which meant little to him. At the 1945 general election, he stood (and was defeated) with Conservative support. But not long afterwards he was prepared to go to almost any lengths to be made a peer. He was heavily defeated in the Croydon by-election, where he now appeared as Labour, with some rather ineffective support from myself. He did not make it easy, then or later, for the faithful to believe that he was any kind of Socialist, or indeed a serious candidate. Some politicians have written well, but since the days of Disraeli and John Morley literary men have seldom succeeded in politics.

The story of his marriage has already been presented to us, gracefully and sympathetically, by his son Nigel, himself an excellent writer. We all know by now that Vita Sackville-West was a lesbian and that Harold was a homo-sexual, and that nevertheless they loved one another dearly. In a fine valedictory address his great friend, John Sparrow, said of her that she was 'the sole possessor of his heart'. No one could put down this book without being moved by the profound affection which existed between the husband, the wife and their two distinguished sons.

But equally the story of Harold's homo-sexualism, unfolded in this and the previous volume, would make painful reading, even if his intimate friendships had been with women, rather than men. It is a strange reflection that today he would hardly have survived with these predilections for ten years in the House of Commons. We are understood to be much more tolerant of homo-sexualism, but the press are vastly more inquisitive about the private lives of public men. The late Tom Driberg may be regarded as proof to the contrary, but he exhibited an eccentric audacity which was foreign to Harold Nicolson's nature.

His warmth of friendship and general kindliness extended far and wide. He persisted in keeping in touch with Guy Burgess, mostly it would seem because he made a principle of never deserting his friends.

Edmund Burke and others have said that no general rules can be laid down about human conduct. They are always open to exceptions. It would be impossible to build a society if the rules of life applied by Harold Nicolson and Vita Sackville-West in certain areas became the universal practice. But they were exceptional people who brought much joy and benefit to their fellow human beings.

FRANK LONGFORD

IRISH TRIO

Celtic Ireland. Eoin Macneill. The Academy Press. £8.95.
Plantation to Partition edited by Peter Roebuck, Blackerstaff Press, Belfast. £6.95.
Irish Nationalism. Sean Cronin. Academy Press. £13.50.

If the 'troubles' have achieved one single desirable object, it is the spate of books on Irish history. Some constitute excellent polemical writing or investigative reporting of recent events. However, the Irish are a nation interested in their history and literature beyond anything we expect in Britain. History still rules today's patterns and attitudes. The revival of romantic interest in Ireland's past is mirrored by the republication of Eoin Macneill's *Celtic Ireland.* A former leader of the Irish Volunteers, Mr. Macneill, whose 1921 book on ancient Ireland has stood the test of time, is regarded as the founding father of the study of early Irish history. Naturally, as a cultural nationalist he may tailor the past to the present, and romanticise the national identity of what was a fragmented clan system. What Englishmen do forget is the Irish contribution to European culture in our own dark ages.

Much of the literature, music, poetry and politics of the Anglo-Saxon world has been influenced by the Celtic tradition and its language. One need look no further than to the names of playwrights and authors from the U.S.A. to Australasia. How much this has to do with the ancient culture or modern conflict is a matter of conjecture. *Celtic Ireland* is for the student of ancient history and sociology.

Plantation to Partition, published in honour of the former distinguished Professor of the 'New University of Ulster', Professor McCracken, edited by Peter Roebuck, is not easy reading for those accustomed to the broad brush or the battles from the Boyne to Bogside. Painstaking and detailed research into an adventurer who helped colonise Ulster, the relationships of landlords and tenants in a specific area, the Genesis of the 1641 uprising or an analysis of the population between 1660-70 presage similar detailed studies of individual action and statistical data. The Structure of Belfast in 1901 is fascinating in the way a census reflects the development of society—here unique in the religious division and stage of industrialisation.

'Plantation to Partition' gives glimpses of Irish history. Of the development of the separate entity of Northern Ireland the various essays add little to our understanding, although together, in context, they fill in parts of the jig saw of history that remains unsolved, culminating in the reduction of cross border trade following partition. Perhaps an updated account in a Common Market context might be more helpful in understanding the modern economic realities that make the savage politics of the border so much of an anachronism.

For those more interested in the various strands which fall within the Nationalist tradition it is Sean Cronin's *Irish Nationalism,* with its well known portrait of Theobald Wolfe Tone on the cover, that will prove the greatest attraction.

If Professor Macracken sheds light on Ulster nationalism as the ideology of the Plantation, and Eoin Macneill harks back to the romantic nostalgia of the Gaelic nationalism that inspired the Irish Peasantry and the later Gaelic League, Cronin puts them in a wider perspective. Among Protestant dissenters in the north there had grown up an ideology parallel to that in the U.S.A. resenting the colonial status of Ireland and applauding the fall of the Bastille.

They say that nationalism had to unite all sections of the community across the religious divisions and started a tradition which saw a continuity up to the present day, but which is all but hidden in the sectarian divide. As yet unafraid of the division that deemed home rule as Rome Rule, their nationalism was secular—'to substitute the common name of Irishmen in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter'.

The three books embrace too wide a field to do them justice; but in their own way, they all contribute to an understanding that eludes most Englishmen in an Irish tangle of folk history, colonisation and rebellion that is too simplistic in most accounts.

PAUL ROSE

THE ENGLISH OPIUM EATER

The Opium-Eater: a Life of Thomas De Quincey. Grevel Lindop. Dent. £12.

In the first full-length biography of De Quincey since that of H. A. Eaton in 1936, Grevel Lindop has undertaken an account which he calls 'a life rather than a critical study' of one of the most extraordinary characters ever to achieve literary fame. Mr. Lindop has drawn on many original sources and much previously unpublished manuscript material, whilst acknowledging that De Quincey has been an unfailing collaborator because of his compulsion to record as much as possible of his own thoughts and feelings.

The greatest charm of De Quincey's most sustained autobiography, *The Confessions of an Opium Eater,* does not reside in his accounts of indulgence in the dreaded weed, or in the dire effects of the long-term drinking of laudanum taken as a means of relieving cumulative suffering from stomach pains,—the result partly of a highly nervous disposition and partly of dietary irregularities. Its attraction is rather that of a serial story, a long, precisely observed description of the events and emotions experienced by an unusually articulate and uninhibited writer who had no sooner felt an aspect of life 'on the pulses' than he was anxious to impart its effects, in minute detail, on his moods, bodily functions and social encounters. Hence, we see ambivalent feelings expressed fully and perceptively at every stage of his life, from schooldays onwards. We receive his vivid impressions of, for instance, Manchester Grammar School, whose tutors and cramped physical surroundings are described in passages which record and reflect on personalities, the rigour of their highly successful if at times painful teaching methods, and give an idea of what it was like to endure and benefit from them: an account of schooldays nowhere surpassed in English literature. That De Quincey removed himself from its influence by running away in an access of misery does not allow him to detract from the advantages received, as is clear from the subtle distinction he draws in his observations on the learning of Greek,—that one fellow-sufferer 'knew Greek' whilst another, far superior in responsiveness, became 'a good Grecian'.

Grevel Lindop unfolds the story of his subject's eccentric life against the background of fluctuating friendship with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey and other important figures of nineteenth century romanticism; of

his unceasingly dramatic struggle to create a life for himself in literature whilst giving generous help, often from non-existent resources, to others notably the sceptical ingrate, Wordsworth, and the sometimes treacherous Coleridge. His financial straits were dire, every crisis almost wilfully induced, whilst his publishers were involved in frequent rescue operations. Recognised even by John Stuart Mill as an authority on the great economist Ricardo, De Quincey displayed a depth of indiscretion in his daily affairs that led him five times into the debtors' court. His political views, haphazardly High Tory, brought much of his otherwise brilliant journalistic and editorial work into positive disrepute. The Wordsworthian dawn of freedom left him cold,—and yet his critical estimation of the high seriousness of *Lyrical Ballads* never wavered.

The distinction of Mr. Lindop's new work lies in his ability to make an imaginative link between De Quincey's minor masterpieces—the *Confessions*, the essay on 'Murder considered as One of the Fine Arts', the reminiscences of the Lake poets—and his effect on literature and philosophical ideas in an age which to this day retains its hold on English cultural imagination. As well as capturing De Quincey's remarkable personality, the author has outlined the course of his opium drinking in a way impossible without the benefit of recent medical and psychological knowledge of drug addiction, presenting the evidence but coming to no conclusion as to its origin. Speculation is happily absent, therefore, from his book but the central fact of the condition and its motivating force in many of De Quincey's imaginative experiences are portrayed with insight. Other previously unremarked tendencies, such as awareness in himself of a more than paternal or brotherly love of girl children, of Wordsworth's daughter Kate and of his own sister Elizabeth, both of whom died young, are traced out with understanding and delicacy. The picture of an 'unstable' poetic genius is satisfyingly offset by the depiction of a staunch, though often absent, husband, father and friend. The book is an outstanding contribution to our knowledge, not only of a complex man whose almost mythical dilemmas make a special appeal to modern sympathies, but of a writer of fine prose whose influence on Romantic literature was profound. Mr. Lindop's avowed aim was to 'win readers' for De Quincey: he will also win readers for himself.

BETTY ABEL

VERA BRITTAIN'S CHRONICLE OF YOUTH

Chronicle of Youth. Vera Brittain's War Diary 1913-1917. Edited by Alan Bishop. Gollancz. £8.50.

My first glimpse of Vera Brittain was at history lectures in post-war Oxford She was a striking figure in those strange days, when ex-Brigadiers, prisoners of war and schoolboys straight from school mingled and exchanged experiences. She was already a feminist and a pacifist. But these dairies, the raw material for *Testament of Youth*, are also the intimate story of a young girl brought up in the conventional life of Buxton, winning a scholarship to Somerville and then becoming a V.A.D. nurse. But above all it is the unveiling of her love for a young officer, Roland Leighton, told in poignant and passionate prose. It can be set aside Siegfried Sassoon's prose and poetry. The stench of the trenches, the loss of brother and lover, the courage of man and the futility of war criss-cross throughout these moving pages. I was in that war and I can feel what Clare Leighton, sister of Roland, writes in a sad but beautiful Introduction. One cannot help referring to the television series of *Testament*

of Youth. Put in rather crude language there is a Vera Brittain boom. I find this in itself an interesting phenomenon. Those of us who were privileged to know Vera Brittain and her daughter at the little parties given in London, always to meet some interesting visitor like Nehru, were few. But television has opened up a new story for millions of people. As Clare Leighton writes: 'It is strange how vividly a visual memory can be stamped into the soft wax of the very young. The impression is deep and hardens over the years, never to be softened and erased by time.'

Vera's brother Edward and his friends Roland Leighton and Victor Richardson were all at Uppingham School and showed great promise. They were all killed. Edward the last in 1918. I wonder what schoolboys of similar age think today about International Terrorism. Perhaps pacificism, like patriotism, is not enough.

KENNETH LINDSAY

FLORA ROBSON'S ROUGH ROAD TO FAME

Flora: An Appreciation of the Life and Work of Dame Flora Robson. Kenneth Barrow. Heinemann. £12.50.

Nothing is more surfeiting in stage memoirs than a long recital of glamorous triumphs. Mr. Barrow, fellow actor and friend, avoids this by focusing on the snags, trials, frustrations, the psychology underlying success. Remembering a brother's childhood jibe, 'You're ugly . . . ugly . . . ugly', she had no illusions about her looks, although as Lady Cicely in Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion,* in summer frock with parasol, I thought she had a radiant beauty that transcends mere features.

At 13, as concert reciter eager to act, she suffered from terrifying stage fright, swollen glands, and lost her voice, but pressed on to enrol at Beerbohm Tree's Academy, duly won a Gold Medal and became one of his leading ladies, though on arrival she had felt 'out of place' among girls 'looking as if to be presented at court.' Given a small part in Galsworthy's *The Skin Game,* she turned up at dress rehearsal in a cheap kimono, all she could afford as one of a large Southgate family, and had to be lent an elegant rest-gown by her teacher, Helen Haye. A high spot was a visit by Sybil Thorndike whom the girls adored.

Small West End parts hardly appeased her. When Clemence Dane's *Will Shakespeare* folded after only 62 performances she was so unhappy she wanted to give up acting altogether. Ordered by autocratic Ben Greet to play Emilia in *Winter's Tale* at but a day's notice, she moaned 'Oh, why did I come here? I'm not meant to be an actress.' Next, her rôle was a lady-in-waiting, but the wardrobe mistress had no dress for her, so another had to double for her. Mr. Barrow says that not until she was 29, in 1931, did her portrayal of Mary Paterson in James Bridie's *The Anatomist* first establish her as a leading actress.

Even her Hollywood advent, to play housekeeper Nellie Dean in *Wuthering Heights* for Sam Goldwyn, was a tearful affair. Reporting at the studio gate for a hair test, she was ejected by a suspicious police officer bawling 'Get out!' Finding another way in, she wept, sobbed, through the test. Bussing back to her hotel, the conductor failed to announce her stop; she was carried on for miles. Later Laurence Olivier, playing Heathcliff, told her: 'I was in the commissary and suddenly found I was crying into my coffee!' 'So was I, Larry,' she exclaimed. 'Yes,' he said, 'but you're a woman.'

There are other revealing glimpses of colleagues, including all the big names from Errol Flynn, Vivien Leigh to Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and

analyses in depth of her great successes. Mr. Barrow's passion for detail may at times over-reach, but this is a real life story of a sensitive, scrupulous actress who had to fight being typecast as a plain, frustrated woman.

TREVOR ALLEN

ASPECTS OF ROMAN LIFE

Festivals and Ceremonies of the Roman Republic. (Aspects of Greek and Roman Life). H. H. Scullard. Thames and Hudson. £12.

This is the third book Professor Scullard has written for the series 'Aspects of Greek and Roman Life', of which he is editor, and it is perhaps the most informative and useful of the three, for both the general reader and the specialist. The purpose of the volume is to present a day-by-day account of the public ceremonies celebrated in Rome during the later Republic, and this Professor Scullard has done with admirable brevity and clarity. The scope of the book is broad and the modern literature about this topic enormous. The last book in English to have treated the subject (though from a different angle) is Warde Fowler's *The Roman Festivals,* published in 1889 and reprinted in 1916, so that the reader will be grateful for this up-to-date survey of Roman public ceremonies. Most of these rituals were religious festivals or religious games, and a thorough description of them forms the core of the book: Part Two, The Roman Year. The ceremonies are discussed chronologically, starting with January 1st, the day when Roman consuls entered office. Part One will be of greatest interest to the general reader. Here the author gives a brief account of the origins in prehistoric times of Roman religious beliefs and examines, among other topics, the cults themselves and their priests. He concludes this section with a useful chapter on the Roman calendar, which can be reconstructed from literary sources and from fragmentary inscribed copies. Part three includes odds and ends: triumphs, ovations, funerals, meetings of the senate and of the people, and a section on the census of Roman citizens. There are also two plans and a chronological list of the temples and buildings of ancient Rome, a general bibliography on Roman religion, 17 pages of footnotes, a list of festivals and of the annual calendar and more than 40 illustrations. The latter have been carefully selected and include architecture, sculpture and the minor arts. The book is a mine of information.

CARLOS A. PICON

SHORTER REVIEWS

Edwin Lutyens, Architect Laureate (George Allen & Unwin. £13.95). This book by Roderick Gradidge, together with the current exhibition devoted to Lutyens' work at the Hayward Gallery, London, should help to restore Lutyens' reputation as one of Britain's greatest architects. The book is in two parts. In the first, the author discusses Lutyens' development, including his Vernacular Revival Houses, up to 1914, his design, wonderfully successful, for the Whitehall Cenotaph to 'The Glorious Dead', the building, with Herbert Baker, of New Delhi, and more particularly the Viceroy's House, the numerous office buildings and war memorials. He ends his study with the Thiepval Arch 'which, with its entirely new three-dimensional approach to Classical architecture, offers a climax to a career which brought to all his buildings a three-dimensional vision discovered in the simple country barns and farms of the architect's childhood home'. The second part of the book includes 161 illustrations of his work

drawn in large measure from *Country Life* negatives used in their Memorial Volumes published in 1950 and taken under Lutyens' direction.

Flying Colours (Hutchinson. £8.95). 'The epic story of Douglas Bader' comes from Laddie Lucas in this impressive and penetrating volume. Douglas Bader passed through Cranwell with outstanding distinction in 1930; and then on the 14th December, 1931, at the age of 21, he lost both legs in a crash while flying a Bristol Bulldog fighter. Discharged from the R.A.F., Douglas Bader showed then the most remarkable courage and determination to overcome his disability. 'I have never thought of myself as a disabled person, as being different from ordinary people, or physically worse off than others.' He has never used a stick and became a golfer with a low handicap. He joined the Shell Company and then in 1940 persuaded the R.A.F. to take him back as a fighter pilot. Laddie Lucas, with his own distinguished wartime background, also as a fighter pilot, and his long close friendship with Douglas Bader, is particularly well suited to assess the latter's part in the Battle of Britain, his great personal skill in flying the plane and attacking the enemy, his outstanding leadership and, perhaps most important, his impact upon the development of fighter tactics in Fighter Command. Bader has great admiration for Hugh Dowding in organising and preparing Fighter Command for the supreme struggle. But he was not a battle commander. In 1940, 'the great and vital air battle was controlled, directed and brought to a successful conclusion' by Keith Park. 'Had he failed, Stuffy Dowding's foresight, determination and achievement would have counted for nought.' In August 1941, Bader himself had to bail out during an air battle and was a prisoner of war. After his release in 1945, he stayed in the R.A.F. for a short period and then went back to Shell, running their fleet of aircraft and flying himself all over the world, and doing splendid work for the disabled. He has become a legend in his own lifetime. Laddie Lucas tells all this, his public and family life, with understanding and admiration. It is an inspiring story.

Romantics, Rebels and Reactionaries (Oxford University Press, £7.95). Marilyn Butler, the author of outstanding studies of Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen, has produced a difficult treatise on Romanticism. It is one of those works which dispute the received concept of a single homogenous 'movement'. Mere reaction against classicism is an inadequate explanation. 'In reality there would seem to have been no one battle and no complete victory.' Few of Dr. Butler's insights are expressed as pithily as this. Weighed down by the burden of her inter-disciplinary material and her need to synthesis in a small compass, her general arguments are convoluted. That is not to say, however, that she is ever anything but interesting and instructive about individual writers such as Coleridge and Scott. (R.W.-E.)

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